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AFTER THE REVEL.

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

From the merry Christmas revel
To my quiet room went I,
Faint, sick at heart, and weary,
While the moon was in the sky.

In that scene of gorgeous splendor,
Of all, I alone was sad;
The wine tasted strong and fiery,
And more would have driven me mad.

And so, while the music sounded,
And the revel was at its height,
I slipped from the noisy tumult
Out into the soothing night.

Home to my little chamber,
Where my sweetest songs I've sung,
And into my good old arm chair
My weary form I flung.

Threw back the snowy curtain
To let the moonbeams play;
What a night for a painter's pencil,
Or a poet to sing his lay!

And I gazed on this brilliant splendor,
With my hot head on my hand,
Till my feverish fancy could almost see
The shapes in the Silent Land!

Yonder the village churchyard—
God rest the weary dead!
The white stones shine at their tired feet
And white stones at their head.

They look like faithful sentinels
Guarding their solemn trust,
Some were placed there only yesterday,
And some watch over dust.

Why to the Christmas revel
To drink of the cursed wine
Went I to-night. I had rather
It had been given to the swine!

The clock on the old cathedral,
With its clanging brazen tongue,
Out in the Sabbath stillness
The midnight hour has rung.

Not a cloud appears in the heavens,
O splendid moonlit night!
Hist!—over there in the graveyard—
What is it that meets my sight?

No sooner the reverberations
Of the bell fall back from the sky,
Than the portals of one of the tombs
Back on their hinges fly.

The stately marble gravestones,
With a dull and heavy sound,
Like the sudden shock of an earthquake,
Fall on the frozen ground.

And a figure—I know the features
With the red and bulbous snout
Flapping its yellow garments,
Comes hopping and skipping out.

It is Hans, the undertaker,
Who died in a bout last year,
He was fond of his wine and his wassail,
And never denied good cheer

Oh! very well I remember
His nose, so vinous and red,
That it seemed as if phosphorescent
When he wagged his drunken head.

The air seems chill, for he shudders
And gives a ghostly sneeze,
Then takes from his mouldy girdle
A massive bunch of keys.

With a light and airy quickness
On the other tombs he knocks,
As if to awaken the sleepers
Ere he unbolts the locks.

God guard and mercy aid me!
For what do I behold?
The tenants of the other tombs
Rush out into the cold!

Some gather their clothes about them—
O wild and horrible whim—
And some are skipping without them
In the moonlight, stark and grim.

And the graves begin to open!
I start and rub my eyes,
For the sleepers from out their narrow beds,
To join the others, arise.

Some are bowing and nodding and scraping;
Such a shaking of boney hands—
Like the greeting of old acquaintances
Come back from foreign lands.

Some seating themselves on the gravestones,
As appear to hold converse—
And some in knots together
Exciting topics rehearse.

I have lived in this little village
For thirty years or more,
And while some I know, there are many
I never saw before.

There, in that shady corner,
Sits the landlord's former frow,
And the dapper little scrivener
Bends over her with a bow.

With the smirking smile on his features
That he used to wear in life
When, in the absence of Her Griffin,
He used to flirt with his wife.

And I see the coquette Bertha,
Dead for many a year,
With the faded wreaths on her forehead
That were laid upon her bier.

She is just the same as ever,
A forward hussy and bold!
But from her eyeless sockets
No lightning speeds as of old.

She shrugs her skinless shoulders,
And tosses her skull, the fool;
But her peerless form does not attract
As it used to—dressed in *tulle!*

And, ah! as I live, who'd believe it?
I did not look for that!
There is Herr and Madam Spriker
In a noisy family spat.

Precisely as they used to,
At least, so I have heard;
And Madam, true to the rumor,
Is having the final word.

But particularize I cannot,
There is such a terrible din;
And I should judge by the sudden movements
Something strange was about to begin.

They are marshalling together
As if for a promenade;
Standing stiff and guant and solemn
In a line around the yard.

And gliding up an obelisk—
Preserve us from all harm!
Goes drunken Dick, the tailor,
With a fiddle under his arm.

That arm is not so limber,
Or his fingers so quick, I perceive,
As when he used to play his tunes
For the dancers at Christmas eve.

Now out from the line a couple
With mincing steps advance,
And, while Dick begins to fiddle,
They commence a weirdly dance

Bowing and turning and twisting
Their figures come and go,
O, what sharp, unearthly shadows
On the frozen ground they throw.

Others spring up to join them,
In waltzes and minuets;
And I hear the dry bones crackling
Like the click of castanets.

I clutch my chair and shudder!
I gasp and hold my breath!
As I gaze with my eyes distended
On that horrible DANCE OF DEATH!

My blood is in a fever,
And rushes up to my head;
And my very marrow seems to creep
At this riot of the Dead.

Furious and louder and faster
I hear the fiddler call;
And some from sheer exhaustion
Upon their haunches fall:

While others spring to their places
And dance with a hellish glee,
And hug and fondle their partners,
O, an awful sight to see!

Over the marble tombstones,
And among the leafless trees,
Up the banks and down the hollows
They fly like a swarm of bees.

Some with their sere shrouds flying;
Some tattered and green with mold;
But others, slack! with not a stitch on their back,
Appear to be as bold.

RAFFLING FOR CHRISTMAS TURKEYS.

Fiercer and louder and faster
The awful dance goes round!
Earth never witnessed another
Such sight, or heard such sound!

Above the noise and chatter
Hear the ghostly fiddle squeak;
See the grisly dancers flitting
As in game of hide and seek.

I feel that Mortal has never
Partaken of scene like this;
And a strange desire possesses my soul
To join the unhallowed bliss.

And my reason begins to totter—
If die, then die I must!
I'll be one in this wild carousal
If I join them in the dust!

Then "make room there for another!
I come to join your band!
Play faster, you devilish fiddler!
Bertha, I claim your hand!"

But the ghostly dancers cease
As if struck with a sudden shock,
And I hear from a neighbor's farmhouse
The crow of the morning cock.

In the East the faintest glimmer
Appears of dawning light;
Down tumbles Dick the fiddler
From his perch in wild affright.

Back into their open hollows—
Back into their tombs they creep:
In their hurry headlong and eager
Over each other's backs they leap.

And the heavy doors shut clanging
With a dull and hollow sound,
And the old hilarious sexton
With the bulbous nose goes round.

Goes round with his bunch of keys,
And again looks every door;
And over the graves, as his hand he waves,
The earth is smoothed as before!

And giving a sigh he looks around
With a dull and vacant stare;
Another loud and clarion crow,
And he vanishes into air.

I start, with a moan and a shudder
From out my easy chair;
Cold, stiff and apathetic,
With a damp sweat in my hair.

Over the way is the churchyard—
Silent, solemn and still—
With the sun a shining on it
As it rose over the hill.

With its monuments and tablets,
And its stones so pure and white:
Ah! would that I was like it,
Refreshed by the moonlight night.

Confound that Christmas revel,
With its hot and fiery wine,
Never to such another feast
Shall go these feet of mine

But if, on the next occasion,
My feet get the best of my head,
I'll not spend the rest of Christmas night
In my chair—I will go to bed!

J. H. B.

CHRISTMAS PUNS.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A General Holly Day.

CHRISTMAS BELLES.—The girls of the party, of course.

CHRISTMAS (K)NIGHT.—*Sir* Loin of Beef.

CHRISTMAS PIECE.—Making it up with everybody

CHRISTMAS ADVICE.—Don't worry the poor, but just call and leave them *a loan.*

ORDINARY CHRISTMAS PHENOMENON.—To see a bun dance on a table.

WINTER FASHIONS.—About this season the streams and ponds put on their freeze coats; mountains cover themselves, as usual, with firs.

On leaving a convivial party, Mr. Baxter was struck by the cold; without much exertion, he caught it.

A CHRISTMAS MEETING:—

I met her not by still moonlight,
Nor on some soft warm summer night;
I met her 'neath the gaslight glow—
I met her under the mistletoe.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON CHRISTMAS.—This Brooklyn Reverend, in his sermon on Thanksgiving Day, made an allusion to Christmas, which we endorse by making the following quotation, it being quite *apropos* to the season:—

"It is true that at length men set their faces against pleasure as an evil in itself. There has always been an ascetic element among good men. Some moral temperaments seem to demand a diet of trouble. It is either a merit or an instrument of culture in their esteem. And when pleasure runs riot, loose morality and degenerates into self indulgence, there will be likely, ere long, to be found a counterpoise of seclusion, of self denial, of asceticism. Pleasure and pain sit upon the two ends of the balance board, and in turn rise or fall, in an endless "teeter"—if we may use a child's word. Asceticism and self indulgence alternately are parent or child, oppugnatively generating each other. But after usages which once were fruitful of mischief have lain fallow for a long time, and manners and governments have changed, and new influences are dominant, then those old pleasures may be taken back again into cultivation, and bring forth large harvests of real good. And it is never wise to argue the mischiefs of any given pleasure in one age as a reason why it should not be sown and reaped in another. The revels, the dances, the holidays, the Christmas of early days, threaten us now with no possible harm. Our heaviest days need enriching. A people to whom is given a material work like our own, need to enrich the family and the social commerce of society with innocent merriment. So that they be wisely selected and judiciously employed, we can scarcely be in danger of an overdose of pleasures in our social life."

CHRISTMAS BETWEEN TWO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"A jolly sort of Christmas this'll be for your humble servant," mused Richard Aylliffe, seated before what might be reasonably considered a rather scanty fire, viewed with reference to the season and the prevailing storm—"a jolly sort of Christmas, indeed," added the young man, glancing across the window at the snow falling without, then once more settling his gaze upon the grate with its handful of live coals.

"I've just one dollar sixty, in currency—it might be less, but, then, it might be more, all the same—and two weeks in arrears to Mrs. Jupp. I'm beginning to think that looking for business on land ain't the thing, and I shall have to go back to the sea again, spite of being tired of old Neptune and his rough ways. I've been in his service now nigh on to three years, and I'm none the richer for't. One dollar sixty cash capital, and two weeks in arrears to Mrs. Jupp. There she is at the door now, come to ask for her rent. Come in!"

"Please, sir——"

"Oh, it's Betty; come in, Betty; well, Betty, what is it?"

"Please, sir——"

"Tell your mistress, Betty, I'll hand her the rent—let me see, when shall I say——"

"Oh, it's not that; it's only the news I was goin' to tell yer, bein' as how yer might like to hear it, I thought, meb'se."

"News! what news?—why, certainly, yes; and you didn't come from Mrs. Jupp?"

"Not this evenin', sir. Missis is busy down stairs, sir, an' the news—the news is, sir, we're goin' to have a new lodger, sir!"

"Good gracious! you don't say so. I didn't know but the Dutch might have taken Holland. And what room will he have, Betty?"

"Right next to yourn, sir, this here one," said Betty, motioning with her hand in the direction of the next chamber.

"And what sort of a looking man is he? Have you seen him, Betty?

"He's just gone out for a time, havin' eaten his dinner, while Missis and I gets the room ready; and it so happens he's a man of about your height, with dark hair and beard like yours, and dark eyes and a dark skin, only not half so —"

"Half so what? Come, now, say what you were going to, Betty," and to his shame, be it said, Richard Aylliffe actually caught the rosy cheeked housemaid in his arms and imprinted a sounding kiss upon her cherry lips.

"Och! Misther Aylliffe, sure, and what's come over you? It was never before that you did the likes," and the blushing Betty, struggling to free herself, and at last succeeding, looked with her flushed cheeks, her sparkling eyes, disordered hair and heaving bosom—well, to say the least, Richard Aylliffe might have kissed many a less attractive looking damsel than Betty the housemaid.

"Ah, now, Misther Aylliffe, it was too bad of you," said Betty, twisting the disarranged hair into a convenient knot at the back of her head, "indade it was."

"By the way, Betty, I've been overhauling my sea chest, and I've found that pair of earrings I spoke of. Here they are, now," said Richard, taking a small box from the table and opening it. "Look at those!"

"Ah, but they're beauties; indade they are, Mr. Aylliffe, and altogether too good for the likes of me."

"You shall have 'em, Betty, all the same; so here they are, and, well, I'll take another kiss, Betty."

"Och! sure, but the Misthress is comin', Misther Aylliffe," cried Betty in alarm; and Mrs. Jupp's foot being actually heard upon the stairs below, Betty hurried off to her work; while Richard Aylliffe, not being at all anxious to encounter his redoubtable hostess, quietly closed the door of his bedroom, and seated himself once more before the fire.

"There goes the only memento, and I'm not sorry for it," mused the young man aloud. "How well I remember buying those earrings the day before my last voyage home. Poor Lucy! Poor Lucy, did I say? Why poor Lucy, I should like to know? Did not she promise to be my wife, and I to be third mate the very next trip out; and hadn't we been as good as engaged ever since we were boy and girl; and she to run off with her own cousin, whom no one would have suspected her having any notion of whatever, as they had always lived in the same house together; and he my old schoolfellow. By Jingo!—there's a mild oath for the season—no wonder I faced right round and came away again on hearing of it, without even so much as a sight at home; though little enough home it was to me ever since my own parents died, with that old rasp of an uncle, he, uglier than Satan, at best, and twice more so with me on account of my being my own father's son, and the two dead set against one another since the time of my mother's marriage. Then, too, to take on so about my going to sea, when with his gout and his rheumatism there was no such thing as staying at home for swearing and cursing of a fellow. Wonder if he is alive yet, and who he'll leave his money to, now I'm out of the way. Poor old Uncle Toby! I tell you, when I met Ralph Sutton, the miller's son, in the streets of London, and he told me what had occurred between Lucy and Mark Alton, I took ship again the very next day, after being paid off, and came straight back to America, and here I am, and I'm going to live and die here, and dying it looks like by starvation, after a voyage round the Horn and back as a common seaman, when I ought to have been mate by this time, and in this the year of our Lord 186—, on this eve of a blessed Christmas, with just one dollar and sixty cents currency, cash capital, and two weeks in arrears to Mrs. Jupp!"

"That's the new lodger's trunks coming up stairs," muttered he, after a pause; "make noise enough about it, I'm sure. As it's high time for dinner, and I've just a dollar sixty, having made that same remark once or twice before, I'll go somewhere and dine. Not with Mrs. Jupp, however; her steaks are tough, and her coffee's anything but the best, so I'll none of them."

"Aha! the new lodger," remarked Richard Aylliffe, to himself, on the way down. "Too dark to see his face, though. Some poor devil like myself, now, I'll be bound."

Meantime, while the one went to dinner, the other was installed in Mrs. Jupp's front attic, in the room indicated by Betty, immediately adjoining Aylliffe's. He was the new lodger, as Betty had described him, about the same height as Richard, with dark hair and beard, dark eyes, and a dark skin, but hardly so good looking, as the plump little housemaid would have remarked had she not checked herself in time.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock when Richard Aylliffe returned home that night. The fire had gone out, and the room was cold. After lighting his lamp, and glancing around the ill-furnished apartment, is it a wonder that his heart sank for a moment at sight of the bare walls and the broken furniture, when, just at that moment, thrusting his hand into his pocket, caused the few remaining nickels—which, together with some stamps, constituted his entire fortune—to rattle ominously.

"At all events, I'll have a pipe," said he; "there's comfort in a good smoke. I've still got one cheir left; there was three in the room when I first came, so here goes for what solace there is in a pipe of tobacco."

That through with, Richard Aylliffe did precisely what any man tired and dispirited would do—he went to bed.

The snow was still falling, making a great white mound outside upon the window sill; the night was dark and still, and except for an occasional shout of merriment in the streets, all was quiet without. Richard Aylliffe went to bed and to sleep. He dreamed, too. Dreamed of Christmas past, not of one Christmas only, but of many. He dreamed of Lucy, the faithless Lucy. He dreamed of his uncle Tobias; and poor old gouty, rheumatic uncle Toby was a snow man whom all the boys pelted with snow balls, and each ball sticking fast to him somewhere made his joints all the more twisted, and knotty and deformed, till at last one big snow ball, that came rolling down hill behind him, upset the old man all in a heap, and, as nobody ventured to pick him up, there he lay. He dreamed, too, of Mark Alton, the cousin and schoolmate; and Mark Alton was—where? In the next room to him, but it wasn't Mrs. Jupp; no, it was somewhere else; then again it was there, in that very house; and he had risen, had passed the door, and, with pistol in hand, stood over him, breathing deep in sleep. Next moment he was wide awake, and it was broad day. And these dreams had come and gone all through the night—come and gone and brought with them their unrest, till sinking into a deep slumber towards morning, he had slept on until this last had roused him.

"Mark Alton!" he murmured, "surely, it was but a dream; and yet, and yet when this man passed me on the stairs—pshaw! what folly. What would Mark Alton be doing here? If it were he, and I knew it, I would go to him to-day, in that very room, and we would have it out between us two there, so help me Heaven!"

So earnest was he in what he said, and so excited had he become that, as he spoke, he brought his clenched hand down upon the table at his side with a force that almost split the wretched pine leaf from end to end.

"Aye, aye!" shouted a drowsy voice from the next room, half smothered beneath bedclothes; "out in a minute, wide awake!"

Richard Aylliffe started. "Whose voice did that sound like?" he asked himself. "What nonsense this is," he muttered a moment afterward; "those dreams have played the dickens with my nerves or something, for nerves I never knew I had unless these be symptoms."

But scout the notion as he would, it still had hold of him. Shake it off he could not, but while he dressed he still listened for a sound of that voice, which, smothered as it was by the bedclothes, had sounded to his ear as much like Mark Alton's as one voice could be like to another.

"Doubtless it was owing to my mind being busy with him at the time," he argued. "Ah, Mark Alton, false friend, false schoolfellow! Lucy, could you know my dreams of you last night, how you appeared like a good angel in them all—ah! but what cares she? She is married, and has children before now." Here Richard Aylliffe bit his lips and grew red with anger. "False hearted girl," he muttered. "Had I not her promise, her plighted word? Did she not wear my kiss upon her lips, my ring upon her finger, and would she not have worn Betty's earrings in her ears if I had ever reached home to give them to her? Oh, false, false Lucy! false friend, Mark Alton."

"Hallos! who's that taking my name in vain? I say there, friend, how is it you know me?" cried a gay, cheerful voice from the next room.

"Mark Alton, as I live!" exclaimed Richard Aylliffe; "it is! I was right!"

"By Jove! it's Dick Aylliffe!"

At the same moment both doors flew open, a rush was made; "Stand back, Mark Alton!" cried Richard, "stand back!"

"Why, Dick Aylliffe, what on earth is the matter?"

"Stand back, I say; come no nearer! or by the living——"

"Why, Dick, Dick, old man, what ails you? You are beside yourself!"

"Not beside myself, but calm and collected. Stand where you are, Mark Alton, before I lay hands on you and do you an injury. Now, then, what brings you here?" said Richard, assuming a calmer demeanor. "Speak, I say; we keep this Christmas between us two. What brings you here?"

"To look for you, Richard Aylliffe."

"To look for me! Mark Alton I should think I would be the last man you would seek for

"Not so, Richard, not so; don't understand you; what means all this?"

"Don't understand me Then who should, if you do not?"

"Indeed, I do not.

"What! you, Mark Alton you, who ran away with and married the girl I loved; who was engaged to me; who was to have been my wife on my next trip home; you, the husband of Lucy!"

Excuse me, if you please; don't marry me off without my free consent. I'm neither the husband of Lucy nor any one else.

"Then what are you; speak' man, speak Tell me what it all means! For heaven's sake, speak! Did you not run away with her?"

"Run away with her? Great Cæsar Excuse the mention of so dignified a Roman, but this is beginning to assume the proportions of a joke."

"Speak then, Mark, and tell me what it means."

"Know, then, ungrateful fruant," replied Mark, assuming a tone of playful banter, "that your betrothed wife and my first cousin, Lucy Somers, being to me as a sister, and I to her as an elder brother, started in company with your humble servant for the great metropolis of London, knowing that your ship was due, and hoping to meet you, you perverse hereic, for the sole purpose of preventing you from rushing unprepared into the jaws of that rheumatic old lion, Tobias Shackleford—not half such a pretty name as Aylliffe, for which your mother discreetly changed it—your maternal uncle, who opposed from the first your going to sea—and anything else you might choose to do, for the matter of that—on hearing that you were to marry Lucy on your return, swore all manner of vengeance upon you if ever you should darken his doors—

"And Lucy, Mark, Lucy, what of her?"

"Lucy is safe and well at home, where she has been waiting for you, confident of your return ever since."

"Not married!"

"Not married, and not likely to be till you go home and marry her."

"Mark!"

"Richard!"

"Put it there! put it there, old fellow! God bless you, and a merry Christmas to you! But did you hear of me at all in London?"

"We heard that you had come home with the vessel and shipped again at once, for which we couldn't account till we saw Ralph Sutton, who told us he'd met you; and when we reached home we saw how it all was, for there it had got out that we'd run away together, Lucy and I, because Lucy wouldn't let a soul know of our going for fear her dear old mother would put a stop to it."

"Once more, Mark! another shake of the hand, old fellow! A merry Christmas after all in this great land, as merry as any in the old country. But what of Uncle Toby, Mark?"

"Dead, Richard, and at rest and out of pain, poor old man. But I was almost forgetting. The best is to come yet, or nearly the best. He died leaving all to you, everything; so, Dick, you're no longer the poor sailor, but well off to do, with a snug farm and a round sum of money in bank!"

"And you came all the way to look for me?"

"All the way, Dick, and as luck would have it I've found you the first thing."

"And Lucy's ear-rings," murmured Richard, aside.

"What of Lucy's ear-rings?" asked Mark, overhearing.

"Never mind, I gave 'em to Betty for a Christmas gift yesterday; a pair I bought her just before my last trip home. But she shall have others and finer ones."

"You can afford 'em now, Dick. I've ready money, if you need it; but let's down stairs to breakfast, and Mrs. Jupp shall give us the best in the larder; and this afternoon a turkey. What's the reason we can't be jolly, eh, Dick? for this Christmas we'll keep between us two.

THE CHRISTMAS SHIP.

A Story for Children.

It was Christmas time, and of course the Aubreys were going to give a party—a children's party. And of all the festive gatherings I was ever at, I think those at the Grange, where the Aubreys lived, were without doubt the pleasantest. All sorts of merry games were included, and a magic lantern with the most wonderful slides you can imagine; snap-dragon and forfeits, and blind man's buff, and hot boiled beans, to music. The Joyces came, and the Benninghams, and Leonards, and ever so many more, including, of course, Ned Gower, Tom Aubrey's schoolfellow, who had no friends in town and must consequently have stopped away all the holidays if somebody had not asked him to visit the city.

The preparations for the party were, I think, almost as amusing as the party itself; the air business that was going on to get up little surprises was quite delightful, and then the pleasant suggestions that were offered in debate were a great deal more cheerful than debates held in another place, of which you will hear more as you grow up.

When Tom arrived from school with Ned—aly fellow, Tom—he came in the back way, crept in at the laundry door, and created quite a surprise by his sudden appearance—when Tom arrived he had his suggestion to offer, and he did it in a fine, off hand style, that, if it could not be recommended for imitation on the score of elegance, was at all events hearty.

"A jolly Christmas ship," said Tom, "that's the time o' day. How is it none of you girls thought of that?"

"How did you think of it yourself, Tom?"

"Never you mind about that," was Tom's reply. "Salute the Admiral—attention!" He pointed to Ned Gower, a delicate looking, yellow complexioned lad, of whom I told you, and Ned, looking rather shy, it must be owned, said:—

"It was I that thought of the ship."

"Bravo, Admiral!"

"But where can we find the ship?" This from all the children in a breath.

"I am the ship builder," said Ned, "and with Tom's help it looks almost as handsome"—he turned to cousin Jessie, who well deserved the compliment, and added—"as you."

They all laughed at this, for the little fellow put it so oddly. But they were far more anxious to see the ship than to listen to fine speeches.

"Where is the ship?"

"Where?" says Tom, "in dry dock, of course, waiting to be rigged as never yet a vessel has been rigged, that I have heard of. Come, look sharp, Jones."

Jones was the groom, stableman, under gardener, an' what not; he was outside in the passage with a great box on his shoulder, grinning with good humor, knowing well the treasure that the box contained. Admonished to look sharp, he left off grinning and brought in the box, placed it on the floor, took off the lid, and brought out—

Oh! enchanting sight! As fair a model of a ship as you could wish to see, bristling at every port hole with cannon; light tapering masts and cross trees, a slender jib boom, and everything just as in a real ship, with all the tackling, taut and trim, and every inch of canvas set to catch a favorable breeze.

You may well imagine what rapture the appearance of this ship excited, and what eulogium was passed on the ship builder. After a little while everybody wanted to know why it should be called a Christmas Ship, and Tom explained.

"Why, don't you see, we've had so many Christmas trees, and they are to be seen everywhere—quite a Christmas forest—that we thought a ship got up in the same sort of way would be a novelty—just as pretty, if not more so, than the fir. Come, let's see the trinkets."

The girls had been thinking of getting up a Christmas tree, and were quite prepared with showy little articles with which to decorate the ship; but it was to be kept a profound secret from papa He had been in the seafaring line, and this would be a charming surprise to him. Jones had been cautioned in this singular formula, delivered by Tom, "Jones, keep dark;" and Jones, though he was flaxen headed, had said, "Dark I am, young master!

It was pleasant work, decorating the ship with the trinkets, suspending them from every crossbree, stitching them to every sail—Ned called this "tacking"—and altogether giving to the ship the most extraordinary appearance you ever beheld in your life. It was delightful to watch how cautiously the work was done, lest papa—denominated the "enemy" for that time only—should suddenly run down upon the faithful tenders. Consequently a man—that is to say, a little girl—was kept on the look out. But the enemy did not veer in sight; there was, indeed, at one time a cry of, "Sail, ho! to windward," expressed in the unprofessional language of, "Pa's coming down the garden;" but it turned out a false alarm.

Finally, the work was finished and stowed away under cover in the back parlor. Honor bright! nobody to lift the cover, not even papa, till the word was given by Tom, who called himself "M. C." which might, as he remarked, be taken for Master of the Ceremonies," or "Merry Christmas," whichever you pleased. Then the party time arrived, and the Joyces came, and the Benninghams, and the Leonards, and ever so many more. There was tea, of course, and there was great fun over it, and then Tom and Ned disappeared, and all was expectation.

A shrill whistle—a little flush comes upon papa's cheek, it sounds so like a boatswain's "Pipe all hands;" then the doors—they are double doors, you know—fly open, and there, in all its glory, is the ship, with its le blue lights blazing round it, and Jones beside it, in Jack Tar dress, is Ned. Ned jerks his canvas ducks, pulls his forelock, and presents a letter to Mr. Aubrey, who is really surprised this time. But he opens the letter, and the tears start to his eyes as he reads:—

DEAR AND HONORED SIR.—Please accept my little ship; it is not worth anything, I know; but making it—I made it myself—I have thought all the time that you would be kind enough to take it from the friendless boy in the strange land, to whom you have been so kind. Ever, dear and honored sir, yours affectionately,

NED GOWER.

Before them all Mr. Aubrey lifted the young young gentleman, in his sailor trim, right up in his strong arms and kissed him; and then he thanked him, and claimed him for a brother seaman, and they all shouted till the drops in the chandelier trembled, and seemed to ring a fairy peal on their own account.

And this was how I first saw a Christmas ship. It had "Gratitude" for its name; and it was, as I before remarked, the maniest practical lesson you might wish to meditate.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT DIFFERENT TIMES AND AS VIEWED BY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Abstractly speaking—or, in fact, speaking any way—we are all strongly inclined to favor holidays, provided there are not too many of them, nor too many in a bunch; a predilection which we make haste to prove at every convenient opportunity, each in his own particular style. Some folks in this free country look upon every public occasion that turns up in the light of a carnival (or a Fourth of July—which is our American substitute), and feel it incumbent on them to do as much as possible in the way of making themselves and the circumstance glorious within the given time. Some have an unconquerable notion that a holiday—no matter what its nature, to be complete, must be mixed up with a parade, or a target excursion, drums, cymbals and sliding trumpets, and a large dead gentleman, of swarthy aspect, bearing a target, with another for the commissarial department. I mind once when a mile of fire companies was a thing not to be got along without, and they dragging their own bright machines. Some, again, abhor all celebrations, except of a funeral character, and would like, I have no doubt, to be accompanied from church on Christmas day by a funeral procession, and to have the "Dead March in Saul" performed during their Christmas dinners. Some think Christmas the happiest day in the year, the holiday of holidays, and make a prodigious fuss about it, and wreath the brow of the treaty god with evergreens, and drink healths to him, and forget him till another year comes round, though they don't so readily forget the young ladies into whose affections they danced on a certain festive occasion, under the mistletoe! Some consider that New Year properly begins on that day, and keep it till the "First," and, perhaps, a week after. If Christmas be a religious fast, they prove their piety, as some one before has done in a similar connection, by keeping it "wholly."

There was even a time when all manner of people regarded it from a serious point of view, but we have followed the example of our friends across the water in obviating that little difficulty, and, as the Italians do, combine our religious observances with our pastimes, and contrive to make them profitable, too. That must be a jolly place to live in, I think where all the saints in the calendar are hustled about with Punchinello and inquisitors in red, and the devil in red and devils in black, and angels, and croziers and cripples, and mountebanks, and pellets of gilded paper and fireworks within smell of the sanctuary, with, perhaps a race on the Corso; for so do they there. And, surely, if ever a day should be hailed with rejoicing, that day is Christmas!

It is cold, of course; Christmas is always "cold without" but holds a warm heart within, his white beard to the contrary notwithstanding. He is best as accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, when hospitality, for which his admirers are famed, may best display itself. He is down upon long-winded speeches to coxen the masses, and takes every one to his heart after a way he has, which nobody was ever by any means known to disagree with, though sometimes a little rough are his embraces, for then the circle gathered about the fire is in most cheery trim and the truest sociability reigns; then, roast beef and plum pudding (or turkey and mince pies, our national substitutes), have a zest that is all their own. After all, I don't wonder the Celestials make so much of it, although, as they are Pagans, their motives are somewhat vague—perhaps it is out of honor to Confucius, perhaps it is because it's so near the end of the year, perhaps because they like to and sink the expense; all I can say is they have a holiday of some sort at which they burn paper to Joss, and forget old grievances, and for six days or so continue to drink strong cordials, and invite the outside barbarians, and beat the hewgang, and raise old erambambulus generally. With us religion on that day, at the family board or elsewhere, assumes new features. It isn't properly a hilarious day; we leave that for New Year's, when both married folks and bachelors get so distracted at the antics of the women that they rush desperately forth at nine, pursued by a broom handle, and don't go home till morning, after inflicting themselves in revenge upon all created female society generally; but things are kind o' cheerful for all that, although more uniform, and even in public houses the welcome glass which mine host presents his guest in recognition of Merry Christmas is tendered with a grave formality, and with an utter regardlessness of the size of the punch bowl.

I don't know whether it has been generally noticed, but it's a fact I can prove, that Jones and Thompson make it a regular point to forgive each other about Christmas time and to forgive each other all previous differences, and if they are as hostile as ever a day or two after, (as I have known 'em to be,) it's something to think of that they have got through with the ceremony and its no longer on their minds. There is not a family in the land that would voluntarily shirk its Christmas dinner, and it is worthy of record that a great many of those who have the grand cash to get dinners with, are mindful of those that haven't. It is refreshing to assist at a family gathering, whereat may be seen the whole flight of metaphorical stairs, from the veteran of the flock to the newest sprung leaf of the tree, and all the boughs and balusters, and to notice the peculiar expression that gleams in the eye. It' almost as good as the turkey, and the very wine improves by it. Then listen to the dialogue of the two stately seniors, who remind each other—also cheerfully—how "poor Twomly would have enjoyed it if he were here," and what a difference it would make if "poor Tidnell," (who died about a century since) could be there to take part with them; an idea quite absurd, as death had so long since decoyed Tidnell off to take part with Abe!

Alas for the cooked *lat* fraternity! They all sleep in old Trinity Churchyard, or elsewhere, and green still grows the grass above their graves! The young curly heads that romped with them are our gray beards now.

Hark! the merry, merry bells! There is a sleigh or two going past. They are out of sight in a moment, and others with them—one, a dozen, twenty—as hundred, at least. It has been so for many a year agone, and why not this? Hah! those nights on the avenues, on Long Island—the *brilliant, frosty* nights, the glistening snow, the clang of a thousand bells, the crack of the whip, the merry "hi! hi!" the runt of the runners, the echoes of the fiddles and the laugh—the glowing ball room, the round, rosy faces, the hot stuff, the hum of the music, and the tripping of merry feet over carpetless floors—was all this ever seen in perfection except at Christmas tide?

At the theatres and the museum the human throng is in a prodigious bustle. Men enough and women enough to make up a dozen New Yorks; and yet there is just as many as ever left at home, and just as many as ever in halls and at bars, with enough to fill a dozen ball rooms besides. I *never could* get it through, but here a remarkable fact looms up as a familiar acquaintance—of all other places New York is just the one where the more you subtract from the human hive the more you will add—just as, in some places, the more you put up the less you take down. I think there's some diabolism in it—especially at Christmas time.

The passion for the good old institution known as the Christmas Pantomime is as strong as it ever was, and after I've been to see one enacted, it would be hard to make me believe that there's any harm in one, if done up to the letter. Some folks do go on cantankerously about the immorality of the *ballet*, which is an essential and never-to-be-omitted part of one, but why it is that those same persons (perhaps I might say night-capticus) critics don't take exception to other things quite as unseemly, I can't imagine. I should suppose, now, they'd go into delirium at the sight of bare-backed men and women in the circus, let alone bare-backed horses, but they never were known to, and actually seem to enjoy it; and so, I'm half inclined to believe they do the *ballet*, by the way they crowd to see it. Just call anything "shocking!" or "immoral," and, my eye! won't they make for it. A thing of beauty, you know, is a joy forever. And so we pay our stamps and go in for enjoyment. The old sunflower, out of which pops the same old fairy to join the other fairies and in ætherial robes—the old clown and pantaloon, and harlequin, and columbine—the old apparances and disappearances, old tricks and transformations, are here on a scale of expenditure a little more lavish than usual, but here we shut our eyes to the antiquity of the thing, and try to fancy that it is something new we are assisting at. We crowd the museum to see the same old curiosities under new labels, with perhaps an addition, and stare open-mouthed at bills on which are displayed, in curious juxtaposition, the stuffed calf with two heads, and the small dwarf with only one; Miss Lafleur, the live kangaroo and the automaton Leotard, (the other one having gone back, *mon Dieu!* to Paris); the live comedian, Jorrocks, and the dead Mr. Blye-Call, and P. T. Barnum thrown in, to be looked at for nothing extra. After this can we wonder that people take such a wild pleasure in Christmas night? To be sure, things must have new names, and we wouldn't give a snap to see Herr Limberger or the youthful prodigy, Ma'mselle Sansgenoux, fall from a tight rope at the height of ten feet or so at the risk of an elbow joint, while to see the same performers hurled from a trapeze, or thrown headlong from the top of a convoluted spiral would bring any price for a ticket, and no money returned at the door. And the minstrels are there also, with their Parbleues and Bone Squashes, and such singing as the folks of the opera would find difficult to imitate—a feat which, out of pure jealousy, they say they don't want to! And there are festival balls, and billiard balls, and entertainments so numerous that they seem all to have been poured out of that same plethoric horn out of which at this season Kriss Kringle's gifts are emptied.

But the glory of all, the skating rinks—not one, but a dozen, where amateurs slide, whirr, revolve or fall, and champions contend for the medal, which they must peril over again next winter. I've been to try it, and, I tell you, its a big thing on ice! either in Christmas holidays, or out of them. It's a sort of a Jardin Mabille on skates, and I wouldn't be surprised if the figures I saw some of 'em execute didn't go ahead of any yet seen across the water.

All over the world your Christmas deity is received with smiles. Away off in poor little sleepy Mexico, I have seen the same tendencies, and—but this in your ear—have borne witness to the severe privations undergone by the rubicund *soaree*, (in the consistory, by way of mortifying the flesh, and have subjected myself to the same penance, while the jocund balls rang out their merry tinkle—as if they'd got the St. Vitus'—with considerable relish.

Old Grimes, who hoards everything he gets, from dollars and nickles to pins and old nails, is the only living soul—if you call him a soul—who forgets it is Christmas, and shudders at the wasteful extravagance of people as he shivers over his desolate, desolate hearth.

I do know of hale, hearty gents who will get a fine, frosty day for a morning's shooting, and sit down to dine with a hearty relish that common people don't wot of; and I admire hearty relish that common people don't wot of; and I admire hearty relish that common people don't wot of; and I admire

adies and gentles all, we'll fall asleep to dream of the happy groups round the Christmas Tree, and waking, give "Merry Christmas" to all on the morrow!

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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Box 3 860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

YOUNG INQUIRER, Baltimore.—1. As we are not advised of Mr. Jefferson's engagements so far ahead, we cannot tell you when he will appear in your city. 2. He appeared in a great many pieces. 3. She commenced her career in California in the variety business. She resides in this city when not performing. 4. About twelve years of age. 5. Lotta produced "Fire Fly" for the first time at Wallack's Theatre, August 10th, 1868.

PUGILIST.—Fred Bussy informs us that it was he instead of Hicken who received the forfeit in their match. He says he offered to bet Abe or his backers $200 against $100 that he could whip Hicken, in Cincinnati, at the time of the McCoole and Coburn fizzle. As Abe sometime since told us that *he* received forfeit, it resolves itself into a question of veracity between them—both cannot be right.

GYMNASTIQUE.—The question was, "had a double somersault ever been successfully turned by any performer over five horses," and we answered in the negative. Several parties have turned a "double" over *three* horses, also over an elephant and two camels, also over an elephant and two horses, but that was not what the bet was made on.

O. B., Hospital, Brooklyn.—"At euchre A and B are partners against C and D. A deals and plays it alone. D plays it alone against him. A makes five tricks. How many points is he (A) entitled to?"......As A took the responsibility of the trump, and secured five tricks on a lone hand, he is entitled to four points.

J. B.—1. Robert Stickney is probably the best pad rider. G. M. Kelly takes the lead as vaulter, and the Conrad Brothers are among the first horizontal bar performers. 2. No one does the triple somersault. Mr. Aymar broke his neck at Astley's Theatre, London, while doing it. Young Starks killed himself out west while attempting it.

GRASSHOPPER, Ontonagon, Mich.—1. Lilly was seconded by Bill Ford and Country McCluskey; McCoy by Jim Sanford and Hen Chanfroid. 2. Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831, and fought Sullivan Oct. 12, 1853. 3. Heenan weighed 178 pounds the day he fought Sayers, and 196 pounds when he fought King. 4. It expired with No. 35 of the present vol.

F. D. B., Cincinnati.—In throwing dice, whether poker or raffles, the highest denomination is the six; the dice counting their face, and in no other way or manner. Three sixes and two fives beat three aces and two fours, and B therefore loses. Although termed aces, they are in reality ones, the lowest number on the dice.

MANY LEARNERS, Philadelphia.—"A and B are playing cribbage. A leads off with a seven, B plays a five, A a five, B another five and pegs six holes. A cries a 'go,' and B plays another five and pegs twelve holes, making eighteen in all for the four fives. Is he right?"......Yes. He might take one more, however, providing it was a "go."

CAPTAIN.—1. George Wilkes won the third heat in a race with Lady Thorn at Narragansett Park, July 15, 1868, for a purse of $1,500; time, 2:29. 2. The challenge for Lady Thorn to trot George Wilkes for $10,000 at Narragansett Park next June has not been accepted by the owner of the stallion. 3. The Boston Theatre seats 2,200 people.

EUCHRE.—"A and B are partners against C and D. A deals the cards; B, C and D pass. A takes the trump up, and C plays alone against him. A takes the five tricks; how many points are made?"......If A played alone he is entitled to four points; if not, it is a march, and he scores but two points.

YOUNG COMEDIAN, Baltimore.—1. They are aged respectively twenty and seventeen years. 2. Neither are married. Have been on the stage since they could walk. 3. They reside in New York State when not performing. 4. If you were acquainted with her you would not think she was dumb.

PHARAOH.—"A and B are playing cribbage. A plays a deuce, B a four, A a tray, and scores three points; B a six, A a deuce, B a five, and scores five points. A plays a four and makes a go, and takes six points, which B objects to. Is A right?"...... Yes.

G. K., Baltimore.—1. You will find Lotta's movements chronicled in each issue of the CLIPPER. 2. Cannot inform you when Maggie or Mr. Jefferson commences in your city. 3. The two ladies play different lines of business. One is an actress, while the other is a pantomimist and *danseuse*.

FAST.—1. You are right; the correct time is 4:50¼. 2. Thomas. The race took place at Paterson, N. J., Sept. 21, this year. 3. We cannot give you the date. 4. The longest *recorded* standing jump is 12 feet 8¼ inches by Bob Way, who defeated Bertle at Pittsburgh by clearing 12 feet 5¼ inches.

H. DODGE, Holyoke, Mass.—1. Not that we know of. 2. No. 3. McDevitt was the last winner of the champion cue. 4. Firth & Pond, publishers, Broadway, this city, can furnish what you desire. 5. Opinions vary.

OLD TIMES ROCKS, New York.—The $30 was put up by B to bind the bet of $100, and was consequently a forfeit. B not having put up the balance, $70, before the election takes place, A is consequently entitled to the $30 forfeit.

SPORT.—1. No, nor any other time. O'Baldwin and Wormald did not meet at all in this city since their fight at Lynnfield. 2. Wormald forfeited, November 11. 3. Bill Clark teaches boxing at 209 Mercer street, this city.

JOHNNY FROM LAWRENCE.—Neither Dexter nor Pocahontas ever trotted a mile on the road in 2:17. 2. Fastest running time, by men, one mile, is 4:17¼, in a dead heat, by Lang and Richards. Fastest quarter mile, 0:48¼, by Henry Reed.

J. H. AND D. B., Office, Houston street, N. Y.—"H and C play B and D at euchre. H deals, B, C and D pass. H takes it up and plays alone. Can B or D play alone against H?"......No.

T. C. S., Philadelphia.—If D ordered up the trump, and declared to go alone, he can score four points if he secured all the tricks; but if A took it up, and went alone, then D could only count two points, having euchred the adversary.

M. S., St. Louis.—As M and F alike contributed to euchre O, they go out together, and can dispose of the watch as they may mutually agree, either by playing for it, or one buying the share of the other. A is out of it altogether.

MORRY.—You had better write to Anderson and Stone, manufacturers, 209 Centre street, this city, as they can give you all the information you need.

R. P. R., New York.—Vauxhall, with 95lbs up, ran 1¾ miles in 3 min. 9¼ sec. Ask your friend the name of his horse that did it in 3:10 with 154lbs up.

M. B., Washington, D. C.—"At cribbage, A plays an ace, B a four, A a deuce, and B a tray. Is B entitled to four points for a sequence?"......Yes.

W. E. H., Danielsonville, Ct.—Neither player could be called upon to pay for the ball. The proprietor, in letting the table, takes all such risks.

AGENT, Chelsea.—Fred. Lawrence is advance agent for the Hanlon Combination. This concern does not intend closing for several months.

YOUNG AMERICA, New York.—If the striker reaches first base at the same time as the ball, we should give the preference to the former.

A READER, Boston.—1. F. C. Wemyss, No. 3. Astor Place, this city, can furnish you with one. 2. We believe he was buried in Mount Auburn. 3. A letter sent to this office will reach him.

FELIX, Boston.—Mr. Booth's first wife was Miss De Barr. Mr. Chanfrau has been married but once. Edwin Booth married Mary Devlin.

BOXER.—There are many who think that the match between Allen and Davis is a chip of the same block as that between Elliott and Davis, but time will tell.

J. B. B., Portland.—There is a patent on the two wheeled velocipedes, held by the Hanlon Brothers, and no one can manufacture them without their sanction.

L. L. L., New York.—You never saw it stated in the CLIPPER that a horse had run a mile in 1:30. The best time was by Gladiateur, 1 mile 17 yards in 1:39.

H. D. C., Holyoke.—1. 'Our Jim' is one of the fixtures of this craft. 2. You can get it from Thompson & Riggs, 189 Bowery, this city.

C. P. T., St. Louis.—1. We do not think she will excel Lotta. 2. He is still traveling with her. 3. The letter is not for you.

MINION, London.—Items would be acceptable. Mail your letters so that they will reach us on Saturday or Monday noon at the latest.

R. F. W., Hamilton, Ontario.—Address a letter to Henry Sparks, sailmaker, care of this office. He can supply what you wish.

FRIENDS, Galt, Ontario.—He had a perfect right to name himself, as no provision was made to the contrary. Consequently B. wins.

GEO. E. J., St. Joseph, Mo.—1. Seymour's majority in this State, according to the official canvass, was just 10,000. 2. We do not answer correspondents by mail.

STOCK ACTOR, Baltimore.—It was a mixed up family matter. The mother sued the father, and it was reported that the father sued the daughter.

WILL, New Orleans.—We already have a correspondent in your city.

S. S., Providence, R. I.—1. Heenan was knocked senseless. 2. He is married.

STAKE HOLDER.—Billy Shephard wins, as three sixes beat three aces.

PETROLEUM HOUSE, Oil City.—1. In poker dice sixes are better than aces. 2. A can throw again if he chooses.

GAG, New York.—There is no record of a horse having run a mile in 1:30 either here or in England.

S. D. and E. L., Toledo.—In the draw game of dominoes, a man can draw if he chooses, even when able to play.

TOM COBB, Boston.—A straight of 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, beats one of ace, deuce, tray, etc.

T. J. T.—A's hand, having only four cards, is foul, and he cannot play it.

NEMO, Philadelphia.—1. They can be had by advertising for them. 2. We do not know where the lady is.

M. E. E.—The managers are fitting it up in first class style, and expect lady audiences.

R. S., Baltimore.—W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place, this city, can furnish you with them.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—1. She is 37 years of age, and not married. 2. We know of no champion bagatelle player.

S. D. J., Mount Pleasant, Iowa.—We think it quite proper in all correspondence, except on business.

B. S., Baltimore.—We furnish the CLIPPER for $1.25 per quarter of a year.

A. W. WILSON, Callensville, Ky.—We do not know anything of the flasks.

FLASH COVE, Chicago.—The one that showed the $30 won, of course.

E. H. J., La Porte, Ind.—When an individual bets that he *can* do anything, he must do it to prove that he can.

IXION.—Niblo's Garden and the Metropolitan Hotel belong to A. T. Stewart.

J. W. S., Boston.—As A merely tied he did not beat B; consequently he (A) lost.

S. M. CARR.—For the last seven the player was entitled to five points; two for "thirty-one," and three for sequence.

HUT, Philadelphia.—He did get 10,000 majority and you win the bet. See answer to Geo. E. J.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.—He never was champion in reality, although he challenged anybody to fight for the honor.

NAT ORMSBY, New Orleans.—Your last two communications have reached us one day after going to press each week.

MANSFIELD, Wellet's Point.—Banim is the author of "Damon and Pythias."

JUSTIN.—You can obtain her address by calling at the office.

E. S.—Georgie Dean Spaulding's letter was sent to Syracuse.

SANDY, Chicago, Ill.—They are entitled to two points each.

HAYNES, Harlem.—Caller Ou's time in the St. Leger was 3:16.

HARRY.—A full hand beats a flush in bluff.

READER.—Thank you for correction.

S. B.—On what subject?

T. S. F., Milford, Del.—See answer to Geo. E. J.

D. W. C., Detroit, Mich.—See answer to Geo. E. J.

READER, Chicago.—Neither wins. It is a draw bet

SUBSCRIBER, Indianapolis.—See answer to T. C. S.

BROOKLYN.—A is entitled to four points.

E. A. G., Dubuque.—Do not give yourself any further trouble

"B. M."—Will probably appear in our next.

ELLISON, Ft. Bridges, Wyoming.—In England, 18 miles by a special train in 15 minutes, from Paddington to Slough. In America 14 miles have been run by the locomotive Hamilton Davis, with six cars attached, on the N. Y. Central road, in 1855. A special train consisting of an engine, tender, baggage and director's car, made the trip from Janesville, Ill., to Chicago, 91 miles, in 90 minutes, deducting stoppages; the quickest mile was done in 52 seconds.

SLIPPERY DICK, Newark, N. J.—You can procure any kind of skates and skating accoutrements of Messrs. Peck and Snyder. Their address may be found by reference to their advertisement in another column.

TOBIAS, Webster.—It is a misdeal, and the cards must be dealt again. Suppose your opponent had held the high or low, would you not have claimed a misdeal when you found he held too many cards?

R. K. H., Washington.—The dealer is not obliged to tell how many cards each player has drawn. Every player must look out for himself.

CONSTANT READER.—As he served the required term of seven years, he is entitled to a full discharge, of course—the fact of promotion makes no difference.

I. W.—No; the loss falls upon the party who made but did not score the 15; no other player can call and claim it.

FREIGHT, Cincinnati.—No. 3 does not lose his privilege of the sell by No. 2 going out.

E. D. SIDNEY, Neb.—The population of the British Isles is about thirty millions.

R. H. R., Sedalia.—If Jones is an honorable man he will furnish you with a pair of coverings for the feet.

SAM., La Porte.—The race resulting in a dead heat, the bet is a draw

A. E. G., Ontario.—A and C having tied and agreed to shoot off the tie, A's winning justly entitles you to the money.

EDMUND, Portsmouth, N. H.—In England, but we do not know the place.

GOVERNOR.—Westhall's walking time for 21 miles was 2 hours 59 minutes.

L. R.—As Weston did not accomplish the feat, you win, of course.

HOMO, Pittsburgh, Pa.—We cannot explain, as you do not furnish the names of the parties.

M. F. D., Honesdale.—Write to Thompson and Riggs, 189 Bowery, this city.

P. S. Carthage, Mo.—After a foul has been struck a man on a base must touch his base.

F. M. D., Lynchburgh, Va.—Smith and Goodrich use the Barney & Berry skate.

L. W. M., Baltimore.—The Barney & Berry skate is about the only one used by professionals.

JOHN JONES, Alleghany County, Md.—You can get some at Currier & Ives', corner Nassau and Spruce streets, N. Y.

SPORT, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Thanks; come as often as convenient, and let that be oftener.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Of course not. The referee is the only one who has the power to decide.

READERS IN NEWARK, N. J.—We believe not.

C. S. D., Omaha.—You lose. His majority was just 10,000.

J. P. L.—From New York to Liverpool, viz.:—9h. 12m. 40sec

HOWELL, Jamaica, L. I.—We should say not.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

We of this glorious Union possess, in the matter of religious festivities, an advantage over every other nation in Christendom; inasmuch as the rotation of the months brings us two days of ecclesiastical rejoicing, while the rest of civilized mankind are constrained to remain content with one. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear, we, Americans, are blessed with two Christmas jubilees—the one local and ordained by proclamation, the other, universal among all nations and of a purely theological origin. In other words we have Thanksgiving, festival of the State, and Christmas Day, festival of the Church.

The observance of an annual Thanksgiving was formerly confined to the people of the New England States, but which, transplanted by successive exodus of the sons of those districts to the bosom of other States, has gradually become accepted as a national institution. The origin of this Puritanical festival is curious and strict accordance with that spirit of dexterous duplicity readily to be traced in all the political movements of that ingenius body of theocrats and dissenters, vulgarly designated the Pilgrim Fathers.

Upon the migration of the persecuted non-conformists to their asylum of refuge in protestant and republican Holland, they carried with them not only animosity to the institutions social, political and religious, of their native England, but a fervent aspiration as to being able to found a colony, which, in course of time, might exert a retributive force against kingcraft, episcopacy and the traditions of the established Church.

Once transplanted to Leyden, the congregationalists created a patriarchal community upon basis of extreme austerity in manners and morality, forbidding amusements as sinful, health drinking as blasphemous, and church festivals as damnable, particularly denouncing the celebration of Christmas, as that of the feast of Baal. Utopian as was the idea of the Leydenites it might perchance have proven successful had they not enforced their social reformation with too great a precipitation and too rigid an exactment. The genial Hollanders despised the austerity of their manners, and derided their pretensions to exclusiveness in sanctity; their children, untempered with pious zeal, yearned after the flesh pots of Egypt, the festivals of the land of their nativity; their sons deserted them to take service in the army and navy of the Dutch republic, while the fairest of their daughters, the flowers of Zion, flew to the arms of rich burghers to become mothers, not in Israel, but of lusty pipe smoking, beer drinking Hollanders. It was then that the Puritans perceived their colonial error; for so far from swallowing up the Dutch, the congregation bid fair to be engulphed in the body of a people, weaning away the choicest lambs from the milk of godliness.

Acting upon the sagacious advice of their pastor, Robinson, the remnants of the congregationalists braved the storms of the Atlantic to secure an isolated abode in a western wilderness, where Dutchmen were unheard of, kings creatures of fancy, bishops nonenities, and church festivals matters of impossibility. But even in this bleak and uninviting region a spirit of insubordination followed in the footsteps of the pioneer pilgrims, as the colony was compelled to import apprentices, servant men, sewing women and practical mechanics, who were speedily followed by mercantile and other adventurers. Few of these incomers acknowledged the true faith; but, on the contrary, clamored for observance of festivities to which they had been accustomed upon English soil. The indefatigable Morton, of Merry Mount, whose maypole was the first tree of liberty planted in American ground, aggravated the anti-puritanical sentiment by keeping open house for the entertainment of all comers during Christmas holidays. Notwithstanding the expulsion of that worthy, the leaven of discontent remained until ultimately the Puritans, unable to obliterate memory of merry Christmas, resolved to substitute a day of Thanksgiving in its stead, taking precaution to destroy identity of the festivals by advancing the feast of their creation into the previous month, and by supplanting the roast beef of Old England and the plum pudding of King Arthur's invention by the indigenous turkey and new fangled pumpkin pie.

Among our Southern States, and particularly in Virginia, the Cavaliers and their descents commemorated Christmas with unbounded liberality, and their revelries were not limited to that day alone, but extended the full measure of festivity until the midnight clock of Twelfth Night announced the loyal fact that "the King drinks." As colonists the Virginians took peculiar interest in the Christmas revels as evidencing their undisguised attachment to the monarch and the land they had left behind them. After our Independence, the maintenance of similar festivities was regarded as a religious duty, for although their allegiance to the mother country had been absolved, the Southern planters acknowledged fidelity to the traditions of the Established Church. With us upon New York island, it was peculiarly happy that the national festival of the Knickerbockers, that of St. Nicholas, corrupted by urchins into Santa Claus, occurred during the days of December, and hence became easily engrafted upon the Christmas celebration of their conquerors. Christmas week, from the day of the Nativity until the joyous Year's Day, upon which friends and families through male representatives interchanged congratulations, a practice observed likewise in the Parisian capital, was, for a succession of years, marked by an almost total cessation from labor; and if we had not the misseltoe bough, the boar's head, the wassail bowl and the other ceremonies of Christmas in the long past time, we had at least the roast beef and plum pudding of the family dinner, the stocking hung in the chimney corner for Santa Claus' visitation, and above all the spiced rum and New Year's cookie with which the children of Holland at this merry season regaled the wayfarer, be he either rich or poor. As introductory to his annual amusements the apprentice was rewarded by his master upon Christmas eve by an admission ticket to one of our metropolitan theatres, the night's performance invariably embracing "George Barnwell," so that the salutary lessons of that tragedy might prove a warning to youth beset, as he might be, by the fascinations of vice and tempted to the enormity of crime.

For a brief time, as the influx of New Englanders undermined the affection of the city born towards time honored usages, Christmas with us lost a portion of its established brilliancy; or at least observance of its traditional requirements grew less noticable to the popular view. However, with the development of the Teutonic element in our midst, the annual festival so dear to our common ancestors, the Scandinavians and Norsemen, has been revived with additional enjoyments and forms of mirth. It matters little to the genius of fellowship whether the cookie of Santa Claus has been superseded by the Christmas tree, with its grotesque garniture, the presence of either memorial sheds a halo of contentment around a hearthside, showing that the wings of time, in its steady onward flight, are still laden with pleasant memories.

Merry Christmas! There are few words in the English tongue conveying so deep, so durable, so welcome an impression. They recall to us souvenirs of the past, when in blitheseomeness of hope we first entered upon the arduous battle of life; they remind us of the happy hours of mirth and revelry, of the innocent, unpurchaseable amusements enjoyed—and only to be enjoyed—beneath the roof of home; they assuage the misfortunes, the sufferings, the sorrows of the Present, and implant into our souls a moral fortitude—yes, an absolute yearning—to anticipate the coming of the Future, teaching us that we are not mere creatures of the moment, but masters of time, now and hereafter.

Merry Christmas! Of all household expressions this is the least conventional. It conveys an occult meaning, and conjures up involuntary meditations impossible to be repelled. It breathes but a solitary significance, and that is unalterably attached to home. Address these magic words to a wanderer in a distant land, to a soldier at the camp fire, to the mariner upon the deep, to any one in any place, and his first thought flies to the contemplation of home, however distant it may be. If he, at the moment, be houseless, homeless, a lost atom from the social state, his memory turns to the past, and then flies, with the energy of hope, for consolation in an unrealized future, when he, sharing the destiny of his fellows, can call some spot his home.

HOLIDAY TIME IN THE BYWAYS.

There is a little toymaker away up in the darker streets diverging from Chatham (ask for the Three Golden Balls and the original Licensed Junk Seller's), to whose dingy laboratory or workshop a succession of mysterious visitors continually resort, especially in the vicinity of the holidays. The children thereabout view the domicile as a sort of castle of enchantment, and tell marvelous stories in regard to it. They have a vague idea that Santa Claus comes and goes through the alley by which the premises are attained, and that here is situated the secret laboratory of the Wondersmith. It is a poverty-stricken neighborhood. Poverty stares you in the face at every turn. It greets you in the dilapidated and grimy condition of the houses, it assails you in the dirty and unkempt appearance of the men and women, it attacks you by the nostrils and comes at you in the shape of swine and dogs, so muddy and mangy that you have to look at the curl of the tail to decide which is which. Respectable people, "passing of that ere place," while holding their noses, indulge in a sentiment of pity at the unfortunates whom fate has compelled to pass their lives in such a slough of despond, and determine to do something or other to relieve their miseries, "the very next time." The people of Slumgullion place, on their part, take the matter with surprising coolness, and apparently hug their misery, as a martyr hugs his chains. The fact is, if the world above Bleecker but knew it, the Slumgullions are not by any means so miserable as they have credit for being, partly, we suppose, because all day, and nearly all night, you may hear the tinkering of a hammer or the rattle of a washing machine, and the burden of some song of the sons of toil. It has a reputation for deeds of blood, but those most intimate with it think this an aspersion based upon some child's story, which runs to the effect that a score of dead bodies, Turks and such like, were seen to be brought from the Wondersmith's quarters, and thrown into a covered wood cart, to be conveyed, it was supposed, to the river or the surgeon's. The butcher's cleaver—which appears to be going all the time—silences inquiry with a "chump, chump, chump" there is no getting over. But now Slumgullion Place appears to have cast its skin. It has burst out into a fierce eruption of evergreens, and the butcher's cleaver, alike with the artisan's hammer, is still. The effect is like the stoppage of a steamer's machinery after a long and weary voyage. The Wondersmith has had frequent whispered conferences with the person who keeps at the sign of the Lady and the Corsair (it is said that he is a theatrical costumer), and no one can tell what it means. We await developments, and they come, but, strange to mention, nobody is astonished. It is night, and the alley of the Wondersmith has become, of a sudden, a centre of attraction. A great many people (who ought to be clad in cloaks and slouch hats, for appearance sake) are seen to enter, and inquisitive urchins, walking a little way in, may hear the sounds of talking and laughter, and the notes of piano and flute. We take the opportunity to peer within, too. Aha! we have reached the domain of enchantment, the inner penetration of the temple of mysteries! —up three pair of stairs, back, turn to the right and go forward. It is a long, somewhat lofty apartment, the walls of which, being of time stained wood, are hung with the strange gods which this sinister being doubtless worships. There are grinning monsters, and Ethiops, and hideous, misshapen effigies of Punch, out of all of whom the joints have been taken, and their necks broken also, by the way their heads are drooping. They are suspended from the very ceiling; and, if they haven't caught Fox and hung *him* in effigy, too! The space is otherwise well occupied by a party of men and women who appear to have just stepped from the green-room of one of the theatres—the oddest, the queerest costumes ever you see! They are good humored, however, and that's a comfort. But heads begin to swim—sweet music strikes up—the Can-Can, it must be, to which they are backing and filling and bouncing so. There is huge laughter, in which the voice of the Wondersmith is heard above all, and he remarks that trade has been good. The mystic rite goes on and the merriment grows stronger; and presently all sit down to cakes and ale. Clouds intervene again, the bright scene vanishes, and when we come to ourselves we are in the street, alone with the echoless walls and the silent stars!

WHISTLING.

People have different notions, ideas and tastes. When they differ from our own we generally style them "queer." Some go crazy over base ball for an amusement—others would infinitely prefer the drama. One likes a dog fight and another a man fight. Everything in the shape of a physical or mental exercise is made to answer for an amusement. If we are not actively inclined, we can take something requiring no exertion. If we can't run a foot race, we may sit at home and read. If we don't dance, probably we sing. Every one of these amusements is a special favorite with some human being, and has its defenders and advocates even among the public press. But there is one very marked exception. Everybody whistles; but who ever thinks of advocating *its* claims to favor, or praising it as a sport or pastime. Few even would be prepared to allow that it is one. And yet it is not only an amusement, but very frequently something more—a genuine comfort.

We will go further, and astonish the doctors by asserting that it is a medicine—an unsought *elixir vitæ*. It expands the chest, opens the lungs, and clears the larynx. Who ever heard a sallow, flat-chested, consumptive person give utterance to a hearty whistle? We believe that were its medical properties better known there would be fewer patent medicines, and fewer early graves. But, taken alone as an amusement, it is an art worthy of cultivation. The whistler always has a portable instrument with him, which will perform his favorite airs in a manner to suit himself, if no one else. To be sure, it may not be as sweet as the piano, or romantic as the guitar under a fair one's lattice—the melody may not be quite Eolian—but then it answers. To a jilted fellow it is invaluable, as there is no way of getting rid of mortification and superabundant love equal to whistling it to the winds. It isn't necessary, we presume, to quote here the old saw about whistling away cares.

Again, what a vehicle it is for popularizing the latest melody. Why, a minstrel has hardly done performing his newest "song and dance" before one begins to hear it whistled on every street corner by dirty-faced boys. (Nothing personal, James.) Then again what a splendid signal it makes. A good shrill whistle can be heard where the voice of a Forrest could not reach. We sometimes hear them outside of our office. But our searching glance at "Our Jim" only reveals intensified innocence upon that interesting countenance. Sometimes he is missing in a mysterious way a short time after these sounds, but then we always learn afterwards that he has gone somewhere of an errand. We might enlarge on our topic; we might assert that it isn't confined to the human race. Those old giant travelers of the land and sea, the locomotive and steamer, have it to perfection, and their judicious use of it saves many a precious life. There is something cheerful and lifelike in the stirring whistle with which passing steamers salute each other.

To acquire this remarkable accomplishment is not very difficult. The requisite "pucker," we have been told, can readily be acquired by the judicious use of green persimmons. Were we inclined to digress, we might here introduce the anecdote of the little boy who devoured some of the aforesaid fruit, and reduced his mouth to such a condition, that his little brother seeing him, cried:—"I'th going to tell ma, you'th whithling on Sunday!" To which the victim replied indignantly:—"Whithling, h—ll! I'th poithoned!" We might, we say, quote the anecdote, but we do not know that it would be particularly pertinent.

And then, what a comfort and protection whistling becomes when a person is passing haunted houses and graveyards. Who ever went by one of these dismal localities without whistling? And what individual is there among us all that does not whistle to keep his courage up when going home at midnight, when fellow-travelers are but few, and those few can't be trusted? James, listen:—If you would have courage, ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes, a sound constitution, and a lofty contempt for M. D.'s and their remedies, just *whistle*, and they'll come to thee, my lad!

NAUGHTY MAN.—Some time during the past summer we published a clever little poem entitled "Where are the Friends of my Youth?" written expressly for the CLIPPER by "J. H. B." We are sorry to find that Howard Paul, over in England, has seen fit to appropriate our verses, and by changing a line here, altering a name there, and otherwise adapting them to his latitude, imagines that he is really the author, as the poem in print, now before us, says:—"By Howard Paul." How 'ard it is that "gentlemen and scholars" will plagiarise in this way, and compel us to expose their "little propensities" before a frowning world. With the gentle admonition to "go and sin no more," we forgive this very naughty man.

A PROMINENT CANADIAN CRICKETER, the Hon. Charles Rykert, recently made a brilliant speech in the legislature in opposition to governmental grants to sectarian colleges. His *point* and *cover-points* were well taken, he *bat*-tled well with his opponents, made no *slip*, either long or short, and when he came to a *long stop* was finally acknowledged to be the best general in the field, without individually affecting to be the great *I am*. The opposition were amazed at his—well, *bold* remarks, and being smartly *caught* or *stumped*, they retired without *bail*. *Bra-vo!* for Rykert.

LUNCH.—His boarding house lady having neglected to put up a lunch for "Our Jim," we took him into a restaurant, and informed the waiter that we were in haste, and therefore he trotted off pretty lively to execute our order. James, hungry as he was, watched him thoughtfully a moment, and then said:—"Boss, that feller reminds me of the race horses in England." "Why so?" we asked, "Cos," said Jim, gravily, "he runs for the plate."

OUT OF SEASON.—We recently read in the papers that two men started out hunting together in Kentucky, and one of them was so successful in imitating the "gobbling" of a wild turkey that his friend was deceived, and shot him dead. This is probably the only case on record where a man has gobbled himself out of existence. At any rate it is certain that he died *game*?

QUERY.—Is it any ways strange that "highly colored" narratives should generally be *read*?

THE CAP AND BELLS.

We have had a long siege of the serious (a word which with people to whom sadness and sentiment are convertible terms, has a great deal of meaning), and would fain, for awhile, put on the cap and bells and vindicate nature. The grand high chamberlain retires for awhile, and—enter the Mock Duke. We don't know that we require any particular Master of the Revels, for where all are revelers, it would be a brain of unheard of resources that could master all details; so each little class or *coterie*, or clique, shall manage these matters for itself, by simply paying its money and taking its choice. "Tuppence more, and up goes the donkey!" All which is only a roundabout way of saying that, after having placed ourselves in the van of nations as relates to progress, we Americans are now about to prove that we are able to take the lead in sports and pastimes as well. In our winters especially, we are reversing the established rules of the old *régime*, and whereas it was once regarded as a matter of difficulty to squeeze any but a bare modicum of pleasure out of the most inclement of seasons, we have created winter into the crowning season of pleasure. When we look back upon the days of yore, and remember upon how small a capital we based our ideas of enjoyment—a dinner of two or three courses, for instance, with wines; a box at a favorite theatre, or a ball, or perchance a sleigh ride, or a stereotyed party at home, we cannot but smile at the contrast. There was a time when Paris arrogated to herself the title "Centre of Gaiety," but we have had a smartly contested match with her since then, and may safely claim to wear the champion's belt. We began the work when our fast youth of fashion introduced their gossamer turnouts upon the boulevards; we threw them out of their nautical reckoning with our yachts; and we shall finish them with our tournaments on ice. "*A bas le* velocipede! *Vive les* skates!" The words of that memorable ballad of, we forget how many hundred lines, that used to be sung by Russell, shall be improved, and the text shall read—

"For *winter* is the merriest time
Of all the glad New Year!"

T'other night we looked in at a skating rink. What a scene, to be sure! St. Petersburg, with your artificial snow hills and your palaces of ice, subside; Italy, with your carnivals and *festas*, be dimmed; France, let thy flag be lowered; England, retire and sulk in mute despair. We listened to thrilling music from a band of skilled performers; instantly the fairy spell took possession of our feet, and we were off on a pair of glistening runners, darting like arrow amidst a variegated multitude of fur-dight Muscovites, loose breeched Hollanders, fair Polonaises, Hungarians, Bohemians, the light-haired, slender Saxons, peasants from Uri and Lucerne,

"The brave Smyrniote,
With his smiling blue eye and his shaggy capote,"

and contributions from many a milder clime. Masquerades are talked of (with the masks left out) as the season advances, and we then may imagine how lively the scene will be. With the myriad lights glistening above, and mingling with the reflections upon the glistening surface, the diversity of color in the costumes, the happy, healthy faces, the music, the occasional outbursts of laughter, we did not wonder that people feel inspired to perform prodigies on the ice, nor that their magnetised heels are apt to fly up and seek the clouds, "just as they were going to show the girls how well they could do it." And this is but a faint reflex of what is going on in Central Park and vicinity, and our rival, the Prospect, of Brooklyn. This masque of Momus will continue the winter through. As if this were not enough, Theodore Thomas, who wears the mantle of Jullien, provides a series of festivals, and will make the winter musical with the witchery of the enchanted *baton*. Envious foreign cousins will frown and say, the Americans are losing their "dignified simplicity," but we *never had* any dignity; they are losing their national gravity of character, but we never possessed any gravity, and, therefore, it is fit that we should improve the season just passing by assuming for a while the cap and bells, and by proving to the world that in this as in other matters we can set them an example worthy of emulation and adoption!

"Let the sports proceed!"

"THE MODERN POCKET HOYLE" is the title of one of the most recent publications by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y. It is very tastefully gotten up, of convenient size for the pocket, and from a cursory examination of its contents we judge that it will be considered a handy book of reference for players at the various games on which it treats.

INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—We learn that the hunter who has spent his life "scouring the woods," and the mariner whose days have been employed in "skimming the seas," are about to go into the house-cleaning business together.

"OUR OWN SOCIAL UNION CLUB" will give their second soiree of the season on Christmas eve.

Sporting Squibs.

— A skater in Chicago is said to cut up High Dutch on a $200 pair of skates.

— The sports of Lancaster county, Pa., are having rare recreation hunting foxes.

— The first shad of the season is said to have made its appearance at Charleston, S. C.

— A grape vine in Nashville is said to be ninety years old. Well, vine not?

— "The champion Marryist" is the title bestowed on Cunningham, the bigamist.

— There is a man in Michigan, aged 100, of whom it is said that he is "able to eat his regular meals."

— Salmon trout, white fish, and other products of the fresh water lakes, are to be had in our fish markets.

— Raffling for poultry is now one of our evening recreations at public saloons.

— Kentucky ladies are credited with indulging in fox hunting. Some go so far as to extend the sport to man hunting.

— While roofing the skating rink on Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, on the 16th inst, Daniel Bolen fell and fractured his leg.

— A skating club is about being organized by the young men of Norwalk, Ct.

— "Some punkins" were made a pie of, 9 ft. in diameter, and exhibited at a recent fair at Portsmouth, N. H.

— The pet bear on Boston Common slew and eat a deer for his breakfast on the morning of the 7th inst. Deer creature.

— Lake Winnebago is frozen over; so are the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, and skating is all the go on them.

— Good sleighing is being enjoyed at Dryden, Mich, where snow is eight inches deep.

— We hear from the Plains that large numbers of buffaloes are moving north, caused, probably, by the Indians and military being in possession of their accustomed feeding grounds.

— Is it possible for a man to sail round the Horn, and come home sober? Or, will he be liable to catch cold after doubling the Cape?

— Zero was left high and dry above the line by 14 degrees on the 11th inst., at St. Louis, Mo., the coldest day there in thirty years.

— A horse valued at $1,500, presented to Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, by Robert Bonner, was stolen from the College stables on the 15th inst.

— A type of Louisville, Ky., has fallen heir to £8,000, left him by an English family. We hope he won't be in too much haste to distribute it, or may be he'll make pi of his take.

— The white bait of the Thames, Eng., which is celebrated because of its being the dish for the annual parliamentary white bait dinner, are said to be merely infantile herring.

— A recently discovered police order, dated November 12, 1669, directs that the theatres of Paris shall open at 2 P. M. and close at 4½ P. M.

— Aleutian ladies are said to drink before dinner a bottle of whiskey. They dine on all sorts of game and venison, and after dinner, for desert, relish whale oil instead of champagne.

— Mlle. Clemence Royer announces four conferences in Paris on Man:—First, Primitive Man; second, Physical Man; third, Intellectual Man; fourth, Moral Man.

— Clam digging is done by 150 men at Ipswich, Mass., during the winter. What a clammy, cold occupation for the season. Ugh!

— Mrs. Naomi Webb, who recently died in Salem, O., had 13 children, 75 grandchildren and 44 great grandchildren, 132 in all. Prolific!

— While "coasting" on the 17th inst., T. Stewart, a Scotch youth of West Warren, Mass., was instantly killed by being run over by the Boston and Albany train.

— The Skating Rink at Newark, N. J., is expected to be finished before New Year's Day. A large number of tickets, at $10 each, have already been sold.

— A $1,000 team was killed at Newmarket, N. J., a few days since by a train. The "iron horse" should be more careful and not treat other equines so.

— A citizen of Pleasant Hill, Mo., has a pet wolf several months old. Another has a pet bear. Warrensburg, not to be outdone by her neighbor, boasts of having a couple of pet wild cats.

— A dog recently followed a stage from North Troy to Newport, N. H., and on the way he entered twelve yards and killed a sheep in each. He barely seized his victims, bit them through the throat, and hurried on to keep up with the stage.

— A sharpshooter (?) at Ansonia recently fired at a squirrel that was pursued by his ferret and a thirty dollar dog, and succeeded in killing both dog and ferret, and in scaring the squirrel.

— An old hunter, who represents the Penobscot Indians in the legislature, has 600 traps set for wild animals, and says that the beavers have increased very much on the Penobscot river within the last few years.

— It is stated that the betting debts of the late Marquis of Hastings are to be repudiated by his executors. Why do not these "honest executors" make a clean sweep of it, and repudiate *all* his debts?

— A Michi-gander and some Michi-geese who eat snails, in France, say that they were coaxed out with a pin, tasted like clams, but were more tender. Guess they mistook snails for perriwinkles.

— Two pugilistically inclined individuals in Nevada are reported as having been stopped from having a set-to by a moral discourse by a preacher. The most irate of the two said that it was the "bulliest preach" he had ever heard.

— The Skating Rink at Cleveland, O., was opened on the 14th inst. The ice was good, and every arrangement made to insure the comfort of the many who visited it. John Powers and J. H. Murch are the "stars" during the present week.

— A German of Quincy, Ill., has a curious birth mark, a perfect deer, about the size of a silver dollar, and on his right cheek. The form and outline of the deer are as perfect as could be drawn by an artist, and shows a deer in the act of leaping. It is of a bright red color.

— Two painters of North Belleville, N. J, at work a mile up the Passaic river, started for home on the 14th inst., by skating on the Passaic. As they arrived nearly opposite their home, one of them named Smith broke through the ice, and his companion going to his aid, also. Smith was drowned, and the other was saved by some people who went to his rescue.

— The turkeys of Europe are about pitching into Greece. It's lucky for said turkeys that they will not be in this country for the next fortnight, for they would be in danger of having the grease cooked out of them. We intend to pitch into turkey all we know how, and hope all CLIPPER readers will do the same, even if it is considered a fowl proceeding.

— A somnambulist, in Connecticut, recently got out of bed during sleep, walked down to the river, and quietly fished for an hour.

— While skating on Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., on the 16th inst., James Reede was accidentally killed by coming in violent collision with another youth. He was thrown backward on the ice, which produced concussion of the brain, and caused death in three hours. Be careful while on the slippery surface.

— A tale is attached to a rat, to the effect that he invaded a lady's parlor recently, at Portland, Me., and sought refuge by running up her garments upon her back. This so alarmed her that she fled shrieking from the room and tumbled down stairs, turning a complete somersault, landing on her back. The rat was killed.

— Carl Benson, being challenged to make a rhyme for velocipede, got off this impromptu:—

"There was a man on a velocipede,
Who said, 'I need not give my hoss a feed;
Without oats or hay,
He will go all day;
It's a cheap thing to keep a velocipede.'"

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS CHRISTMAS LAY.

A welcome, hoary Christmas!
With all thy gladdening train;
A thousand welcomes to ye,
Were my father back again;
Not long ago he shared in
Our juvenile delights;
But now, alas! he sleepeth
On Lookout's gory heights.

I mourn him, gay Old Christmas,
For he was kind to me,
And though a daring soldier,
A father's heart had he;
I weep not that he left us
To guard his country's rights,
But that he found so early
His grave on Lookout's heights.

He bade me, when we parted,
For his safe return to pray,
And strive to cheer my mother
When he was far away;

On my ear his words still linger—
I dream of him o' nights,
And fancy I am near him,
On Lookout's crowded heights.

I am striving night and morning
At what he bade me do,
But have not yet succeeded
In appeasing mother's woe;

I tell her there are blessings
That we may yet enjoy—
That our country will provide for
His widow and his boy.

A welcome, hoary Christmas!
With all thy gladdening train;
A thousand welcomes to ye,
Were my father back again.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

THE RINKS, THE PARKS AND THE PRIVATE PONDS.

The weather in this latitude is so uncertain that it is almost impossible to calculate twenty-four hours ahead on the subject. The general impression was that the skating season which opened about two weeks ago, was fairly under way, and that the lovers of the healthful pastime would have a chance to "shake a leg" during the Christmas holidays; as yet, however, we have not had enough of continuous cold weather to insure a strong body of ice. At the present writing (Monday, 21st) there is an "etherial mildness" about the atmosphere which puts one more in mind of spring than of winter. Still, those skatorially inclined "may be happy yet." There is no reason why the weather should not take another sudden turn between now and Christmas, and give the boys and girls good skating for the holidays.

THE EMPIRE RINK

was formally opened on the 14th inst. As we stated in our last, skating was first enjoyed at this novel institution on the 12th, but as the entire ice surface could not be used on the first day, it was wisely determined to have a more formal inauguration on the day in question. To say that the affair was a grand success would be drawing it mild. The rush in the evening was something wonderful, and what with plenty of pretty girls gliding hither and thither, the brilliant illumination made by the innumerable gas jets, and delicious music by Dodworth, the scene was an enchanting one. In the afternoon Messrs. Cook, Barron, Kelly and Clark, and Mrs. and Miss Jackson, *La Petite* Miller, and others too numerous to mention, displayed themselves to an admiring crowd. Notwithstanding the soft weather of the 16th and 17th, the rink was kept open, and was largely frequented. On the 18th it closed its doors, but will probably be open again in time for the Christmas holidays.

THE PARK AND FIFTH AVENUE POND.

There has been three days sport at the Central Park ponds so far. The first was on the 14th, when but few availed themselves of the opportunity offered for free skating. On the 15th, the weather having moderated, the ice was very soft and easily cut up. The crowd was larger, however, than on the previous day, and the lower pond at Fifth avenue and 59th street, was visited by throngs of skaters. The ball was down on the 18th, but on the 19th the ice was again in condition, and everything bid fair for at least a few days of continuous sport; but Pluvius stepped in rather unexpectedly on the 20th, and at the present writing we are enjoying a mildness of atmosphere which reminds us very much of Spring. Mitchell's Fifth avenue Pond, which is the favorite resort for the *elite* of the skating fraternity, was open all the past week, with the exception, of course, of the days when the weather was too soft. The members of the New York Club gathered in force on the evening of the 15th, and again on the 18th and 19th. Their cosy club house has been put in complete order, and on the evenings mentioned was crowded by the members and their friends. A fine band of music was in attendance every day when the pond was open.

IN BROOKLYN AND JERSEY CITY.

The Capitoline and Union Ponds were well attended last week when the weather admitted. At the latter resort Al. Howard, the well known professional, disported himself to an admiring crowd. We understand that Al. is taking a little preliminary practice previous to throwing down the gauntlet to the champion, Frank Swift. Howard is no slouch, and our best skaters will have to look to their laurels. The members of the Brooklyn Club, who rendezvous at the Capitoline Pond, were the attraction on several evenings, and their single and combination figures were much admired. The Prospect Park was in full blast on three days, and this new resort bids fair, when the season is fairly open, to run a strong opposition to the private ponds. The rink is still in an unfinished state, and the workmen are still busy as bees. It is expected that the opening will take place about the first of the New Year.

The Jersey City Rink will be open as soon as the weather will permit. It will require several days of continuous cold weather "over in Jersey" before the Montgomery street rink will be ready for the skatists. The new rink at Newark, it is expected, will be finished early in January. The structure is to be of wood, and will be 177 feet in length by 100 in width. The roof will be supported by pillars ten feet apart, and the arches will be spans of 84 feet. The cost will be about $25,000.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—There seems to be a hitch in the match made on the 11th inst., between Swift and Mead for the championship, an account of which we gave in our last issue. It appears that the rules of the American Skating Congress, by which all matches for the championship have to be skated, provides that all challenges must be sent to Messrs. Hervey & Johnson, who are to be stakeholders. The holder of the medal, the rule says, shall not be compelled to accept any challenge for a less sum "than $100 a side, which is to accompany every challenge to make it binding." When Mead sent his challenge to Hervey & Johnson, at Buffalo, he neglected to accompany it by the sum called for, and so for the present the match is off. We hope to be able to announce in our next week's issue that this little informality has been complied with, and that everything is in proper trim for the successful pulling off of this important affair.

A TOURNAMENT ON SKATES.—The proprietors of the skating rink at Buffalo, N. Y., offered several prizes for competition by the lady and gentlemen patrons of the rink on Wednesday evening, 16th inst., and the tourney attracted a number of proficients in the exercise, as likewise a goodly assemblage of spectators. The judges for the different contests were Police Superintendent Reynolds, Lewis Stevens and R. G. Hervey. A hurdle race, four times around the rink, jumping four hurdles twenty inches in height each time, was first upon the programme, four contestants, viz.: Wm. Dougherty, Almon Shermon, Charles Koetzine and Charles Levitt. When the word to start was given Dougherty led off in gallant style, the others being stretched out. At the fourth hurdle Dougherty fell and Sherman took the lead and had things all his own way afterwards, winning the race easily. On the second round his opponents gave up the contest. The prize was a handsome pair of club skates.

This was followed by the gents' flat race, for which twenty persons, young men and boys, entered, most of them starting. The boys were given advanced positions, but soon after starting the greater number of them were left in the rear. The contest was four times around the rink. At the conclusion of the race, the judges could not decide between three of the skaters, John Powell, L. F. Kendall and George Hawley, and the three were sent around the fifth time. At the start Powell fell, and the other two gained a considerable distance by the mishap. When about three quarters' way around, Powell's skate broke, and he was forced to give up the contest. The other two came in nearly together. Mr. Hervey, manager of the rink, and one of the judges, decided to give each of the three young men a season ticket to the rink.

The ladies' race followed, but Mrs. Dr. Felle was the only one who appeared, and after she had traversed the rink the stipulated number of times she was awarded the prise, a season ticket.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.—A rink, the cost of which is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, has been built at the corner of Twenty-third and Chestnut streets, and is announced to be opened, under the management of William E. Sinn, about the 28th inst. The building is 220 by 120 feet, and 56 feet high with a skating surface of 190 by 90 feet. It has seats for five thousand spectators and a refreshment room in dress circle; a band has also been engaged to discourse music for the patrons, who are also promised exhibitions of fancy skating by artists twice a day.

MR. WM. E. SINN, manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been chosen manager of the Chestnut Street Skating Rink, Twenty-third and Chestnut. This rink is 120 by 220 feet, and is expected to be ready for opening on or about New Year's Day. It has seats for 4,000 persons.

FRANK SWIFT, the champion, appeared at the rink, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 19th inst.

SKATORIAL SQUIBS.—Eastman Park, Poughkeepsie, was opened for the first time this season on the 12th. Miss Becell, John Engler and Al. Howard were the attractions, and the affair passed off with considerable *eclat*......Frank Swift opened in Buffalo on the 19th inst. at the rink......Miss Carrie Moore, the Skatorial Queen, astonished the Washingtonians last week ......John Engler, the Jersey champion, commences an engagement at Syracuse on the 23d......Dodge, "Champion of Long Island," opens in Cleveland, at the rink, on the 24th ......The Washington, D. C., Skating Pond was inaugurated on the 12th. It comprises seven and a half acres of ice, and is the headquarters of the Washington Skating Club, which numbers 500 members. The pond was brilliantly illuminated, and music was furnished by the band of the Twelfth Infantry......Silver Lake, at Staten Island, afforded good skating on the 14th and again on the 19th......In Philadelphia, last week, all the ponds were open. Among the novelties to come are a series of base ball matches by the Athletics. Ballists take as readily to ice as ducks do to water, and we see that Fisler, Sensenderfer, Cuthbert, Wilkins, Weaver, Abel "Stonewall," Oram, Aitken and other well known ball sports are *habitues* at the Philadelphia parks.

THE HOLIDAYS AT THE HALF WAY HOUSE.—Those who wish to spend the Christmas holidays in good old country fashion will do well to pay the Cleaver Brothers a visit at 320 Eighth avenue, where they will find all the necessary adjuncts thereto.

WALTER BROWN called at our offices on the 15th inst, having just returned from Cincinnati. He says the statement that money depended upon his row on the Ohio, was incorrect

BILLIARDS.

THREE CONTESTS IN CHICAGO.

McDEVITT vs. GOLDTHWAIT, FOLEY vs. FRAWLEY, RHINES vs. VERMEULEN.

During the week which closes with the date of this issue, the army of billiardists in Chicago are to be accorded the unexampled spectacle of three battles by cues on as many successive nights. As the CLIPPER forms are being conveyed to the press-room, this (Monday, 21st,) evening, Henry Rhines and Joseph Vermeulen, both Chicago players of approved skill, are sand-papering their cues preparatory to making yeoman use of them in their important contest for the championship of Illinois and a secondary stake of $200. Nearly a year ago the leading billiard-players met and agreed in future to dispense with the push shot, "a stroke which," (says Mr. Phelan in the preface to the latest edition of his treatise on billiards,") whether difficult or not, appears extremely simple to the unpracticed eye, and so far is availed of as a reproach to the American game and the American professional players. It is not properly a part of American billiards, and at one time a penalty was exacted for playing it. For this reason, if for no other, the author, who has always opposed it as a needless and unjustifiable innovation, would prefer to see its use abandoned, more particularly in trials of skill between master players." And it is being abandoned everywhere. As yet, there has been but one contest in Illinois under the new condition. That was between the same experts who are to measure strength this Monday night in Chicago, and it resulted in favor of Rhines by a creditable majority, although at one time Vermeulen had a commanding lead, and as Dexter always does, "looked all over a winner." The manner in which Rhines played that game, struggling up hill for hours and finally mounting to the top, has made him the favorite for this. Another advantage possessed by Rhines, aside from his being a steadier player than his antagonist, is, that, being the superintendent of a billiard room, while Vermeulen is a traveling agent for a Chicago house, he has more opportunities and better facilities for practice. The game will be 1,500 points, altogether too many to make in reasonable time without the push shot. Dion and Foster, better players, venture upon no more than 1,200, notwithstanding they are to use a carom table, while Rhines and Vermeulen are required to play on one with four pockets.

On the night following, in the same place (Crosby's Music Hall), and upon the same table, John McDevitt, of Chicago, and William Golthwait, of Brooklyn, are to try conclusions for a stake of $500 a side, the Golden Cue and the nominal rank of Champion of America. They will play 1,500 points, the push shot not being prohibited. It is announced that this will be the last match with the push shot allowed, and we sincerely trust that if the announcement be as yet merely a prediction, it will be verified. On the 14th inst at the Odeon, Williamsburgh, Goldthwait played a "farewell game" with Melvin Foster. It was 1,500 points up, and Goldthwait, making as his best a run of 370, won by about 200. The next day he started for Chicago, unaccompanied. Whether it is because of an idea that he will be beaten, or because of more pressing engagements at home, not one of the numerous professionals in and about Gotham saw fit to accompany the venturesome William. However, he ought to be able to win as well without as with them, and most likely it is the recognition of this idea which keeps even his backers at home. Although the odds in money is against him, his chances of winning are, in our opinion, quite equal to McDevitt's. He is a much more reliable player than the latter, and habitually makes runs almost as large. Of course, McDevitt calculates that, if he can once get the balls just as he wants them, he will run the game out, even should he need 1,500 points; but, should he not get them as he did in playing with Dion, there will probably be a different story to tell. Goldthwait was never playing better than at present, and it is not known that McDevitt is playing any more than when he practised for other matches. There ought, therefore, to be a good game, no matter who wins.

On the succeeding night, the 23d, Thomas Foley, ex-champion of Illinois, and Thomas Frawley, ex-champion of Ohio, are to play the return game of their home-and-home match—1,000 points, push shots barred, on a four-pocket Standard American table of the second size. Foley, who won the game in Cleveland on the 2d inst., is by common consent recognised as the winner of this. The rolling of the balls, much more than "common consent," determine affairs of this kind, and it is not by any means beyond the power of the too-much-underrated Frawley to reach the end of the "string" a little in advance of the Chicagoan. Should Frawley be beaten, he will have a chance to retrieve himself in part by winning the French game which is to follow.

THE DION-FOSTER MATCH.—The interest manifested in the Chicago matches pales before that evidenced, both East and West, in the approaching contest between Joseph Dion and Melvin Foster—two players who have hosts of admirers, and whose relative abilities have never been fully tested. The two games they have contracted to play are considered the most brilliant known to billiards. As tending to show how high both men stand in public estimation, we have heard of but one wager on other than even terms. That was $100 to $75 on Dion, made by a non professional gentleman who is very familiar with Dion's play, but possessing little knowledge of Foster's. The other wagers were made regardless either of odds or choice. Foster is now practicing nightly, either at his own rooms or Chris O'Connor's. At the former, on the night of the 18th, he and Michael Phelan played 300 points, Foster winning by 211. The subjoined score was made:—

Foster.—0, 0, 8, 7, 3, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 3, 2, 7, 1, 0, 0, 0, 6, 11, 5, 5, 0, 2, 1, 20, 3, 3, 0, 7, 8, 1, 1, 1, 0, 3, 4, 5, 2, 4, 54, 8, 0, 33, 11, 5, 9, 0, 6, 12, 18, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 5, 3. Total, 300. Average, 5.

Phelan.—1, 1, 2, 1, 0, 1, 2, 3, 2, 1, 3, 1, 2, 2, 1, 0, 3, 3, 3, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 0, 2, 0, 0, 1, 1, 1, 1, 0, 10, 1, 4, 1, 1, 5, 0, 0, 3, 0, 6, 3, 2, 2, 4, 2. Total, 89.

On the 19th inst., at Chris. O'Connor's, they played a similar game, the fifth of the series. This Foster won by 181 points, his best run being 32, and his average less than three and two-thirds. The sixth game was to have been played on the 21st inst., at Foster's, and the seventh at O'Connor's, on the 22d. Dion, who is now in this city, will also practice daily until the 28th, when the contest will take place at the Academy of Music.

A SURPRISE.—One evening last week, Capt. Jas. E. Boyle, proprietor of the Aster Billiard Rooms, was honored by a visit from a select company of friends and relations, who came loaded with baskets of provender and accompanied by a choice cotillion band. Taking advantage of the Captain's absence, which was the result of an adroit manœuvre on the part of Simon Burns, who was in the secret, the party caused the billiard tables to be removed from the rear apartment, so as to leave "ample room" for a jolly good dance, and "verge enough" in addition, to spread the supper. When the proprietor returned he was astounded to find his tables gone, and his favorite room thronged with ladies and gents engaged in the "Lancers." The floor committee were Michael Phelan, G. E. Phelan and G. A. Allen, and Mesdames J. Boyle, J. E. Boyle and A. Keily furnished the supper and presided over it.

R. T. RYALL CAPTURED.—This Philadelphia billiardist was in Elmira, N. Y., one day last week, and there played three games with J. Lessey. Two of the games consisted of 100 points, and the other of 200. Ryall was beaten every time.

THE TOURNAMENT IN BROOKLYN.—Among the players likely to participate in the Brooklyn tournament, or rather among those whose names have not been announced already, are Thomas Foley, of Chicago, and Frank Fitch, of Troy. It is quite likely that Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, will accompany Foley. Present indications are that the tournament, which is for the benefit of the Workingwomen's Protective Union (and not as heretofore announced, the Workingwomen's Relief Association), will be enlivened by the play of not less than fifteen leading experts. Of course, the chief cards will be Dion, Foster, Goldthwait, Deery, Phelan, Tieman, and, possibly, McDevitt.

THE BENJAMIN TESTIMONIAL.—The following subscriptions have been made to the Benjamin fund since our last:—Frederick Grote and Co., $25; Alex. Samuells, $30; P. D. Kilduff, $20; T. G. Reeves, $20; Peter Totans, $10; P. L. Fitzgerald, $10; W. H. Griffith, $20; and Phelan & Collender $150 additional, making their total contribution $250. As near as can be ascertained, $800 have been subscribed thus far.

THE SPHERES IN THE CITY OF SMOKE.—The billiard sharps and flats who reside in Pittsburgh, were afforded the opportunity of witnessing some extra sport in that line recently, in the shape of a brace of matches, for money, between Harry Warren and William Dodds, who have gained considerable local reputation as expert manipulators of the ivories. The first took place at Kennedy's Rooms, on Smithfield street, on Saturday evening, 12th inst., and was for $200, five hundred points up, caroms push barred, Warren receiving the odds of half a discount. The skill shown failed to come up to the expectations of the friends of either player, Dodds' especially, and Warren finally won by fifty-five points. The winner's largest run was 48, and the loser's 61. Louis Hank was referee. The second meeting between the rivals occurred on Monday evening, 14th inst., at the same place and for a like amount of paper of the republic; the game was five hundred points up, caroms, push shot allowed, Warren giving Dodds 100 points and then the latter discounted Harry. The play on this occasion fully made up for what the previous encounter lacked, the game proving very exciting throughout and the frequent brilliant shots made by each contestant being warmly applauded by those in attendance. On the 24th innings the game stood 407 to 403 in favor of Warren, but on the 25th Dodds succeeded in getting the balls together and ran the game out. The winner's highest runs were 104, 157 and 97; Warren's highest, 71. Considerable currency changed owners upon the result, the betting being quite spirited. Capt. McGill was referee. They now stand game and game and it is probable a third contest will be arranged if it has not been already.

MATTERS IN BRIEF.—Those who have seen Dion play the French game of late are confident that he will defeat Foster. Perhaps if they had also seen the latter play they would be less sanguine......Phelan & Collender are now occupying their new warerooms at 738 Broadway. The first table sold in their new quarters was purchased by Unsworth, the minstrel...... Billiard tables continue to be a great attraction at the fair of St. Stephen's Church, and professionals exhibit occasionally ......Chicagoans predict that the new champion cue, representing the push-barred game, will be won by some player in that city......Delegations from Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Albany and Troy will be present at the Dion-Foster match at the Academy of Music......Edward Daniels, of Boston, is still open to play the push-barred game with Melvin Foster, for $250 a side......The promised challenge of John McDevitt, to play the push game with any one for $10,000 a side, continues forthcoming......It is claimed that Joseph Dion has got the push down as fine as McDevitt and can make as large runs......The backers of Carme, in the genuine matches entered into some time ago by him and Rudolphe, but never played, will have to pay forfeit. Because of a clerical error in the articles, however, they lose only $500, instead of $2,000. Both sides intended to make the matches play or pay, but neglected to stipulate in the articles. Hence, in accordance both with common sense and sporting usage, the stipulation as to $250 forfeit upon each match, which was unquestionably intended only to apply in case the remaining $3000 was not put up, supplanted all intent and released from forfeiture the balance of the stake. The backers of Rudolphe have already received the $500 we learn......Commodore Nutt has been playing billiards with Melvin Foster...... Young Bessunger, of Montreal, was in this city last week...... The second largest billiard room in Chicago was recently destroyed by fire......A match is looked for between Harris Liverman and Charles A. Whitcher, both of La Crosse, Wis...... At Louisville, Ky., recently, Alex. McCrackin made, at French caroms, runs of 35, 68 and 74—probably by crotching the balls......The Nevada players deny that the tournament recently held at Omaha included the championship of their country. They say they have a cue of their own, and have had it for a long time......Harry Choate, immediately upon receiving, as the reward of his skill in the tournament held in Cincinnati last October, the champion cue of Ohio, invited any of those who had been his antagonists to challenge him. As yet no one has done so, and it would seem that Choate's position as champion is likely to prove a sinecure......Harry Eaton, of the Metropolitan Hotel, is giving lessons in billiards to tyros......Rudolphe, it is said, is to have a room in Chicago with nine tables......Phelan & Collender have just furnished the Hon. Ben Wood's house on Fifth avenue with a massive billiard table......Edward Cahill, formerly of this city, but more recently of Omaha, is looking out for a new business location at the west......An amateur has beaten Melvin Foster several times recently at the French game, and it is thought that he can capture any other amateur in the country.

WHITE FISH.—Fifty thousand eggs of the Lake Ontario white fish were deposited in Lake Onota, Pittsfield, Mass., last week, by E. L. Parker. The great depth and purity of the waters of this lake render it peculiarly adapted to the propagation of the finny tribe, and the variety it now contains is probably not exceeded by that of any New England lake. Pike, pickerel, white fish, rock and striped bass, lake and speckled trout, white and yellow perch, sun fish and eels are found there. Lake Onota ought to be a favorite resort for the followers of Izaak Walton to engage in piscatorial pleasure.

THE RING.

FIGHT IN THE HOOSIER STATE

BETWEEN

TOM McALPINE, ALIAS "SOAP," AND FRED. BUSSY

McALPINE WINS IN 75 ROUNDS 1 HOUR 15 MINUTES.

The match made a few weeks ago between Fred. Bussy, of Chicago, Ill., and Tom McAlpine, for $300 a side, was brought to a conclusion near Lansing Station, Indiana, on the morning of Thursday, 17th inst., and terminated in the victory of the latter, at the end of the seventy-fifth round, owing to a foul. Tom McAlpine, alias "Soap," was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1844 and stands five feet eight inches in height. He fought six times within the ropes previously, defeating George Barnes in 9 rounds, 33 minutes, Aug. 21, 1865, near Idaho, I. T.; Johnny Devine in 105 rounds, 1 hour, 45 minutes, June 20, 1866, near San Francisco, Cal.; Barney in 8 rounds, 27 minutes, August 8, 1863, Cal.; Jack Lynch in 8 rounds, 15 minutes, Feb. 11, 1867, Pleasant Ranch, Cal.; Young Boyne in 26 rounds, 2 hours 26 minutes, May 14th, 1868, Fighting Island, near Detroit, Mich.; and fought a draw with McElroy, 106 rounds, 1 hour 45 minutes, April 13th, 1867, Point Isabel, Cal. Fred. Bussy had participated as a principal in but one regular battle prior to this engagement, although having, during his residence in the Garden City, figured in several rough turns-up, in which he generally came off with the "blushing honors thick upon him." The maiden essay referred to was with Andy Duffey, of St. Louis, who fought Peter Joyce and Jim Turner. The battle took place at Robertsdale's Station, about sixteen miles from Chicago, on Nov. 20th, 1867, and Bussy proved victorious after fighting 135 rounds in 1 hour 41¼ minutes. The men commenced preparatory exercise shortly after the protocol had been ratified, but from the rather poor condition in which they showed upon the day, it was apparent that neither had worked very hard to get in trim. The arrangements had been conducted quietly and with proper secrecy; consequently no attempt was made by the authorities to stop the sport. The excursion to the ground was made by rail, some two hundred taking the 7.45 passenger train of the Columbus and Indiana Central road, which came to a halt about a mile beyond Lansing station, just over the State line, in the midst of an open prairie, when the order "all out" was given shortly after nine o'clock, A. M. A suitable spot of turf was found without difficulty, and willing hands quickly drove the stakes, and placed the ring ship shape. At 10.30 Tom's cady came sailing over the heads of the spectators into the ring, and immediately afterward its owner bounded over the hemp, greeted by the welcoming shouts of his admirers. But a few moments elapsed ere Bussy followed suit, and he too was warmly received by the Chicago division. Tom was attended by Jerry Donovan and Denny Monahan, while Fred had for esquires Ed. Burns and Keese After some little time had been cut to waste, Dick Holliwood was chosen referee, and James Ward timekeeper, and the men having disrobed, the necessary prelude of shaking hands was gone through with by principals and seconds, and then the men placed themselves in attitude for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. There was a vast disparity in the appearance and size of the contestants as they faced each other and worked about for an opening, Bussy looking like a giant alongside of his opponent. Neither was in condition. Fred having entirely too much flesh and Tom lacking in the opposite essential. The former was the perfect picture of robust health—a full chest, with bust that an artist would look upon with delight as a model; muscle fully developed, rising and swelling at the slightest contraction and ominous of danger to his opponent. McAlpine's appearance was anything but inspiriting. His muscles were well developed, but in all other respects he was a picture of emaciation and premature decay. His step lacked the elasticity of his brother pugilist, and the confidence of his friends was perceptibly shaken as he stripped. After a little sparring and a few feints, several harmless exchanges took place, succeeded by a clinch, when some good half arm hitting was in order, each receiving about an equal amount of punishment, and McAlpine going down to avoid harm, Fred rolling over him.

2. This round was very similar to the first, with the exception that Bussy got in a blow under the left eye of McAlpine, producing a crimson flush, from which a few drops of "ruby claret" trickled, giving first blood to Fred. Brief sparring ensued, both parties getting in light body blows. A clinch then took place and McAlpine again went to his knees, amid the groans and hisses of those who had anticipated the spectacle of a fair, stand up, give-and-take fight.

3. Bussy advanced almost to the opposite corner and was met by a smiling and defiant opponent. Fred was inclined to force the fighting and went at his work in earnest, slashing with right and left, and compelling Tom to adopt a retrograde movement. Without any serious harm, however, Mac went down.

4. McAlpine's friends gained confidence, and were impressed with the opinion that their favorite would, by the tactics known as the "drop" game, worry out his adversary and eventually win the fight. Tom got in a few ringing body blows, but received in exchange as heavy ones as he gave. A clinch and struggle ensued, in which McAlpine was forced to the rope, with Bussy pressing him down. A claim of foul was made, but not allowed.

5. Without exchanging a blow on either side, the lads rushed together, and in the clinch which ensued there were a few raps exchanged on the ribs, when Mac again assumed an attitude of kneeling and fell backwards, Bussy falling with his whole weight upon him. Another claim of "foul," which was disregarded.

6. Tom sent in a weak attempt on Fred's cheek, but it made no impression, not even leaving a blush. Another clinch, a rattling on the ribs and a fall, with the light weight under.

7. Bussy came up and met Tom as soon as he had left his second's knee. The latter looked skittish, receded with alacrity and dropped on his knees after the first exchange.

8. The fat boy skipped spryly over to the lean one's corner, and a brief sparring exhibition ensued. A broad grin appeared upon the face of the Detroit man, but it was of short duration, for the energetic advances of Fred were no laughing matter. Finding that he was getting the worst of it, he resorted to his favorite method of avoiding punishment and "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee" until it touched the sod.

9. An exchange of body blows and a clinch. McAlpine was forced to the ropes in his own corner. Betting 2 to 1 on Bussy, without takers.

10. Up to this time there had been no heavy fighting on either side, but it became apparent that McAlpine was virtually whipped. Bussy seemed intent on administering punishment entirely on his opponent. Thus far he had received no injuries whatever, but in this round, after having visited Mac's ribs, he received a square hit in the nose and mouth, which started the blood and slightly raised the hopes of Tom's friends. A clinch ensued, with the usual result.

11. Fred advanced with as much confidence as though the battle had been already won, and forced back his opponent, sending in some heavy blows and receiving stunning ones in return—the hardest thus far of the fight. In the clinch which followed McAlpine again went down on his marrow bones.

12 to 38.—These rounds were characterized by the same events as the majority of those which preceded them, McAlpine going "to grass" to avoid Bussy's blows. In several of these Bussy threw Tom and fell his whole weight upon him, occasionally varying the programme by throwing him across the ropes and holding him there until his second carried him away. Bets of three to one on Bussy went begging, and it was a foregone conclusion that McAlpine was a badly whipped man. Fred received but little punishment, while Tom's face and body presented a horrible appearance. His only object seemed to be to win the fight by a "foul," and to that end he persevered with a fidelity which eventually was rewarded by success.

39.—After sparring, in an attempt to clinch, Bussy slipped and fell, and McAlpine took advantage of the circumstance to tumble upon him, without, however, doing the least particle of harm except to himself.

40 to 74.—The fight was entirely devoid of interest during these rounds, as far as the result was concerned. Now and then a blow was got in, but the greater part ended in McAlpine dropping to his knees. On several occasions, however, Fred followed him up so rapidly that he fell over the ropes, and once or twice the referee admonished him that he must abstain from that sort of fighting. In the fifty-fourth round Bussy raised Tom clear of his pins, and giving him a bear like hug, actually lifted him up and kissed him. This demonstration was received with roars of laughter and great cheering. In the fifty ninth round McAlpine seized hold of a stake, while Fred had one arm around him, and not knowing what to do, coolly turned around and inquired of the referee, "What in h——ll shall I do with this man?" Mac then let go his hold of the stake and slipped down. As round followed round Tom gradually weakened, but displayed remarkable pluck, and there were none who did not accord to him the merit of being a "game" man. His only hope was to secure a "foul" on Fred, and with this idea his umpire, Joe Parrish, put in claims at the end of nearly every round, when there was not the slightest ground for doing so.

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IMPRISONMENT OF JOE WORMALD.

BAIL REFUSED FOR O'BALDWIN.

Thomas Heathwood, of Lowell, Mass., having received information to the effect that Joe Wormald contemplated making his escapade from the States, and thereby avoid trial and probable incarceration for a number of "moons" in a Bay State prison, at once took action in the premises, and adopted measures to secure the arrest of Joe, which was effected in Boston on the 18th inst., when Mr. H. renounced his bail and Wormald was sent to keep company with his old opponent, the Irish Giant, in Salem jail. On the day mentioned James D. Shea, of 26 Elliot street, Boston, and two other gentlemen, proceeded to Salem for the purpose of endeavoring to procure the release of O'Baldwin. They had an interview with the Clerk of the Court and offered twenty thousand dollars as bail, one offering $5,000 in real estate and the same amount in government bonds, another offering $5,000 in real estate and Shea a like sum in personal property. They were questioned very closely and were finally told that the amount offered was, it was thought, insufficient, but that the matter would be placed before the District Attorney the following morning. On the 19th they received notification that the offer had been positively refused; so that from present appearances it is a well-assured fact that the two ponderous gladiators will spend their holidays and some time thereafter behind the bars of a New England prison—all for an indulgence in ten minutes out door exercise, which did no harm to anybody but themselves, and which they ceased without resistance when called upon by those clothed in authority to do so. This is rather hard papers with Ned and Joe, and there is every prospect that if they come up for trial in January a severe penalty will be inflicted. It is some satisfaction to Ned to know that he has good friends working for him, as the above shows, and we trust that those who gave their countenance and support in "the institution" will use their utmost endeavors to procure the release of both and settle the matter speedily. The time is brief and whatever is done must be done quick y.

DICK HOLLWOOD, Young Dorney and J. H. Taylor, contemplate shortly starting out upon a sparring tour through the West, giving sparring exhibitions at Terre Haute, Ind., Louisville, St. Louis and other cities. They will leave Indianapolis about the 1st prox., and Sol. Yewell, Jr., will accompany them as agent.

LAFFERTY AND BATTON.—Bayton has pretty nearly recovered from the injuries sustained in his fight with Lafferty. So saith our Queen City correspondent.

DEATH OF MRS. COBURN.—We are pained to be called upon this week to chronicle the demise of Mrs. Mary Coburn, mother of Joseph, James and Michael, which sad event occurred at her residence in this city on the 16th inst., after a prolonged sickness, at the age of fifty-six. The funeral took place on the 18th inst., the remains being followed to their final resting place by a large number of the friends of the family.

MILLING IN OHIO.—We are informed that a scrapping match took place on the 14th inst., near Akron, Ohio, between Dan McNaughton and an unknown, for a purse, the former being confined to 140 lbs., and the latter fighting at catch-weight. Mac knocked his antagonist out of time in the fourth round, and then gained the victory. The loser has challenged Mac to try it on again for $200 a side.

CHARLEY GALLAGHER and Jimmy Holloran's exhibition at the Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, on the 12th inst., was fairly patronized.

THE PROFESSOR AT HOME.—By an advertisement elsewhere in this issue it will be noticed that Billy Clarke has "settled down" for a season at the "Clipper Shades," 209 Mercer street, where he will be pleased to wish all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and will be "at home" to his friends and the public generally. He will also give lessons in sparring on the premises.

MIKE MCCOOLE AND BILL RYALL appeared in a set-to at the St. Louis Opera House on Saturday evening, 19th inst., when C. S. Rogers, one of the company, was the recipient of a benefit.

BILLY MCLEAN NOT DEAD.—We are glad to learn that the report of the death of Billy McLean, alluded to in our last issue, was utterly unfounded. We cannot too severely condemn those who perpetrate such cruel hoaxes, but 'tis impossible to always guard against them. The note was not, as we have since learned, written by Johnny Perry; but some one used his name without authority, doubtless intending to injure Billy. McLean is stopping in Philadelphia, and is alive and well.

A NEW ARRIVAL.—Johnny Walker, of Nottingham, Eng., who defeated Tom Buckley in 71 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 35 minutes, Feb. 16th, 1864, arrived in the metropolis a few days since, and on the 19th inst., called at the CLIPPER office, in company with Bob Smith, the trainer, and a friend. He expects to remain here for sometime.

WE HAVE A LETTER for J. H. O'Connor (2), and James Miles.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SEVENTY YARDS RACE BETWEEN J. W COZAD AND POKE PERRY.

COZAD WINS IN 7¾ SECONDS.

The match, to which reference has previously been made, between John W. Cozad, who recently defeated E. D. Davis in a spin of one hundred and twenty-five yards, and Poke Perry, to run seventy yards for $1,000 a side, was fixed for decision on Tuesday, 15th inst., and a number of these interested in pedestrianism journeyed to the Fashion Course, L. I., shortly after midday to witness the contest. According to the articles the men were to be upon their marks by two o'clock, P. M., but, in consequence of the necessity which arose to clear the track for the requisite distance of the load of snow and mud which burdened it and allow it to freeze over, it was well on to five o'clock ere the men were in readiness for the start. While the process of clearing was in progress, pools were sold, Cozad bringing $50 and Perry $15; the former was likewise a strong favorite in the betting, which was quite extensively indulged in. Cozad's record was given in our columns a few weeks since, and it is unnecessary to repeat it here; suffice it to say that his last and most important race was with E. D. Davis, of late, by whom he beat in a 125 yards dash at the Fashion track last month, by eight feet, for $4,500, winning in 12½ seconds. Perry hails from Trenton, N. J., and has figured in a number of races at short distances, in nearly all of which he proved victor. He was backed by Budd Doble, the celebrated ribbon handler, while Joe Adams put up for Cozad, the match being made at Florence's on the 30th ult., and the money placed in the hands of Caleb Mitchell, as final stakeholder. The referee was Johnny Murphy, while Joe Adams stood judge for Cozad and Mr. Perry for Poke. Shortly after half past four Perry made his appearance, and, having won the toss, selected the east side. About ten minutes later, Cozad, who was attended by Davis, stepped upon his mark, and the twain defied their outer gear, Perry being attired in drawers and shirt of a sanguinary hue, and Cozad being burdened with nothing but a pair of thin blue trunks. The western man, who was brimfull of confidence, took a preliminary run down the track, to get up the circulation, and then they prepared for the send off. Such a short race does not require, nor, indeed, will it admit of, description. It was over almost before one obtained a fair look at the men. After Collier it to know that half a dozen ineffectual attempts, a tolerably good start was obtained, that Cozad immediately cut out the work at a lightning like pace, was several feet in advance all through, and finally won by nearly four feet. The time as given is 7¾ seconds.

WILLIAM LANG TO W. E. HARDING.

Previous to his departure for Philadelphia, last week, we were waited upon by Bill Lang, who in reply to the announcement by Harding that he would accommodate him (Lang) with a race, providing the latter was in the country next spring, left the subjoined card for publication. The sporting public will be gratified to know that there is at least a *slight* prospect of these runners coming together in an international struggle *sometime*, and it is to be hoped that nothing may transpire to compel an abandonment of the proposed match, nor any excuses be hereafter offered to cheat those who are interested in such matters out of witnessing a contest of so much importance. We shall see:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 17th, 1868.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—In your issue of the 19th inst., I observe that Wm. E. Harding says he will not make a match to run me during this season of the year, but promises that if I am in the United States next spring he will give me a race. As I have not been able to get on with any match since my arrival in America, I had about made up my mind to return to England; but as my main object in leaving home and traveling three thousand miles was to engage in a trial of speed with Mr. Harding, concerning whose abilities I have heard such incredible reports, I am unwilling to go while there ap pears a prospect of my getting on with him. I have concluded to remain in this country until the time he mentions, providing a race then is assured me—I do not wish to wait an hour in obtaining a meeting after all. If Mr. Harding is willing to-day to match me, as he said, I will meet him at the CLIPPER Office on Thursday, Dec. 31 st, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M., and be prepared to put up a forfeit of $250 to run him any distance he chooses, from three miles (which is his favorite distance) up to one mile, for $1,000 or $2,000 a side; the match to be made play or pay. I think that if Mr. H. means business he will agree to this proposition, which I am sure no one can say is unfair in any respect.

Yours truly, WILLIAM LANG.

BETHEL CALLS UPON GRISWOLD.—Judging from the tenor of the following it appears that "Griswold" has "gone back" on his counter challenge:—

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—I have waited very patiently to hear from Griswold since the 10th inst., but as yet he has not come to the scratch. In my estimation he was a little on the bluff, or probably he thought I would not accept his challenge. Now as it is coming so near his time, the 26th, I will give him a two mile run on the day he named, for the sum he proposed, $100, providing he has not done any training, and let the winner take the stakes on a fair race. If he is willing to chance it, he will find the money ready at the place I stated in my last. Very respectfully, FRANK BETHEL.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 19, '68.

THE HEAVY WEIGHT PEDESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—In response to the rather sharp declaration of intentions by William, of the "Shades," in our last issue, George McKay informs us that he stands prepared to run Clark at any time and for any amount of money the latter feels disposed to put up, from five hundred dollars a side upward. He hopes the Professor will not bark water now, but show that he means what he says by calling at Mac's place and arranging the requisite prelims without delay. Time!

JACK GOULDING expects to leave for Savannah, Ga., on Saturday, 26th inst., and if he does, will visit New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Covington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other Southern and Western cities before his return to this vicinity next season.

JOE CARELESS AND MICKEY WAKEFIELD have agreed to run 100 yards for a wine supper and $50, on New Year's Day, at Paterson, N. J.

PEDAL SPORT FOR A SUPPER.—A race took place between Jim Daley, of Paterson, N. J., and Ben Careless, brother to Joe Careless, 100 yards, for a wine supper, which, after running a dead heat, was run over again, and won by Careless by a foot, the time being 12 seconds. Billy Lang was timekeeper and referee.

ENGLISH BAGATELLE AT THE THISTLE HOUSE.—The return game of the home and home match for a stake and supper for thirty, between Campbell's and King's experts, came off on Thursday evening, 17th inst., at the above place. It is unnecessary to repeat the names of the eight players, as they were given in our last week's issue. At the start large odds were offered on Bob's men, everybody knowing that they had the table "financed" down to a fine point; but after awhile two of the Thistle men, seeing the confidence and fine play of their opponents, became extremely nervous and played badly. Notwithstanding all this, the game was well contested throughout; but the "Sporting Butcher" put on the finishing stroke, the score standing at the conclusion:—King, 466; Campbell, 370. Thus Scotia was again "conquered but unsubdued." Jem Brown feeling rather sore at the defeat of his side, issued a challenge to play any man Tom King could produce, a home and home match, for $25 a side, to be played at the Thistle House, Forty-third street and Tenth avenue, on Wednesday evening, 23d inst., at 8 o'clock.

IMPORTING SALMON SPAWN.—The Cold Spring trout "works" at Charlestown, Mass., received last week two hundred and fifty thousand salmon eggs in good order, from the Miramichi breeding works at New Brunswick. They were packed in packets of wet moss, had traveled one hundred and twenty miles on sleds, three hundred and twenty by rail, and two hundred and eighty by water, carefully protected from the cold, and are sufficiently advanced to hatch early in January. The Canadian government was quite unwilling to let them have spawn, but finally yielded, on condition that one half of the ova taken should be left to hatch at Miramichi for the "benefit of the crown." This is the largest shipment of eggs ever brought into this country, and the only lot imported this year.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

NEW YORK RULES.

For the information and guidance of those interested in the sport, we publish the subjoined revised New York rules for pigeon shooting, in accordance with which nearly all the regular matches throughout the States are shot:—

Rule 1. The boundary shall be one hundred yards from the trap.

2. Any bird taken inside that distance from the trap shall be counted a dead bird, and any taken outside that distance shall be counted a missed bird.

3 Any bird not taken within five minutes after being sprung from the trap shall be scored a missed bird.

4. The distance for all shooting (unless otherwise specified) shall be twenty-one yards from the trap.

5. When the shooter comes up to the stand, and the bird is let loose, if his gun has no cap on, or no shot in it, or misses fire, or any other mishap occurs, it is at the shooter's risk, whether he loads his gun or not; but if the island, near Detroit, Mich.; and fought a draw with McElroy, 106 rounds, 1 hour 45 minutes, April 13th, 1867, Point Isabel, Cal. Fred. Bussy had participated as a principal in but one regular battle prior to this engagement, although having, during his residence in the Garden City, figured in several rough turns-up, in which he generally came off with the "blushing honors thick upon him." The maiden essay referred to was with Andy Duffey, of St. Louis, who fought Peter Joyce and Jim Turner. The battle took place at Robertsdale's Station, about sixteen miles from Chicago, on Nov. 20th, 1867, and Bussy proved victorious after fighting 135 rounds in 1 hour 41¼ minutes. The men commenced preparatory exercise shortly after the protocol had been ratified, but from the rather poor condition in which they showed upon the day, it was apparent that neither had worked very hard to get in trim. The arrangements had been conducted quietly and with proper secrecy; consequently no attempt was made by the authorities to stop the sport. The excursion to the ground was made by rail, some two hundred taking the 7.45 passenger train of the Columbus and Indiana Central road, which came to a halt about a mile beyond Lansing station, just over the State line, in the midst of an open prairie, when the order "all out" was given shortly after nine o'clock, A. M. A suitable spot of turf was found without difficulty, and willing hands quickly drove the stakes, and placed the ring ship shape. At 10.30 Tom's cady came sailing over the heads of the spectators into the ring, and immediately afterward its owner bounded over the hemp, greeted by the welcoming shouts of his admirers. But a few moments elapsed ere Bussy followed suit, and he too was warmly received by the Chicago division. Tom was attended by Jerry Donovan and Denny Monahan, while Fred had for esquires Ed. Burns and Keese After some little time had been cut to waste, Dick Holliwood was chosen referee, and James Ward timekeeper, and the men having disrobed, the necessary prelude of shaking hands was gone through with by principals and seconds, and then the men placed themselves in attitude for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. There was a vast disparity in the appearance and size of the contestants as they faced each other and worked about for an opening, Bussy looking like a giant alongside of his opponent. Neither was in condition. Fred having entirely too much flesh and Tom lacking in the opposite essential. The former was the perfect picture of robust health—a full chest, with bust that an artist would look upon with delight as a model; muscle fully developed, rising and swelling at the slightest contraction and ominous of danger to his opponent. McAlpine's appearance was anything but inspiriting. His muscles were well developed, but in all other respects he was a picture of emaciation and premature decay. His step lacked the elasticity of his brother pugilist, and the confidence of his friends was perceptibly shaken as he stripped. After a little sparring and a few feints, several harmless exchanges took place, succeeded by a clinch, when some good half arm hitting was in order, each receiving about an equal amount of punishment, and McAlpine going down to avoid harm, Fred rolling over him.

2. This round was very similar to the first, with the exception that Bussy got in a blow under the left eye of McAlpine, producing a crimson flush, from which a few drops of "ruby claret" trickled, giving first blood to Fred. Brief sparring ensued, both parties getting in light body blows. A clinch then took place and McAlpine again went to his knees, amid the groans and hisses of those who had anticipated the spectacle of a fair, stand up, give-and-take fight.

3. Bussy advanced almost to the opposite corner and was met by a smiling and defiant opponent. Fred was inclined to force the fighting and went at his work in earnest, slashing with right and left, and compelling Tom to adopt a retrograde movement. Without any serious harm, however, Mac went down.

4. McAlpine's friends gained confidence, and were impressed with the opinion that their favorite would, by the tactics known as the "drop" game, worry out his adversary and eventually win the fight. Tom got in a few ringing body blows, but received in exchange as heavy ones as he gave. A clinch and struggle ensued, in which McAlpine was forced to the rope, with Bussy pressing him down. A claim of foul was made, but not allowed.

5. Without exchanging a blow on either side, the lads rushed together, and in the clinch which ensued there were a few raps exchanged on the ribs, when Mac again assumed an attitude of kneeling and fell backwards, Bussy falling with his whole weight upon him. Another claim of "foul," which was disregarded.

6. Tom sent in a weak attempt on Fred's cheek, but it made no impression, not even leaving a blush. Another clinch, a rattling on the ribs and a fall, with the light weight under.

7. Bussy came up and met Tom as soon as he had left his second's knee. The latter looked skittish, receded with alacrity and dropped on his knees after the first exchange.

8. The fat boy skipped spryly over to the lean one's corner, and a brief sparring exhibition ensued. A broad grin appeared upon the face of the Detroit man, but it was of short duration, for the energetic advances of Fred were no laughing matter. Finding that he was getting the worst of it, he resorted to his favorite method of avoiding punishment and "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee" until it touched the sod.

9. An exchange of body blows and a clinch. McAlpine was forced to the ropes in his own corner. Betting 2 to 1 on Bussy, without takers.

10. Up to this time there had been no heavy fighting on either side, but it became apparent that McAlpine was virtually whipped. Bussy seemed intent on administering punishment entirely on his opponent. Thus far he had received no injuries whatever, but in this round, after having visited Mac's ribs, he received a square hit in the nose and mouth, which started the blood and slightly raised the hopes of Tom's friends. A clinch ensued, with the usual result.

11. Fred advanced with as much confidence as though the battle had been already won, and forced back his opponent, sending in some heavy blows and receiving stunning ones in return—the hardest thus far of the fight. In the clinch which followed McAlpine again went down on his marrow bones.

12 to 38.—These rounds were characterized by the same events as the majority of those which preceded them, McAlpine going "to grass" to avoid Bussy's blows. In several of these Bussy threw Tom and fell his whole weight upon him, occasionally varying the programme by throwing him across the ropes and holding him there until his second carried him away. Bets of three to one on Bussy went begging, and it was a foregone conclusion that McAlpine was a badly whipped man. Fred received but little punishment, while Tom's face and body presented a horrible appearance. His only object seemed to be to win the fight by a "foul," and to that end he persevered with a fidelity which eventually was rewarded by success.

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IMPRISONMENT OF JOE WORMALD.

BAIL REFUSED FOR O'BALDWIN.

Thomas Heathwood, of Lowell, Mass., having received information to the effect that Joe Wormald contemplated making his escapade from the States, and thereby avoid trial and probable incarceration for a number of "moons" in a Bay State prison, at once took action in the premises, and adopted measures to secure the arrest of Joe, which was effected in Boston on the 18th inst., when Mr. H. renounced his bail and Wormald was sent to keep company with his old opponent, the Irish Giant, in Salem jail. On the day mentioned James D. Shea, of 26 Elliot street, Boston, and two other gentlemen, proceeded to Salem for the purpose of endeavoring to procure the release of O'Baldwin. They had an interview with the Clerk of the Court and offered twenty thousand dollars as bail, one offering $5,000 in real estate and the same amount in government bonds, another offering $5,000 in real estate and Shea a like sum in personal property. They were questioned very closely and were finally told that the amount offered was, it was thought, insufficient, but that the matter would be placed before the District Attorney the following morning. On the 19th they received notification that the offer had been positively refused; so that from present appearances it is a well-assured fact that the two ponderous gladiators will spend their holidays and some time thereafter behind the bars of a New England prison—all for an indulgence in ten minutes out door exercise, which did no harm to anybody but themselves, and which they ceased without resistance when called upon by those clothed in authority to do so. This is rather hard papers with Ned and Joe, and there is every prospect that if they come up for trial in January a severe penalty will be inflicted. It is some satisfaction to Ned to know that he has good friends working for him, as the above shows, and we trust that those who gave their countenance and support in "the institution" will use their utmost endeavors to procure the release of both and settle the matter speedily. The time is brief and whatever is done must be done quick y.

DICK HOLLWOOD, Young Dorney and J. H. Taylor, contemplate shortly starting out upon a sparring tour through the West, giving sparring exhibitions at Terre Haute, Ind., Louisville, St. Louis and other cities. They will leave Indianapolis about the 1st prox., and Sol. Yewell, Jr., will accompany them as agent.

LAFFERTY AND BATTON.—Bayton has pretty nearly recovered from the injuries sustained in his fight with Lafferty. So saith our Queen City correspondent.

DEATH OF MRS. COBURN.—We are pained to be called upon this week to chronicle the demise of Mrs. Mary Coburn, mother of Joseph, James and Michael, which sad event occurred at her residence in this city on the 16th inst., after a prolonged sickness, at the age of fifty-six. The funeral took place on the 18th inst., the remains being followed to their final resting place by a large number of the friends of the family.

MILLING IN OHIO.—We are informed that a scrapping match took place on the 14th inst., near Akron, Ohio, between Dan McNaughton and an unknown, for a purse, the former being confined to 140 lbs., and the latter fighting at catch-weight. Mac knocked his antagonist out of time in the fourth round, and then gained the victory. The loser has challenged Mac to try it on again for $200 a side.

CHARLEY GALLAGHER and Jimmy Holloran's exhibition at the Opera House, Dayton, Ohio, on the 12th inst., was fairly patronized.

THE PROFESSOR AT HOME.—By an advertisement elsewhere in this issue it will be noticed that Billy Clarke has "settled down" for a season at the "Clipper Shades," 209 Mercer street, where he will be pleased to wish all a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and will be "at home" to his friends and the public generally. He will also give lessons in sparring on the premises.

MIKE MCCOOLE AND BILL RYALL appeared in a set-to at the St. Louis Opera House on Saturday evening, 19th inst., when C. S. Rogers, one of the company, was the recipient of a benefit.

BILLY MCLEAN NO

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

By the broad old fashioned chimney
The stockings were hung in a row,
Just over the darkened fireplace
Where the embers had lost their glow,
In the depth of the winter midnight,
In the silence vast and deep,
When the voices of the children
Were hushed in their rosy sleep.

There was baby's wee small stocking,
That seemed like a childish toy;
And stockings, somewhat larger,
Of innocent girl and boy;
And, oh! so slender and dainty,
That one of a maiden there,
It seemed like some delicate fairy's,
If stockings the fairies wear.

Then there came a youth to that fireplace,
And slipped in the stocking a ring,
A scintillant diamond cluster,
A costly, beautiful thing;
Oh, the youth had riches in plenty,
And the youth was *debonnaire*,
With a form of manly beauty,
And a face that was passing fair.

And after him came another
Whose brow was grave with thought,
An absent, awkward student,
With a mien and look distraught;
And pausing there on the hearthstone,
From a hand that, faltering, stayed,
He silently dropped in the stocking
The rhymes which in love he had made.

The maiden woke in the morning
With the gray dawn's earliest light,
And drew the gifts of that Christmas
From her stocking, dainty and white;
The ring she placed on her finger,
Where it caused a jealous smart;
But the song of the awkward student,
She wore that next her heart.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES;

OR,

How Ned Saville was Saved by a Woman.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Christmas Holidays! What heart so chilled by the world's adversities or preoccupied by business cares that does not throb with the recollections inspired by the mere mention. What a jovial time it is, and how all the more ennobling feelings of our nature rise to assert their supremacy, and for once, at least, to put to flight the selfish promptings, the foolish jealousies, the indefinable suspicions which so often actuate poor human nature at times when the more lofty principle lies dormant, but not yet dead, within! It has been described as the peculiar festival of the young, but we need only a glance at the crowded places of public resort and the overthronged bazars to convince us that people of all classes partake of the general enthusiasm, and although, even in the theatres, where the placard "no standing room" looms out conspicuously before the gaze of tardy comers, the entertainments are of a kind adapted to those who are yet to fill our shoes in the great arena of human action, the cluster of amused and happy faces of maturer growth, flushed with the recollection of earlier days, when life was all a summer festival, outnumbers the more youthful contingent. I confess to a passion, at such times, for the antics of the clown and the whimsicalities of the pantomime, the agile sports of the circus, which are as fresh to us moderns as though they had never been saddled with Greek nomenclature; the witcheries of the magician and the eccentricities of the monologists or the minstrels, while even Melpomene wields her peculiar attractions. The days may be never so cold but a sleigh ride is in order, and the nights never so stormy but the brilliant and well heated ball room is sure of its multitudes. "And if the rest be true which I have heard," fashion this time is to run in somewhat new channels, and full grown bipeds are to betake themselves to a sport, now first combining recreation with business, which has heretofore been monopolized by the juveniles.

I mean, of course, the velocipede mania. But whither are we drifting? I set out to tell a yarn about Ned Saville and the way in which he came to set such store by the Christmas holidays, and here I am almost on my way to Paris, where they do such things in style.

I remember Ned when he was the liveliest and the merriest of all the little *coterie*, that made a sport of life anywhere within hailing distance of Billy Mitchell's Olympic, or the club headquarters on Howard street, near Mercer. He was one to whom *every* day was a holiday, for that matter, but he was never so happy as when, amid boon companions, with the weather in accordance, he was called upon to celebrate some festival like christmas, of which certain jovial observances were the feature. He was all sunshine, was Ned Saville, although they who supposed him from this circumstance to be actuated by no deeper sentiment, were mistaken, for while yet an actor in humble circumstances (that was his calling) he has often been known to share his bed and board or his scanty earnings with a less fortunate brother professional. There were wild stories afloat with regard to his family—such as that he had been born of wealthy parents, but disinherited for his early frivolities, in behalf of an elder brother; that he was not really himself, but somebody else, for whom he had been exchanged in his youth, and similar romances; but as these were instances not without their parallel on the stage, it was finally settled that he was a foundling, or that, like Topsy, he had come by accident, and the matter ceased to be subject for comment. One peculiarity Ned had, in common with those mentioned, although not a hater, he was yet no admirer of woman in the platonic sense, believing them to have been created rather as a sport and a plaything for man, than a companion and solace. For a man of romantic tendencies this was an anomaly, but one with which the world did not long reproach him.

It was in the midst of the Christmas holidays—a bright, clear day, although bitterly cold and gusty, but Ned had just placed his week's salary in his pocket, minus his assessment for the fund, to which he was a contributor, and his heart was in unison with the bells which discoursed their merry music in the ears of the town. He was threading his way through a narrow locality, remarkable for the meanness of its tenements and the air of poverty and vice impressed upon the features of the few specimens of humanity who crept shiveringly about or slunk in the alleyways, out of the biting winds.

"Here," thought Ned, "is a sight to move the heart of a dervish. No farther off than I could launch a stone all is merriment and gaiety; and where am I going?—to a feast of reason and flow of soul, while people formed like myself are starving here. No, there's no soul in that. O, were I but Crœsus, or one of still meaner degree, what a pleasure——"

Here he ran against some one who had just rushed from one of the blind alleys aforesaid, and who came very near upsetting him in his hasty escapade. It was that Hazlewood, his brother actor, who served to offset his lighter share in the cast.

"Ned, you're just the man," said this person, breathlessly. "Old Mortality is up in a garret yonder, just flickering out, and I've been up to make his last moments comfortable. You can help—come along!" And Ned found himself pulled within the passage before he had fairly time to look around him.

"Old Mortality" was simply the nickname imparted to one who had formerly occupied a bright niche in the dramatic Pantheon, and who, having worn himself out in the service of sock and buskin, was resolutely preparing himself to take his "last farewell." They found him in a room at the top of one of the loftiest tenements to which the brother Thespian had just been applying a few needed comforts, for his pride had kept Old Mortality from relating his troubles, and his condition had but just become known. A fire was burning in the fireplace, and the old man in his great arm-chair, propped up by cushions and attended by a fragile girl of sixteen, might almost have been mistaken for another Lear attended by a second Cordelia. Ned was touched by the sight, which was one of a kind he had only seen in plays. The poor wreck of humanity before him bore an honored name once, though it was generally supposed that the sod had long closed above him. The now dimmed eyes which had flashed with the fires of genius, acknowledged with a faint reminiscence of their former splendor the kindness intended, and that voice, now hushed to the feeble treble of old age, which had stirred an alarum in the breasts of thousands, strove in courtly phrase to apologise for the poverty of the surroundings.

Ned could not respond in his usual high-flown phrase; his voice trembled as if he had been the older of the two, and when he contrived to drop his purse's contents in the hands of the veteran, his hand was quite in sympathy with it.

"We are provided for," said the old man; "nay, if you press——"

"Sir," said Ned, "I am linked to you by the fraternal ties of professional life, and my case may be yours."

Then, dropping his card, he gave one glance at the fairy bending over him, and hurried away.

If at the festive board, to the pleasures of which his presence was an indispensable accessory, Ned Saville's voice sang that afternoon the loudest, it was with just cause. "Bumpers, lads, bumpers," he cried, as he filled his glass. "Like the German in Hyperion, I feel I may cry, 'an angel is passing over the house,' and ask that you drink to the divinity of my dreams!"

Ned ceased all at once to rail at "the sex," and the mystery was accounted for when, one day, it was announced that he had become the legal protector of "Old Mortality" and his daughter, too.

Years passed, and "Old Mortality" was long gathered to his fathers, while the "little fairy"—his "Sunshine," as he had called her—had grown to be a beautiful, symmetrical woman, with flowing tresses of bonny brown, and eyes that recalled the wonderful magic of those which had passed away. Ned seemed hardly aware of his treasure, and was the same gay butterfly his friends had known him in earlier years. "Sunshine" observed, but kept her thoughts wisely to herself, although the lonesomeness of her life at times was irksome. She remembered how he had befriended her aged father, and how could she chide?

A brief interval of good fortune, and Ned had made his crysalis, and become a full fledged manager, as he deserved, but a panic time came, and he who had been so often the actor's friend, bade fair to become himself in need of assistance. I am much afraid that Ned grew despondent and careless; but of this the veracious chronicler is silent. It is only known that about that time he was involved in a peck of troubles, and nothing went right except where he had forgotten to look for it—at home.

Had he looked but there, he had found the old sunshine still!

"People never will cease being fools!" exclaimed Ned, as he exhibited a play bill which somebody had placed in his hand. "Times out of joint; actors working on half salaries; principal houses barely holding their own"—(this was in the old times of depression, be it remembered;)—and here is another aspirant for histrionic honors!—a new *debutante* to add to the thousands of failures gone before. Poor 'Hester Vane,' why did you not come to me? Such a world of trouble as I could have saved you, too!"

But for all that, he went to see the new *debutante* who might prove "*the* card" to prevent his fair fortunes from sinking.

The rival house was larger than his own. On this night it was full to the lobbies, and as he passed through to his place in the auditorium, Ned could hear from a dozen overjoyed tongues that the business crisis was over.

The new divinity achieved a splendid triumph from the first—a "pronounced success," as the critics have it, and the manager was once more all smiles and affability. The season of boquets and white kids had replaced the era of orange peel and empty benches.

It was a critical moment with Ned Saville. Another week, and his own fairy temple might glide from his hands just as the clouds were dispersing from the horizon. He sent in his card to the fair *debutante* in the green-room, and immediately followed it.

The goddess of the hour had passed her trying ordeal, and was in that secret retiring place of the Muses as Ned squeezed his way, amid the crush, to the centre of the apartment. His brother manager took him by the hand and brought him forward to introduce him.

The *debutante* raised her face—their eyes met. "Sunshine!" exclaimed Ned, with a look of bewilderment, as she yielded to the caress his arms had offered.

Ned Saville's cares were over; the *debutante* was transferred to his own boards, to grace them, and with the brightest of all careers before him he had no further hesitation in confessing how cleverly he had, in his last extremity, been saved by a woman.

The *debut* took place on a Christmas night—how long ago it behooves not now to mention—and Ned has this many a day been blessed with an independence and a flourishing household.

If there is ever any one who neglects to hold the Christmas Chimes in honor, rest assured it will not be he.

A STORY OF A COLUMBINE;

The Last Appearance of the Old Clown.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

CHAPTER I.

BOXING NIGHT.

Christmas Day—an old Christmas day—had passed, but the genial atmosphere of the time was at its richest. It was Boxing night in London; and, as everybody knows, the full climax of Christmas festivity is not attained, the full glory of the Christmas rite is not consummated, until, somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock of the night of the 26th of December, a fairy in gauze and spangles pronounces from a gilded car the magic rhymes by which, from tyrants, respectable citizens, beadles and other functionaries, are hatched Harlequin and Columbine, Pantaloon and Clown. These rhymes, then, had just been spoken at a theatre which I shall call the Nonsuch, situated in a leading thoroughfare of town, and which on Boxing night was, of course, crowded to the roof, the rolled-up shirt sleeves and the incessant mopping of foreheads giving a notion of the temperature in which reveled the gods. But they were in a state of high delight, nevertheless; shout after shout had burst forth as Harlequin made his first tetotum spin; as Pantaloon first wagged his decrepid head; and still a more thundering roar greeted the apparition of the Columbine (her first appearance in the part)—a slenderly formed young girl—too young, perhaps, for these violent exertion, but who curtsied with a smile, in which there was blended the *naivete* of the child with the acute intelligence of matured womanhood; and the whisper buzzed round the house, "Miss Lucy Bradley—old Bradley's daughter—old Bill Bradley's daughter—old Clown Bradley's daughter," and an extra "hand" was awarded to the offspring of the popular favorite. The next moment he himself was before them—the clown visage grinning in their faces, the clown walk with the intertwisting legs, and the turned-in, goose-like toes, and hands holding out from either thigh the mass of drapery which forms the intricacies of the Clown's pockets. Up, shaking the crystal drops of the chandelier and making them ring against each other a tiny music, went the hoarse roar of popular mirth; and louder and louder it pealed as the grotesque face began to work in those strange convulsions into which only the cheeks, jaws and tongues of Clowns ever fall, and at length the mute heavings found expression in a rich, chuckling voice, which spoke the time-honored phrase—"Here we are again. How are ye?" All the world agreed that old Bill Bradley had never looked more intensely clownified, and had never before spoken his entering words with so inimitably rich a chuckle.

"Ah, there's the Clown for you! Nothing like Bill since old Joe, eh? Wonderful fellow for fun. No pantomime would be a pantomime at the Nonsuch without Bill. Wouldn't draw a sixpence without old Bill. Bill's the boy for stealing sausages—ah, see Bill butter the stage. Bill is *the* pantomime."

Columbine danced gracefully and brilliantly; Harlequin was as active and light as need be; Pantaloon was deliciously feeble, and took the severest kicks and cuffs with the mildest complacency; but Clown—Clown was superb. He picked ever so many pockets in no time, he bonneted policemen, and pulled the tails off their coats to an unknown amount; he stole a string of sausages as long as a cable, and ate them at three gulps; and then, with a strange, fat chuckle, a race, and a bound, he leaped at the dial of an eight day clock in the scene and disappeared. Up rose again the shout of applause, but in a moment it was checked. Hardly had the Clown's ancles vanished through the yielding surface, when a loud and intense cry of pain rang through the theatre, making itself heard over the boisterous merriment of boxes, pit and gallery. Pantaloon, who had been tottering about the stage, suddenly moved off like any ordinary being; but Columbine shot from near the orchestra like a flash of white light into the recesses behind the scenes. The next moment the curtain fell, and, amid the confused clamor of inquiry and surmise, a gentleman in evening dress and white gloves glided before it. "Hush, hush!" and there was hush. "An accident," he was sorry to say, "Mr. Bradley—not aware to what extent—medical man just sent for—would audience wait for few minutes, with that kindness, generosity, &c., which always characterized," &c.

Meantime, what was the scene occurring in what is technically called "behind?" Close to the aperture through which the poor Clown had so gallantly leaped were stationed three or four half drunken carpenters (popularly scene shifters—a word by the way, unknown in a theatre), with a strong blanket in which the performer was to be caught and safely restored to mother earth. A second before his leap one of these worthies had suggested that they had as well be ready, holding the blanket in his hands. "It's all right," said one of his comrades, "there's time enough—let's have another swig first." He was in the act of putting the pewter pot to his head, when Bill Bradley dashed in like an eighteen pounder, prostrated the drinkers, and after flying six or eight feet, fell like a log, half upon a small platform which was to be a part of the next scene, and half down an open trap, up which a great structure of canvas and wood was just ready to rise. In the utmost dismay the carpenters rushed towards him to raise him, but at the first gasp he uttered the cry which the house had heard, and they let him sink again upon his hard bed. In a moment he was surrounded by a noisy, gesticulating group, rushing hither and thither, as the furious stage manager, high in oath, aimed kicks and blows at the appalled carpenters, and ordered them off the premises, never to return. But in the centre of the crowd was a sight strange and touching to see. It had never before occurred in any pantomime. Clown lay uttering low moans in Columbine's arms, one powerless limb lying stick-like across her lap; the fingers of the other hand clasping and being clasped by hers. The face of Clown was distorted and working, not in glee, but pain, and the eyes, peering out from the circles of grimy paint, were bent upon the face which leaned down close to his—a royal treasury of love and agony in its gaze.

"The angel of consolation supporting a stricken mortal," was the slightly inflated but perhaps not unnatural thought which occurred to Lewis Ruthven, a fair-haired young man, with a face, despite its somewhat bleached hue, indicating, above all other feelings, firmness, as he, with a mob of others, some in private, some in stage costume, were hustled to one side by the stage manager, who, in a fury of desperation and a voice at which humble actors and actresses quaked, burst through the group, in one breath consigning the carpenters to eternal heat, and urging Bradley to make an effort to get up and finish the part somehow.

"Oh, don't say so; it's impossible, Mr. Vamp; my poor dear, dear par (pronounced as written), he's hurt—oh, he's hurt so bad." And as she touched his arm, even with her fond, light fingers, the maimed man did not cry, but he shivered and ground his teeth under the torture.

"Oh! stuff—nonsense. Come, Bill, make an effort, it's only to make an effort. Let's see what's wrong." He was stooping to examine, when a little, nicely dressed man, with an intensely bald head, gently put him aside. It was Doctor Bland, the doctor of the theatre, who gave the sick certificates upon grounds more or less substantial, so his enemies alleged, as his terms with the manager chanced to be friendly, who knew everybody and everything in the house, and in every other house, who used to slip about from private box to private box, with his quick and purr like voice, retailing a bit of good humored scandal, or, perhaps, a smartish joke with a sting at its tail; in fact, a clever, sly old man of the world, as simple in speech and manners as a Corydon out of a pastoral, but not to be done by the united talents of Machiavelli and Robert Macaire.

The practiced hands of the Doctor glided over Bradley's limbs. "Vamp," he said quietly, "get a new Clown." Two bad fractures, left leg and right arm. Poor Bradley groaned and his daughter bent her face close to his and held him tighter.

"By all the ——" the stage manager was beginning, when Mr. Sludge, the prompter, whispered that an enterprising "super" who had played Clown in the country, and was "up in the business" had ochred his face on speculation, and was ready to "go on." The stage manager rushed in search of the enterprising super, after a deeply sympathetic order to "carry old Bradley out of that, some of you there, will ye?"

In a contiguous dressing room, good naturedly given up by the kindest hearted and most pious man in the theatre, who always played the ruffians and the devil, the poor Clown was stretched, preparatory to Dr. Bland's reducing operations, his daughter's arm still around him, and his eyes still fixed on her face. "Lucy," he moaned out, "don't leave me, Lucy."

At this moment an ugly boy popped a sharp face into the room. "Miss Bradley" he cried, in a shrill, mechanical tone.

"Oh! oh!" she exclaimed. "I can't leave par, I can't."

"Miss Bradley!" thundered the stage manager, appearing in his turn. "The stage will be waiting, Miss Bradley."

She made no answer, but clung to her father. The Doctor interfered. He took her kindly by the hand. "Go, my dear," he said. "You will be better away. Leave your father to me. It's best for both. Go, play it out."

She looked a moment in her adviser's face, then kissed her father's forehead again and again, until her lips were whiter with chalk than terror, and flew from the room.

"Capital good Columbine," said Bobby Jones, of Somerset House, to Dickey Gray, his comrade at the desk, as—in consequence of having jointly accepted a bill for £100 at 20 per cent. for three months, proceeds £30 down, the rest in pianos and pictures by Raphael—they lounged in a pit-tier box: "Capital good Columbine."

"Why, by Jove, Bob," replied Dickey, gazing through his double-barreled lorgnette, "she's crying—actually crying."

"Crying in a pantomime?" answered Bobby, who was an incredulous philosopher and a *roue* sceptic of the French school. "Absurd! How could she cry when it's not in the bill?"

CHAPTER II.

CLOWN AND COLUMBINE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Clown was aged fifty-three—a great age for a posturist and dancer to be in work—but he was habitually a sober man. Indeed, a Pantaloon, with whom he long played, used to state that he despised him because he liked tea. The Pantaloon liked stronger stuff, but some how he broke down at forty and disappeared. Clown was, however, come to the turn of life—in men of his profession it comes soon—and so the consequences of his accident were the more to be dreaded. Columbine would be sixteen next June. In June, sixteen years ago, her mother had left her an infant, three days old, in the hands of Clown. The mother was also a dancer in a small way—one of those meek, uncomplaining, weak-fibred, but long-enduring women, who furnish forth so goodly a conscription to the army of the unknown social martyrs. The child was delicate but not weakly. It throve, and Clown loved it with all the love of his battered body, and his not very strong or enlightened soul, and while he was presenting the first spoonful of pap it was ever his lot to give to Miss Lucy, he muttered to himself, "The night I see her Columbine will be the proudest night of my life." And here we get at the great feature and point in Bill Bradley's character. He fully, firmly and enthusiastically believed that a pantomime was the greatest possible artistic emanation of human genius, and that to be the first Clown on any stage was to hold the most elevated position the practical drama could bestow. To assail this position in Bill's mind, all reasoning and all facts were like hailstones rattling on the rock of Gibraltar. He heard them all placidly, and his unvaried and complacent reply was, that these things might be all very well, but that made no difference." So, althoguh he was often trotted out for the amusement of his comrades, Bill's theory had been given up as totally impregnable years ago, and he lived in the middle of it—like Jove in Olympus. The natural consequence, or perhaps the natural cause of Bill Bradley's opinions was, that he was a sadly ignorant and unintelligent man. Most actors know little or nothing out of their art, but the art of a pantomime actor is of the lowest description—not calling for that degree of intelligence and acquaintance with the art of expressing natural emotion in suitable terms which even the humblest speaking artist must possess. Bill then knew nothing save about pantomimes, but in that respect his knowledge was immense. He could recite you the scenes and call over the tricks of every noted entertainment of the kind—from "Mother Goose" downwards. He was clever, indeed, at inventing tricks himself, and made the model mechanical apparatus with some neatness. As he sat by the fireside, the smoke from his pipe curling round his worn and coarsely-skinned face, Lucy would say "Now, then, par, a thinkin' about a trick." And "par" would pat her head and go on thinking strenuously. This, indeed, was about the only subject on which he ever did think. But if he thought little he felt much. He had a mild, shallow nature, and it was all filled up with love of Lucy. For years and years he had grieved for her mother. The girl could remember when she was a child, packed in her crib in a closet off her father's small room, having lain awake and listened to him sobbing and crying for "Lucy," and if it had been her he meant she would have risen and gone to him. But the Lucy whose name she heard would answer no more. The child grew up, and the father recovered all his gaiety. Lucy was hardly ever out of his arms, and the first words she was taught to lisp was not "Par," but "Pan—Pan—Panto"—(Oh, what a hard word)!—"Pantomime." One day poor Bradley received a terrible blow. He wondered what Lucy would think of him as Clown; and he painted his face privately and experimentally for the purpose. The child—she was not more than two years old—shrinked and called "Par," and Bradley retreated abashed to the washing stand. The difficulty, however, was soon conquered. Before a week was out, Lucy crowed and clapped her hands at the patches of red and white upon her father's cheeks. Christmas was approaching—it came, and nightly he carried down the child to the theatre, and the little thing was so pretty and so taking that worn-out old dressers quarreled as to who should have charge of it; and even the dreadful stage manager made no objections to its presence. It was odd, too, to see Clown, just after he had squeezed one baby flat upon the stage and pulled the legs out of another to the extent of at least eighteen feet, standing for a moment, perspiring, at the wing, and dandling in his arms the little girl, who crowed and laughed, and called him "Par." She was soon initiated in the sayings and doings of the wing, was poor Lucy. As she grew up her father taught her to dance. Since she could stand she naturally stood in one of the "positions," and at five years of age she could skip about the floor in merry and by no means bad imitation of the popular *danseuses* of the Nonsuch. One evening, at her father's desire, she went over all her little saltatory accomplishments. The grace and the agility of the little thing were wondrous. Old Bill called "Bravo!" (he had but an indefinite notion of genders) and applauded till his hands were sore. Then she came to his knee, and looked up with deep, serious eyes into his face. He had never seen a child look so much like a woman. She was like his old Lucy, but there was a difference, he knew, but he could not define it.

"Par," whispered Lucy, "I'd like to speak on the stage, better than to dance on the stage."

Poor Clown stood aghast. Here was heresy—and from his own flesh and blood!

"When you are playing Clown, Par, they all laugh, but when Mrs. Delamaine was a playing Mrs. Beverley, they listened, and cried and applauded. I cried too," she added softly.

Here was a kettle of fish! Bradley could only dimly comprehend his own child, but her words jarred on his ear. Laughter was all the applause he had ever thought of. A guffaw from Mr. Bobby Jones, Mr. Dickey Gray, and their co-equals, was his crown of laurels. He could conceive no other. For the first time in his life he was harsh to Lucy, and she went to bed in tears. Next day she was put under the charge of a theatric dancing master, a figurant, as he called it himself, and who let out his pupils to fill up all the *corps de ballet* in London. For each girl he had 5s. a week. He called himself Monsieur De Saint Roquelette—his christened name was John Brown.

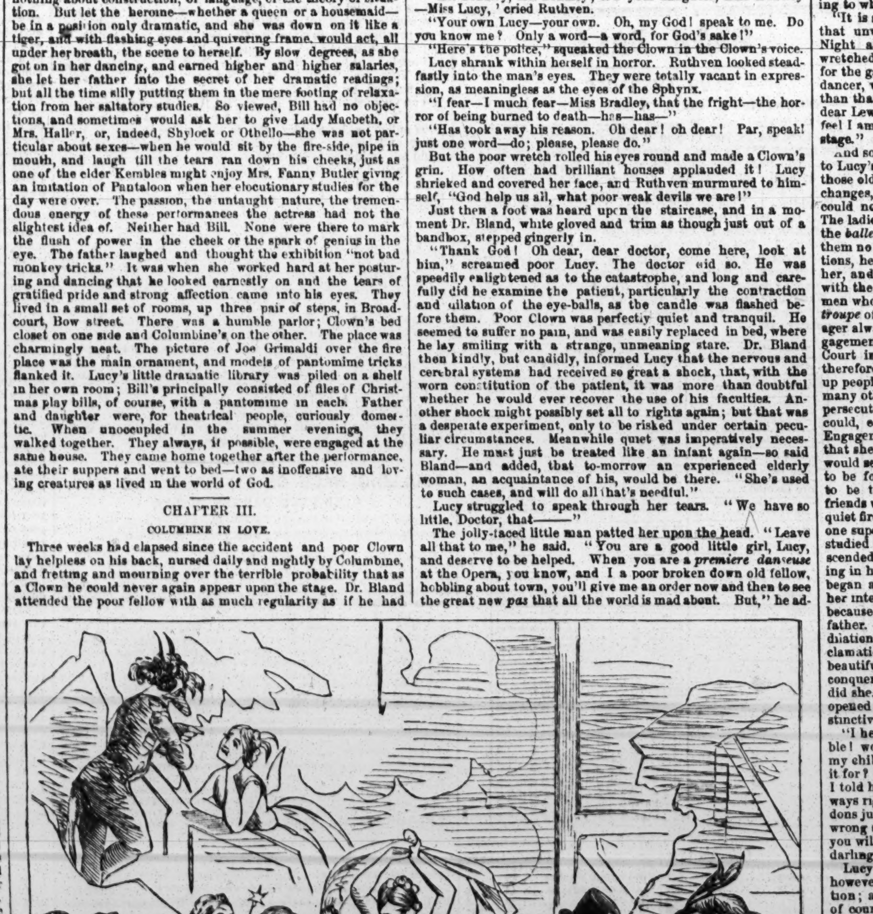
THE PRACTICED HANDS OF THE DOCTOR GLIDED OVER BRADLEY'S LIMBS. "VAMP," SAID HE QUIETLY, "GET A NEW CLOWN."

Under the auspices of this distinguished foreigner, Miss Lucy Bradley learned to a certain extent the art of theatric dancing, and drafted with her comrades from one house to another, wherever a "heavy" spectacle was in progress, she made fair advances in her profession. But as to the rest of her education—alas! Dancing was all her education! She learned somehow—she hardly knew how, but principally by studying play bills to read—after a fashion; but a long word was a fearful stumbling block, and although she would pronounce many short words rightly, she read them wrong. Thus, "said" she would pronounce when reading as rhyming to "laid" or "raid." Her writing was a monstrous collection of indefinite strokes. Sometimes she could make it out, more often she could not. In fact it was not writing at all, for any practical intents or purposes. But still Lucy could read, and she did, how she did read. Every leisure hour was passed in reading, in devouring the stage editions of every play, tragedy, comedy, drama, or melodrama she could scrape together. When old Bradley was snoring she would slily rise, light a quiet or "thieves" lucifer match, and fling herself, brain and heart, into the "Wreck Ashore," "The Slave," "Victorine," or just as probably as not, "The Maid's Tragedy," the "Duchess of Malfy," or "Juliet." The essential dramatic element was all she looked for, or, indeed, could appreciate. That she lighted upon with a God-given instinct which was wonderful and sublime. What were the literary qualities of a play to her? She thought, or knew, or cared nothing about construction, of language, or the theory of situation. But let the heroine—whether a queen or a housemaid—be in a position only dramatic, and she was down on it like a tiger, and with flashing eyes and quivering frame, would act, all under her breath, the scene to herself. By slow degrees, as she got on in her dancing, and earned higher and higher salaries, she let her father into the secret of her dramatic readings; but all the time slily putting them in the mere footing of relaxation from her saltatory studies. So viewed, Bill had no objections, and sometimes would ask her to give Lady Macbeth, or Mrs. Haller, or, indeed, Shylock or Othello—she was not particular about sexes—when he would sit by the fire-side, pipe in mouth, and laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, just as one of the elder Kembles might enjoy Mrs. Fanny Butler giving an imitation of Pantaloon when her elocutionary studies for the day were over. The passion, the untaught nature, the tremendous energy of these performances the actress had not the slightest idea of. Neither had Bill. None were there to mark the flush of power in the cheek or the spark of genius in the eye. The father laughed and thought the exhibition "not bad monkey tricks." It was when she worked hard at her posturing and dancing that he looked earnestly on and the tears of gratified pride and strong affection came into his eyes. They lived in a small set of rooms, up three pair of steps, in Broad court, Bow street. There was a humble parlor; Clown's bed closet on one side and Columbine's on the other. The place was charmingly neat. The picture of Joe Grimaldi over the fire place was the main ornament, and models of pantomime tricks flanked it. Lucy's little dramatic library was piled on a shelf in her own room; Bill's principally consisted of files of Christmas play bills, of course, with a pantomime in each. Father and daughter were, for theatrical people, curiously domestic. When unoccupied in the summer evenings, they walked together. They always, if possible, were engaged at the same house. They came home together after the performance, ate their suppers and went to bed—two as inoffensive and loving creatures as lived in the world of God.

CHAPTER III.

COLUMBINE IN LOVE.

Three weeks had elapsed since the accident and poor Clown lay helpless on his back, nursed daily and nightly by Columbine, and fretting and mourning over the terrible probability that as a Clown he could never again appear upon the stage. Dr. Bland attended the poor fellow with as much regularity as if he had a fee for every time he mounted the three pair of stairs; and day by day was the clever, clear-headed Doctor deeper and deeper impressed by the strong affection and the unwearied assiduity of the daughter, as she watched and tended the sick man, whose peevish querulousness never banished the coaxing smile from her pretty face. Almost without knowing it, the Doctor found himself taking a strange interest in the little household. Meantime, Lucy, the nurse all day, was still Columbine at night, and when she was at the theatre poor Clown lay alone, generally occupied in the perusal of playbills.



TURNED UP THEIR NOSES AT LUCY AND NICKNAMED HER "SIDDONS JUNIOR"

While these events were perpending, Lucy had unconsciously made a conquest. Mr. Bobby Jones, of Somerset House, had never got over his admiration of the "capital good Columbine." Night after night he was in the pit—the private box was too "salt" for a continuance—rolling an ugly little pair of eyes at the performer and sometimes venturing on the refined Don Juanism of a wink. Lucy had never made any responsive signal however to these blandishments so that at last Bobby Jones determined to take bolder steps and accost the young lady as she left the theatre. "There's nothing," as he remarked to Dicky Gray, "like boldness with that sort of people;" with which philosophical sentiment his friend fully agreed. Accordingly, one Saturday night, as Lucy, closely wrapped up, was gliding from the theatre, her whole soul in the house to which she was going, she found a spruce young gentleman, of what is called "sporting" appearance, her unwelcome companion.

"Now then, my dear," was the elegant salutation of Mr. Bobby Jones, "take my arm, Miss Bradley, you danced magnificently to-night. Upon my soul you did. I never saw half so prime a Columbine. And you don't know how deep I am in love with you."

Lucy was accustomed to the ordinary free and easy style of address between the *camarades* of the theatre, but she had never been so approached in the street. In a great fright she ran quickly on, but Bobby was at her side.

"What are you running away for, my dear Miss Bradley, I aint going to eat you. Come now, be sociable; don't do the modest so terribly; come now." And he attempted to take her round the waist, when, crack, down upon the crown of his hat came as lusty a buffet as need be, and Mr. Bobby Jones was in a sitting position on the stones

"Permit me, Miss Bradley, to protect you from insult to your house," said a low voice not unknown to her, and she saw the pale, firm face of Mr. Ruthven, with whom, as the author of two or three rattling farces, and who was consequently a good deal in the theatre, she had a sort of bowing acquaintance. Heartily thanking him, as well as her agitation would allow, they hurried off together.

"My poor par;" she said, "I'm so anxious to get home every night, you can't think. He frets so till I come."

"I trust he is getting round. I heard them say so at the theatre."

"Oh! sir," murmured Lucy, "oh! sir, I'm afraid he'll be a poor cripple all his days; he's not able yet to move a limb, sir; he lies like a child till I come home and move him, sir." And she stopped, choked with her tears.

Next moment they were in Broad court. Lucy looked up to the windows and uttered a loud exclamation, "Look, sir! oh, my God, look, sir! There's fire, fire in his room; something has caught. Oh, my God!" And she flew up a common stair, used by all the tenants. Stopping only for a moment to see a bright red glare gleaming fiercely through the drawn blind, Lewis instinctively followed her and they burst into the room together. The sight was terrible. On his bed, as unable to move as a log of wood, his face ghastly in the glare, and unutterable horror in the wide-open, staring eyes and the quivering, bloodless lips, lay the Clown, the curtains blazing in one bright flame above him and around him, and a mass of burning playbills just setting fire to the drapery of the bed beneath. Uttering no sound, but with a leap like a wild animal, Lucy sprang to her father, caught him in her arms as if he were an infant, and bore him, muffled in the still unkindled bed clothes, from beneath the arch of fire, the ribbons of her dress catching in the process. Ruthven was by, and at the expense of severely scorched fingers, he crushed the nascent fire, while, by the help of a water-jug, the original conflagration was presently extinguished. Then they both stooped over the Clown.

"Par," said Lucy, with her quivering voice; "Par, it's all right now, you're safe—the fire's put out."

Clown looked at his daughter and at the stranger; but there was no intelligence in his eye. It was a strange, stony glance, and meant nothing.

"Par, par, why don't you speak; it's me—me, Lucy! Speak, speak."

"Here we are again. How are ye?" came with a ghastly chuckle from Bradley's jaws, and then the hollow Clown laugh grated on the ears of the listeners.

"Mr. Bradley, Mr. Bradley; it's your daughter, Miss Bradley—Miss Lucy," cried Ruthven.

"Your own Lucy—your own. Oh, my God! speak to me. Do you know me? Only a word—a word, for God's sake!"

"Here's the police," squeaked the Clown in the Clown's voice. Lucy shrank within herself in horror. Ruthven looked steadfastly into the man's eyes. They were totally vacant in expression, as meaningless as the eyes of the Sphynx.

"I fear—I much fear—Miss Bradley, that the fright—the horror of being burned to death—has—has—"

"Has took away his reason. Oh dear! oh dear! Par, speak! just one word—do; please, please do."

But the poor wretch rolled his eyes round and made a Clown's grin. How often had brilliant houses applauded it! Lucy shrieked and covered her face, and Ruthven murmured to himself, "God help us all, what poor weak devils we are!"

Just then a foot was heard upon the staircase, and in a moment Dr. Bland, white gloved and trim as though just out of a bandbox, stepped gingerly in.

"Thank God! Oh dear, dear doctor, come here, look at him," screamed poor Lucy. The doctor did so. He was speedily enlightened as to the catastrophe, and long and carefully did he examine the patient, particularly the contraction and dilation of the eye-balls, as the candle was flashed before them. Poor Clown was perfectly quiet and tranquil. He seemed to suffer no pain, and was easily replaced in bed, where he lay smiling with a strange, unmeaning stare. Dr. Bland then kindly, but candidly, informed Lucy that the nervous and cerebral systems had received so great a shock, that, with the worn constitution of the patient, it was more than doubtful whether he would ever recover the use of his faculties. Another shock might possibly set all to rights again; but that was a desperate experiment, only to be risked under certain peculiar circumstances. Meanwhile quiet was imperatively necessary. He must just be treated like an infant again—so said Bland—and added, that to-morrow an experienced elderly woman, an acquaintance of his, would be there. "She's used to such cases, and will do all that's needful."

Lucy struggled to speak through her tears. "We have so little, Doctor, that——"

The jolly-faced little man patted her upon the head. "Leave all that to me," he said. "You are a good little girl, Lucy, and deserve to be helped. When you are a *premiere danseuse* at the Opera, you know, and I a poor broken down old fellow, hobbling about town, you'll give me an order now and then to see the great new *pas* that all the world is mad about. But," he added, with an odd smile, "not a word about this, or it would spoil my character as the knowingest old codger about. So dry your eyes; your father will be quite quiet all night, and to-morrow Mrs. Dosey will be here by breakfast time."

Lucy lighted the gentlemen down stairs, and returned alone to watch through the long night over poor mindless Clown.

Ruthven and Bland knew each other slightly; but the incident to which they had both been witness had naturally brought about, quoad the scene they had left, an intimacy.

"I tell you what, sir," said the Doctor, "trust an old fellow who knew the world before you were born, and who sees and hears much more than he says; trust me, that that little girl that we have left is a trump, a regular ace of trumps."

"She's very pretty," said Ruthven, remembering the features.

"It's undeveloped beauty," answered the Doctor. "Pity she's the daughter of such an old fool. She knows nothing. She can't speak her own language; but it's in her, my boy, it's in her, and some day it will come out."

"What will?" inquired Ruthven.

"How should I know," was the reply; "but this I do know, there's something working in that girl. She's none of your common rats. (French slang, we may perhaps as well say, for ballet girls). There's the stuff that heroines are made of in that face and in that heart. What's a heroine, eh? There's two sorts, the doers and the sufferers, active and passive. Mr. Ruthven, and that girl is fit for either character, or both. Poor little Lucy. An ace of trumps."

They parted, the Doctor to his residence in Pall-Mall, Ruthven to his chambers in Dusty Inn. He climbed up three pair of stairs, sat down in an uncommonly mouldy room, like all the rooms in all the Inns of Court, stirred up a smouldering fire, and drawing a writing desk close to the grate, inscribed on a blank sheet of paper, "Act I, Scene I.," and then —— stuck. He sat long musing over the paper, but not a word would come. He rubbed his head, walked up and down, and then sat to the desk again.

"It's no use," at last he said, aloud; "I see her face before me; her voice is in my ears. Lucy, the prettiest of all female names—Lucy! I'll call, of course, to-morrow the first thing; it's only decent. A good old card, and sharp, too, that Bland. I never thought so much of him before. Lucy, I wonder if she will make acquaintance; I mean serious acquaintance. Lucy, it is a pretty name; and that face, so sweet, so pure. Lucy!"

He went to bed and dreamt of Lucy, just as Lucy, fatigued with long watching, sank into a doze and—let the truth be told—dreamt of Ruthven. Lewis Ruthven, a cadet of a ruined Scotch family, was one of the soldiers of fortune of the pen with whom all great capitals abound—a journalist, a dramatist, a novelist—not of very great fame in either capacity, but still possessed of a rising reputation for brilliance of style and lively play of fancy. He was also a thoroughly sound-hearted fellow, a merry companion, with just an occasional dash of nationality in his style and pronunciation to put piquancy into his converse; elastic and keen of temperament, sanguine and bright of hope, and endowed—his best gift—with undaunted enthusiasm in whatever he undertook. His fortunes, though varied, were, on the whole, prosperous. A clever and ready writer, with some tact and a good address, may soon work himself into a decent competence in London; and this Ruthven was just beginning to see before him. Still he was indolent in making the first exertion. Labor was a task, until he was hot in the harness; then it was a pleasure and a blessing. He wanted a stimulus, and he soon became aware that at length he had found one. He called on Lucy the next morning. Mrs. Dosey was there—a sharp, bustling old dame, with a cheering voice, invaluable in a sick room. Poor Clown was no better, and no speedy change was to be looked for. In the evening Ruthven walked to the theatre with Miss Bradley. At night he escorted her home. He dreamt of her again. She dreamt of him again. He had not said that he would call next day: but he did, and she did not seem either surprised or angry. Of course he called to inquire after Mr. Bradley. He was in his little room. Mrs. Dosey with him. Lucy and Ruthven sat together in the parlor, beneath the shadow of Joe Grimaldi; and when Mrs. Dosey came in and said that the patient had dropped off asleep, they were astonished to hear how late it was. Next day it was the same; and so with many days. Ruthven gave up writing and reading, and his friends joked him, and Columbine's health was drunk with significant honors at a certain club, of which he was a distinguished member; or, rather, it was about to be drunk, when Ruthven, calmly, mildly, but with resolute firmness, begged that that lady's name might not be made the subject of after supper conversation; and from this time it was known that matters looked serious. Meantime, how were the days spent by Lucy and Ruthven, for they were constantly together? Lucy had leisure; for a spectacle in which she played had a great run, and her presence was only needed at night. The days were passed in hard, unremitting study. Ruthven was the teacher, and Lucy the aptest of pupils. It was not until she knew Ruthven that she had seriously felt her deficiencies, and in a tearful agony of delight she embraced his offer to teach her, to lift her nearer to his own level of intellectual culture. Her progress was wonderful. She leaped instinctively at knowledge, grasped it, and kept it; and Ruthven thought of the doctor's judgment of the 'something' he could not yet tell what, but which would come out. In fact, her talents, now at last finding a vent, carried everything before them; and the fiery dramatic instinct, now fortified by knowledge and chastened by purity of pronunciation, made Ruthven look with wonder, almost dread, at the creature he had, as it were, called into a new being. She had told him of her old dramatic amusements, her solitary recitations, and she had almost involuntarily burst into one of them. It was the magnificent torrent of sorrow of Constance in the third act of "King John." Ruthven listened, overwhelmed, until as she paused and knelt down by him, as she sometimes did in taking her lessons, he said, "Lucy, you are not only an angel; you are a genius."

She looked up in his face and replied, "I only want to be worthy of you."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST TRANSFORMATION OF COLUMBINE.

Ruthven had written a very carefully constructed play of strong interest, and intended to appeal to home and domestic sympathies, but he could not get the management of the Nonsuch to entertain it. He had a reputation for lively touch and go farce, and the prudent manager looked with suspicion upon elaborate dramas intended to "embrace the entire strength of the company," unless they came from very experienced hands So put off by vague promises and heart-breaking postponements, he had managed—and that was a feat—to get his MS. from the dusty drawers of the manager's room, intending to reserve it for more favorable auspices. This play, Lucy, who had heard snatches of the plot, was very anxious to see; and, accordingly, Ruthven had brought her the manuscript, written out in the neatest handwriting of a theatrical copyist. On his next visit—and it was not, as may be believed, very long postponed, not much over two hours—Lucy met him at the door, her face flushed and her eyes bright.

"Oh, my dearest!" she exclaimed; "your play. I have read it—I know it by heart almost. It is glorious. I feel Mary's part so—I could give it so—I feel I could, Ruthven. Nothing I ever read has appeared to me more glorious." She had read Shakespeare; but then Shakespeare was not her lover; so poor Lucy must be excused for the warmth of her panegyric. "Oh, Ruthven, if we could get that piece accepted, and I could play Mary, and father could understand and appreciate, oh, what a night that would be—a night of triumph and glory for us all."

"Perhaps one day, dear, such a thing may come to pass; we must work and wait, and hope together; and, after all, that will not be so unpleasant."

"Unpleasant, Lewis, with you?" But lovers' talk is confessedly insipid except to the parties, and we omit the long, half-whispered dialogue which succeeded. Presently, however, they spoke of their prospects. It had been determined that the spectacle in which Lucy then danced should be her last appearance as one of what a certain class of good people call the votaries of Terpsichore. Her mind revolted at the mindless capering to which so many long years had been devoted.

"It is so dreary—oh, so sad," she murmured, "to put on that unvaried, stereotyped smile, with no cause, no reason. Night after night the same, and go smiling through those wretched evolutions of twirls, and hops, and languishing jumps for the gaping libertines, whose eyes one sees gloating on the dancer, who are incapable of any other gratification at theatres than that of a sort of lazy admiration of physical beauty. Oh, dear Lewis, take me from it, for your own sake and mine. I feel I am doing you a wrong every night I appear upon the stage."

And so it was arranged. There were obstacles, however, as to Lucy's entering the higher class of her artistic companions—those old conventional obstacles which are sure to attend all changes, however unobjectionable abstractedly. The manager could not see why dancers should wish to become actresses. The ladies of the dramatic *corps* were jealous. The ladies of the *ballet* corps were jealous. Latterly Lucy had mingled with them no more than was necessary. She had her new associations, her new cares, her new tasks, her new hopes to interest her, and cared abundantly little for details of whitebait dinners with the Guards, or lovely evenings at Richmond with gentlemen whose names were often in the *Court Circular*. So the *troupe* of young ladies with pretty legs—it was legs the manager always looked to in that department when giving an engagement; if he didn't he would have been in the Bankruptcy Court in a twelvemonth—the young ladies of the pretty legs therefore turned their noses up at Lucy, and talked of "stuck up people" *at her*, and nicknamed her Siddons junior, and did many other clever things of the same moral calibre, which the persecuted victim laughed at very heartily, as heartily as she could, considering how much she had to be anxious about. Engagement or no engagement, however, it was determined that she should leave the "votaries of Terpsichore." Ruthven would set to work strenuously. He had great plans. Journals to be founded, "quarterly reviews" to be established, theatres to be taken and dramas to be written. Both of our young friends were excellent castle builders; and when they sat by the quiet fireside in Broad Court the atmosphere above them was all one superb palace. We revert to the evening when Lucy had studied Ruthven's rejected play. The great scene had descended on her soul like a cloud of fire; and, almost unknowing in her frenzy what she did, she sprang upon the floor and began an impassioned speech, in which the heroine intimated her intention of giving up a brilliant match and vast prospects because she would be separated from an infirm and doting father. Ruthven gazed at the light of her enkindled eyes, the dilation of her form, and drank in the rapt passion of her declamation like one beside himself. Lucy had never looked so beautiful, had never looked so triumphant. She was formed to conquer and he knew it; and so, in the wisdom of her genius, did she. Their exaltation lasted but for a moment. The door opened and Dr. Bland appeared. Lucy screamed and ran instinctively to Ruthven, hiding her face in her hands.

"I heard all—I heard all," cried the little Doctor. "Admirable! wonderful! genius—genius at last upon our stage! Lucy, my child, my darling, hold up your head; what are you hiding it for? God bless you! You little monkey, I'm proud of you. I told him you had it in you, I did, and I was right; I'm always right. Come here, you jade, and let me kiss you. Siddons junior, indeed. We'll make some people laugh on the wrong side of their mouths, I'm afraid. Before a month is out you will do that on the stage. Oh! you wicked, sly, abominable, darling little slut, you."

Lucy had gone off into hysterics. They were soon quieted, however, because they were the genuine thing, and not imitation; and then the three sat down by the fireside, Mrs. Dosey of course being with the patient.

"I declare," said the Doctor, as a gentle joke to lead the way to ordinary conversation, "if Mr. Bradley recovers I shouldn't be surprised if he runs off with Mrs. Dosey."

Then came the question of the play.

"Jorum wouldn't have it," said Ruthven.

"D—— Jorum! who the deuce is Jorum?" replied the occasionally peppery Doctor.

"Why, the manager of the Nonsuch, of course," answered Ruthven literally.

"Confound the manager of the Nonsuch. I am the manager of the Nonsuch when I choose. Why, if he don't do what I ask him, I'll give all the actors and actresses sick certificates half an hour before the curtain goes up, and make him shut his house up." If the Doctor had been an untheatrical man he would have concluded with "That play shall be acted." As he wasn't, he finished with, "That piece shall be done."

They sat long in talk about the play, and about poor Clown. He was in the same hopeless, imbecile condition. He was brought in dressed to the parlor, was led out on sunny days leaning on Lucy's arm. His old comrades, with sympathizing faces, and sympathizing hearts too, came to see him, and tried to talk to him. It was useless. The mind, if not gone, was utterly dormant. Clown was a puppet. Upon all this, we repeat, they sat talking.

All at once Dr. Bland's face lighted up with a most uncommon beam. Then he paused, then he lighted up still more, then he burst out—"There's another genius in this room, and he sits in my chair."

Lucy and Lewis were prepared for some joke; but the increasing seriousness of the Doctor's face undeceived them.

"Ruthven," he said, "in that piece of yours you have a young girl and an old, infirm father. Listen, you are a clever fellow, and will jump at what I say. You saw a catastrophe here one night in which there was a father and a daughter; could you in any way reproduce it on the stage?"

"Oh, oh," exclaimed Lucy, with a sort of hysterical pulsation agitating her whole frame, and her quick, keen woman's mind leaping on to the result before the practiced dramatists. "Oh, oh," she said, with a sort of sob which shook her in her chair, "I know what you mean."

"And so do I," exclaimed Ruthven. "A great, a hopeful plan. Hush, stay one moment."

There was a pause, the Doctor's and Lucy's eyes looking into his.

"Yes," he shouted, leaping up. "Yes, I see it. It can be done. It shall be done."

"Then," said the Doctor, "there's one more chance for Clown."

CHAPTER V.

THE NEXT BOXING NIGHT.

Since the opening of our story, Clown has lain three weeks immovable upon his bed, and has passed forty-nine—an unconscious, mindless man, only appearing most complacent at home when nearest the fire, and without doors when basking in the sunshine. Boxing day has come again, and again we are in the Nonsuch Theatre; the audience we saw there last year are once more reassembled and the gentlemen in the gallery are again mopping their foreheads with even more assiduity than before; and all this without a pantomime! No, there is to be no pantomime, but a drama—a wonderful drama—of which a wonderful rumor has spread far and near, and not quite (as the writers of good Saxon would say) "unhelpen:" the newspapers have been full of puffs preliminary—"paragraphs" the wise call them. The "entire resources of the theatre," and ever so many more resources besides, were to be pressed into the service. The bill was a perfect outburst of wild—not to say frantic—type; it appeared as if the manager had set his management upon the cast, and that he would stand the hazard of the die.

Let us listen to some of the conversation emanating from the same class of auditors whose comments we repeated upon the last occasion of Boxing-day. "Mary—Miss Bradley?" "Eh! why one knows that name." "To be sure—she used to be a dancer." "Yes; she was Columbine this night last year." "What! old Bradley's daughter—old Clown Bradley's daughter?" "She herself. They say she's turned a first rate actress, and she's going to be married to a chap, Ruthven; there's been a lot of farces and such like of his here." "And the old man?" "Oh, done up. Don't you remember he had an accident last year?" "Jumping through the clock?" "Exactly so."

One melancholy sight there was in the gallery. It was Bobby Jones and Dickey Gray up among the shirt sleeves. It was humiliating. Nevertheless, they had paid the £100 bill by hard struggling, and they had both acquired a very great degree of additional common sense. Bobby had, indeed, improved immensely. He had bought a bouquet, cheap—it was principally made of wall flowers—to cast to his old flame. Being a frequenter of small theatrical circles, he had heard how it fared with her, and laying his own pretensions and all feelings of animosity aside, he had determined, being now a lover of virtuous indignation—a step in advance of sceptic philosophy—to condone all past grievances.

"I say, Bobby," said Dickey, "where's old Bradley to-night, I wonder?"

"Ah, where indeed?" said the plaintive Bobby.

He was not so far off, after all, seeing that accompanied by Ruthven and Doctor Bland, he occupied precisely the pit box which had been engaged by the two honorable gentlemen in the gallery on the previous anniversary. He was pale and woebegone and knew nothing of where he was. His companions gazed on him with palpitating anxiety. The lights flashed up. He started. The music began. He breathed short. The curtain rose. He rubbed his forehead.

"The struggle is beginning," said the Doctor; "keep quiet." Lucy entered. Bradley breathed hard and quick; and, as they watched his eyes, they saw returning into them something like the intelligence—the mind of man—that which distinguishes our eyes from the eyes of cats and parrots. Their highly raised hopes were gradually beaten back. The shock had not yet been strong enough, and the patient was relapsing into imbecile lethargy. "Never mind," said the Doctor; "all depends upon the scene."

The audience, however, were obstreperous in their delight, and Lucy was called before the curtain at the end of the first act. Immediately after the box door opened and a muffled up figure entered.

"How is he?" she asked.

"You have made an impression," whispered the Doctor. "Everything depends on *the* scene."

Another act passed. Bradley had given still stronger symptoms of the approaching crisis. Tears were seen gathering in his eyes, and he listened to the thundering applause of the house as a war horse to the trumpet. The play was "going" triumphantly. The third act came. Bradley seemed more and more absorbed, although they knew not to what extent he understood it. The house was in a state of fiery excitement magnificent to see. Poor Ruthven was in tears and laughter at the same moment. Only the Doctor was as cool as though he had been dissecting, his eyes fixed on Bradley's, and his fingers on Bradley's pulse. In the phrase of his own profession, he was "exhibiting" the play to his patient, and watching its operation. *The* scene came. The effect upon the audience was overpowering. Ruthven and the Doctor only watched Bradley's face. It became whiter and whiter. Then the blue veins appeared on each temple. The nostrils quivered and dilated, and the lips moved as though he "addressed himself to speak." Amid a roaring torrent of applause the superb climax was given by the triumphant actress, as she dashed forward to save her sick parent from impending death; and faintly uttered, unheard by any save those who stood over him, there was pronounced by the sick man, stretching forth his thin, white hand, and trembling from head to foot with a strange emotion, the first words he had spoken announcing returning consciousness

"That's me!" he stammered out, rising in his chair, and panting as he spoke, "and that's her! that's Lucy, my own Lucy! my daughter Lucy; that's how she saved me from the fire. "Lucy, Lucy," he cried, in his weak, shrill voice, "Lucy, come to me—come to your father!"

But the adjuration was unheard in the mighty roar of acclamation which followed the *coup* of the play, and no one, so intense was the gaze fixed upon the stage, observed that a pale old man in a pit-box had fallen upon the floor in struggling to get to the front, and had been raised by his companions and borne away. Among the score of bouquets blooming upon the stage was one principally composed of wall-flowers, drooping with the heat. When Lucy picked it up, the faithful Bobby Jones uttered a disconsolate *brava*, and hastened from the theatre to drown his sorrows in a pint of stout and a Welch rabbit. Upon the stage, after the curtain fell, father and daughter met. He knew her and blessed her. She was not Columbine now. Heaven's will be done! She was still Lucy; and the infirm old man wept silently on her neck. They were blessed tears. Dr. Bland said they re-established his reason. Then came the congratulations—some sincere, more false—poured upon the successful actress. The manager was at her feet; and of course the rest of the company would have gone, if they could, lower than her feet.

"I told you so, you unbelieving heathen," vociferated Dr. Bland; "I told you what the piece would be, and what the woman would be. God bless the actress and the author. Come here to me, both of you, you brats. Shake hands, friend Bradley; you have a great daughter and a great son-in-law, and, what's better, a good daughter and a good son-in-law."

Bradley still stood looking confounded.

"Ah! my poor fellow," the Doctor continued, "you've had a long illness. Never mind, your children have cured you. Join their hands. Confound me if genius and affection are not better than physic."

Bewildered, but yet with some glimpses of what was meant, Bradley did as he was told. Clown that was put into the grasp of Ruthven the hand of Columbine that was. These two hands clasp each other yet; so do these two hearts. Bradley is well—the Doctor merry.

THE MISTLETOE.

When winter nights grow long, and winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire, and listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave as maids should be,
When the men bring in boughs of the Laurel tree.
O the Laurel, the evergreen tree!
The Poets have laurels, and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down and hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire and know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of Holly for Christmas time!
O the Holly, the bright green Holly!
It tells, like a tongue, that the times are jolly.

Sometimes—in *our* grave house, observe, this happeneth not;
But at times, the evergreen Laurel boughs and the Holly are all forgot;
And then!—what then?—why the men laugh low
And hang up a branch of the Mistletoe!
Oh, brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Misletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever *shall* know,
What is done under the Mistletoe!

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

There is for some people—happily the number is growing less every day—a horrible fascination in a ghost story. Sitting round the fire on a winter's night, the wood logs blazing on the ample hearth, the glowing peat giving forth its perfumed smoke, or the coal fire of ruby red relieved by black diamonds and brilliant jets of gas—the wind moaning without, the rain pattering on the window pane, or the snow flakes falling softly on the ground—sitting round the fire is the time to tell ghost stories. There is a solemn hush as the preliminary words are spoken and the narrator begins his legend. Every syllable is heard with attention; shy glances are cast over the shoulder at the least unexpected sound; the striking of the pale-faced clock makes the listeners start; and, finally, they linger by the fire when the time comes to separate, and there is the unpleasant journey to be made up to bed.

No doubt many of our readers may recall such a scene as we have described; and, smiling now at their fears, remember well enough that those fears were terribly real long ago. We had in our younger days an intimacy with several ghosts—that is, we had heard with a shiver the dark stories belonging to them. There was an old inn on the margin of a breezy common, and the back staircase was haunted by the ghost of a soldier who had committed suicide when billeted in the house. We never saw the ghost, but then we never went up that staircase after dark, which might account for it; but one of the ostlers averred that he had seen him—"all whitish like, wi' a bluish bit o' light on his face, a movin' along ever so." This ostler was a firm believer in ghosts, and took kindly to spirits. Some people are said to be gifted with second sight, and after a certain period in the evening this gentleman saw double.

We remember the story of an anxious mother, one stormy night in winter, seeing her sailor son, who was far away at sea, come to her bed side, soaked with sea water, in order to mention the circumstance that he had been drowned that very night off somewhere. Likewise of a schoolboy who had perished in a pond, making the circuit of that pond on the anniversary of his own decease, much to the terror of other scholars, who never saw him, to be sure; but that might have been because they never had nerve enough to look for him. We have heard of a ghost that always followed a person six feet behind him, and no more; of a ghost that came regularly four times a year, like quarter-days, and would give no quarter to the unhappy beings it disturbed, until something or other was found out; of a ghost who sat at a desk in a chandler's shop (it was the ghost of the late proprietor), and would not be warned off until it had revealed the fact that a penny was owing by somebody, and not entered in the books. It has been asked why should ghosts rise merely to make our hair rise? but here is the answer: they keep on appearing *until something is found out!* Was it not so with that marvel of modern marvels, the "Cock lane ghost?" Has it not been so with still more recent instances, within most people's experience?

Of course, we are perfectly well aware that it is a species of flat heresy to disparage ghosts at Christmas, or any other time, with a certain class of people. There are tellers of supernatural stories who would as soon die as give up the ghost; they grow cheerful at the prospect of a batch of horrors, and never seem so much in spirits as when they revel in the spirit land. How is it that some of these individuals have never scientifically done for ghosts what Cuvier and Linnæus have done for beasts and flowers? We can imagine ghosts described as follows:—

GHOSTS.—This class is undoubtedly one of the most distinctly circumscribed in the whole series of being; general form of the body, human; legs, two in number, but seldom visible, being covered with a light vestment; color, usually white; body transparent, with entire absence of digestive organs; habitat, the churchyard; habits, nocturnal and migratory; divided into six orders, &c., &c., &c.

But a description such as this would ill accord with the ghost theory, or with ghostly practices—these spirits come in such "a questionable form." We have seen them (on the stage, and we have heard of one in an omnibus), and their appearance on nearly all occasions was a credit to their laundress—linen spotless, except where speckled for the purpose of circumstantial evidence, with red ink or currant juice; pace slow and measured (by the foot); attitude stiff, usually inelegant, as if the deceased knew no more of poses than of repose; voice ever so far down in the chest, and quite disproportionate to the depth of meaning. The ghost of Hamlet's father, irreverently addressed by his son as an "old mole," walks on the castle ramparts in a suit of armor; the ghost who, without any proposer or seconder, takes the chair at Macbeth's banquet, wears royal robes; the ghosts that rise up to affright King Richard wear the apparel which they may be supposed to have worn in their mortal life; the ghost, if it be a ghost, that appears in Don Giovanni, comes as an animated statue; and the ghost in the "Corsican Brothers" wears a clean shirt and unimpeachable pair of trousers. But the regular ghost never condescends to wear any other attire than white flowing drapery; never, in the face, looks anything but blue; never walks, but glides; never speaks, but solemnly intones; never comes out till night, and never goes home till the morning. Never having seen a real ghost, we are obliged to resort to the stage to ascertain its appearance. We have been

given to understand, on the authority of W. Shakespeare, late of Stratford-on-Avon, that the stage holds up the mirror to nature; also, we conclude, to super-nature. We were therefore distressed by the first ghost we ever saw on the stage making its appearance through a square hole in the middle of the floor; in fact, coming to business in, or on, a trap. This did not look supernatural. Neither did the ghost that was shunted on, and found it quite as much as it could do to keep its footing; neither did the ghost that walked on and off, and that, having disappeared at the wing, we actually beheld imbibing porter with the prompter; neither, above all, did the ghost that we once saw on the boards of a traveling theatre, and which, in hurried obedience to the admonitions of the impresario to "cut it short," appeared before the murder was committed, and was greeted with derisive shouts.

The stage shook our faith in ghosts. They were far too corporeal. It appeared to us very material that a spiritual apparition should be immaterial, and therefore the poet had the advantage of the player. But how to raise a ghost? That, in our younger and more speculative days, was a subject which often occurred to us. Our idea of ghost raising was not that of these days, when a well dressed company sit round a table, as if they were going to play at a game, and wait for rapping messages from the dead, through the agency of a wooden medium. We turned to the pages of the elder necromancers, who were ready to execute that utterly useless document, in a legal point of view, a deed without a name. When the inquirer came to the necromancer in the dead of night, in some dismal solitude, he witnessed the geometric forms marked out, and had a place assigned within a ghastly circle of human skulls; the incantation sounded, the demand was made:—

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you came to know it, answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Among the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though blade corn be lodg'd and trees blown down,
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though pyramids and palaces do slope;*

and so on, until the necromancer showed you what you wanted, and your blood curdled, and your hair rose, and your heart smote you for the dark deed, as the thing summoned from the charnel house turned its Gorgon face upon you and asked—"What wouldest thou?"

A ghost like this was something like a ghost, and very unlike in its conduct to ghosts of the rapping denomination; it appeared, it disappeared, a phantom, a vapor, laughing a churchyard laugh at bullets, and fully justifying the remark that a man who stabbed a ghost would stick at nothing.

* This expression is *not* employed in its modern American sense.

COLD CHRISTMAS?—NO!

I.

Cold Christmas? No!
Our Christmas is not cold;
Although the north winds blow,
And pile the drifting snow,
And the beech trees on the freezing wold
Rock sadly to and fro.
Our Christmas bears a warm, true heart;
His face is red with glee:
And he jests and laughs,
And he sings and quaffs:
He was never unkind to me, my love:
May he never be cold to thee!
Cold Christmas? No! no! no!
Cold Christmas! Say not so:
He is warm and bright,
And he brings delight
To the hearts both of high and low.

II.

Old Christmas? No!
Though states and kingdoms wear,
And change and ruin grow
From ages as they flow;
He's as light of tread, as young and fair
As a thousand years ago.
The morning beams are always new,
And scatter blessings free;
And the Christmas Day
Is as new as they;
He was never old to me, my love;
May he never grow old to thee!
Old Christmas? No! no! no!
Old Christmas! say not so;
He shall never part
With his youth of heart
While there's love in this world below.

PUNCH AND JUDY DOGS.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A CHRISTMAS RETROSPECTION.

It was Christmas week. In a goodly-sized, first-floor front room, in a back street in Seven Dials, sat a middle aged man—he was almost underneath the window; he could certainly not see out of it without rising, neither could you see much of him in his shaded position. Before him was a moveable impromptu cobbler's stall, with all appliances and means to boot. He was occupied soleing a broken down slipper, whilst two or three odd fellows lay at his feet waiting their turn for a fresh start in the world. Rather a large four-poster, with a variegated patchwork quilt over it, and two Maltese terriers peeping from under it, just washed and combed, besides other things, filled up a considerable space. A Punch and Judy show, merely the frame, with proscenium and side scenes, which served to hang any spare wearing apparel on and to stow away lumber in, was jammed against the wall. A half open cupboard displayed the secrets of the larder, and on some shelves to the right of the fireplace stood a few plates, cups and saucers, the magic teapot and some cooking utensils, the appearances of which indicated recent use. The walls were decorated with colored prints, most conspicuous amongst which were "The Derby Day" and "Rail *versus* Road," also some dogs' heads, photograph family likenesses, and a clever sketch by an artist of their own exhibition, with a crowd of children laughing and pushing around it. An extra chair or two, a chest of drawers between the windows, and two stuffed dogs and some torn songs on the top of them, almost completed the inventory of the goods and chattels of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, joint proprietors and managers of Punch's Theatre Royal of Fun.

The female partner of these time honored puppets was sitting at the opposite window to her husband, the projecting drawers hiding them from each other's sight, but from time to time they threw out with such violence their respective views on the opening of the season that it is quite as well they were out of arm's reach. This arrangement has undoubted advantages in the *argumentum ad hominem*, or strong talk in differences of opinion—looking daggers being far more poignant than speaking them; a reconciliation is, in consequence, rendered easier by the moderating influence of a screen. She was a pleasant looking woman, when she liked, about five and thirty years of age, tall, stout and well proportioned, but so extremely masculine and decided in manner, voice and action, that she at once struck you as being marvelously well adapted to play her part in the rough character of money taker to a mob, or traveling treasurer to a St. Giles' tramp. At the present she was busily employed on the wardrobe of the all important *dramatis personæ* of the establishment. Before her on the chair was an open box, in which still reposed some of the minor actors; on a table by her side lay in brilliant grandeur the god of laughter, the king of jokers, merry making, riotous and facetious Punch. His beaming nose shed around him a lustre of jollity, his cunning eyes sparkled with wit and good humor; his cap and bells tinkled and shook with the fresh follies and fun in store for us; whilst his belly and hump, bloated and puffed with vanity and success, gave him that air of mysterious power so necessary to inspire awe and respect over his spell-bound subjects. Yes! there he lay, his little feet dangling over the table, grinning in mockery at us, as races, fairs, sea-side promenades, returning holiday times, and windows crowded with fat little laughing faces, passed before him in anticipated enjoyment. He was fully prepared for his labors, his new gaudy-colored suit, his freshly-painted face, and vigorous air betokening the giant refreshed; for, excepting through the temptation of a few Christmas evenings, he had lain dormant these twelve months. By his side reposed the patient and enduring Judy. The villain eyed her like a tyrant; her cap was starched, her modest, unassuming gown, well plaited and ironed. She seemed, however, humbled and timid, as if conscious of her own insignificance allied to so much genius and greatness. The undaunted constable, black and blue with authority, came next, the tit-bits from favorite areas teeming through his varnish. The wide-mouthed vermilion-lipped clown, with his stiffened topknot and whitewashed wig, loose folded collar, and capacious pockets, looked unutterables, bursting with mischief and "eager for the fray," whilst the "counterfeit presentment" of Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy lay sulky and sullen, side by side, anxious for the "spirit-stirring call of Time."

All these admirable preparations had been effected single-handed by the industry and professional ability of Mrs. Humphrey alone, who really loved her Punch business, and, to say the truth, was looking forward with no small degree of pleasure to the coming campaign; and as from time to time she eyed her revived favorites, a gleam of satisfaction lit up her stolid features. At the moment we write of, however, something had gone amiss; a cloud lowered o'er her wrinkled brow, but as the changes of female temperament are unaccountably sudden, and the cause often lost in the effect, our explanation must necessarily be mere conjecture. On the lid of the open box lay, in an unselected mass, the supernumeraries of her troupe. They had all been done justice to, and had passed through the expensive ordeal of a refit, as well as a strict review. Facing her, at the other end of the lid, in dismal confusion and evident postponement, lay the paraphernalia of death—the last scene of all, the moral of fun, the tragic comedy of "Punch;" pointing towards her with warning expression were the miniature gallows, with its little, empty hempen necklace, the black-stained coffin, and the sombre pall; it must be admitted, not, even professionally viewed, the most cheering playthings to handle or gaze upon. As it is impossible to tell with any certainty the precise cause of her ire, it is only charitable to suppose that these objects might have upset her, or that our diligent manageress had unexpectedly at the moment run the needle into her finger, being engaged stitching on the tail of the "Gentleman in Black," which terrifying weapon had not only been lengthened, but had likewise undergone the delicate operation of having its sting fresh pointed. Be it as it may, it was an unfortunate occurrence, and his Satanic Majesty had no doubt somehow got mixed up in the matter, for at the self same instant her husband, putting out his pipe, exclaimed from behind his barrier of drawers in provoking tenderness:—

"Well, Sal, how are yer a-getting on?"

"Drat yer, wot, yer woke up at last, 'ave yer, yer lazy fool?" I need scarcely say that she had withdrawn her finger from her mouth, where she had for immediate relief just thrust it. "Why don't yer mind yer business? Hif it wasn't for you, we needn't turn out at all, and go dragging about the country, like two vagabonds with a scaffolding."

"Now, then, hold 'ard, Sal. Vothever yer do, don't say a vord agen ''is Majesty' whereby we gains our hindependence."

"Who did? I'll tell yer wot——"

At this threatened commencement of a long-winded lecture, the showman inserted two fingers into his waistcoat pocket and tweezer like drew out a small silver plate, which, putting between his teeth, he gave the well known "Groo, oo, oo, wee, whew" of the popular farceur.

"Hold yer noise, yer brute, that's all yer fit for. Don't yer wish yer was at it in arnest?"

"Without telling a word of a lie, Sal, I does. So looky yere, just pop over to the Crown and see if Ned Carter's about."

"Well, wot's the use o' that, where's Toby? I haint a going to 'ave no Punch without no Toby;" and she drew herself up indignant at the idea. "Why, there's Bill Marks has got two on 'em."

"I don't care ow many he's got," replied her husband in a tone of encouragement; "besides, they're fresh ketched uns; hif our one comes back, *as he did last year*, we didn't ought to mind ow many Tobys is in the field."

"But supposin' he don't?"

"Ah! but he will, I tell yer; I as a conwiction he will, and more, I'm sure I heard him sniff under the door the other night while we was a bed. So here, be orf and see if yer can't find Ned, and bring us in a drink;" saying which he handed her a shilling, the price of peace. It was a bad one, and the sly rascal knew it, and laughed to himself. The door had scarcely closed, however, ere she returned and threw it at his head, saying, "Do yer want me to be tooked for smashing?"

"Oh lor, Sal!" he quaintly replied, "here's another; I knows where I took the bad un."

"More fool you, then," she added, and flounced out of the room.

During the absence of his better half in search of Ned Carter and the drink, Mr. Humphrey rose up and approached the recumbent puppets, slaves obedient to his pantomimic will. On his legs the shoemaker showman was a different man from what you would have expected to find him; he was taller, more athletic and energetic than he appeared while crouched and stooping over his wax ends. Lantern-jawed and lean-faced, he had still a lively brightness of eye, and a sharp expression of feature which proved that love of the comical, without which he could not have set the people in a roar, and have succeeded in gaining the reputation of being the first Punch of the day, and entitled to the honorable distinction of Royal and Original.

Seizing his cherished idol firmly by the the middle, he inserted his hand underneath the sacred precincts of the folds of its parts-colored robes, so as to have full command of the action of the fingers; next taking the dejected Judy by the same sensitive part, and gently insinuating his remaining digits into the mysteries of her modest print, he held the two representatives of our great matrimonial farce with extended arms high mid-air, and face to face. "Ah! ah! my dears, here we are again," he shouted; then changing into the more appropriate but unknown tongue of "Ri-too-ey, too-ey, too-ey," he set them bowing, dancing, jumping and giggling to the popular air of an irresistible jig. After continuing this hilarity a short time, he suddenly produced the dreaded cudgel, the delight of lookers-on, the grand settler of doubts and disputes in the domestic drama, and vigorously applying it to the occiput of the poor unoffending wife, with stunning effect, he laughed at the handiwork which had so suddenly terminated her weak and confiding display of love, no doubt intended as an outburst of pure affection, and from which she sank exhausted into the arms of her caitiff lord. Bending over her with an earnest air and inquiring attitude, he gave a low and melancholy nasal groan, which so far revived her that the tyrant jumped for joy, and in playful dalliance actually embraced her, and then beat her again and again. The rehearsal of his deceitful love-making, however, was cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps; so, replacing the dolls as near as possible in the position that he found them, he quickly drew his chair to the fireplace, and replenished his pipe; by the time he had accomplished this, his offended wife and the required Ned Carter entered the door, followed (unperceived by any one but ourselves, gentle reader), by a diminutive black dog, who, creeping noiselessly and stealthfully under the bed, succeeded in reaching the skeleton theatre, where he lay securely hid, close behind the seat of his expectant master.

Mr. Carter's position was of so much importance to the success of the concern, that it is necessary we should give a slight description of both the man and his calling. He was very tall, very thin, very artful looking, and very much pitted by small pox; he wore a battered black hat, or rather the ruins of one, ornamented with a piece of seedy crape, very much wrinkled; a long greasy top coat, trousers and vest uncommonly rubbed and worn in front, terminating in huge anklejacks. He was, what is called amongst his own class, "the music," "band," "waits" and other fancy appellations of distinction; which vocation being one that destined him to make a noise in the world, he looked upon it with becoming pride and exacted a certain respect due to all professionals. He was master of the drum, and excelled upon the pan pipes and fiddle, and indulged the public with variations of their beloved airs on these instruments with such spirit and effect that he won the hearts of Whitechapel and St. Giles', and was, when not on the road, an invaluable assistant at all their merry meetings, penny exhibitions and tap room orgies; he had few equals and found plenty of employment. Whilst at work he had a melancholy, thinking air, and, with half shut eyes and upraised head, assumed an attitude of inspired and lofty expression, which is the clap trap or secret of all great conductors and popular leaders. His present engagement introduced him, for the first time, to the new responsibilities of Interpreter to *Punch*, having to satisfy the great man's urgent requests, to ask and answer many questions, solve riddles and otherwise explain to the audience many little bits of by play or gag, which gave him opportunities for repartee and that sort of wit which delights the gods and small boys, much after the fashion of the clown in the ring, and his dandified, consequential supporter, the "gentleman with the whip."

Turning his head without rising, the keen cobbler recognised him with a friendly "Well, Ned."

"Well, guv'nor," replied the instrumental; "'ow about it?"

"We strikes up o' Monday, Ned."

"Hif so be as we gets a Toby," put in the imperative spouse.

"Wot! ain't yer got no Toby?" inquired the famed blower and banger of melodies.

"Yes," said Humphrey, hesitatingly, and without raising his eyes; "that is, he's a comin'; I means the old un."

"Never!" quickly answered the shrewd treasurer and directress; "never! Why, Ned, we ain't set eyes on him the Lord knows how long."

"Oh, well, then it's werry likely he's a com——"

"You knows nothing about wot yer a talkin' hof, Ned; so, yer see, yer've got somut to larne, as well as unlarne yet," sharply replied Mr. Humphrey. "Pour us out a drop all round, and then I'll conwince yer both as 'ow, hif Toby's alive, I've got reasons to think we shall see him afore the week's out."

Having obeyed the order, and each having drank to the other with better spirit, and rough sincerity, "Good luck to all, and ourselves in particular," the experienced showman, first lighting his pipe, commenced to explain his superstitious forebodings in the following words:—"It's pretty nigh three-and-twenty years ago now since I first took to Punching. We had a rare set o' figures—Uncle made 'em and showed 'em, pulled the string, and did the playwork. Father was band, and a werry good un he was too, although I says it, and yo'r here to hear it, Ned. I collected the a-pence, and gave 'em to uncle or father, and sometimes took a turn at carrying the theatre. When I joined we had no Toby, and couldn't see one nowhere. At last, one Sunday morning, father and I was out at Camberwell for a stroll, when we spies a little, a werry little dog, a sitting at the corner of the old churchyard, a thinking and dull like. He was all a yellow colored un, except his fore paws, and they was white up to the knees. Father ups to him quick, without flinching, and says he, 'Holloa, Toby!' on which he puts on a begging position, and sets hisself up. 'He'll do,' says father; 'he's a Toby—a real un. Look out, Dick, and see as all's clear.' Which when I sees it was, and gives the office, he whips him into his inside welveteen shootin' jacket pocket like a rabbit, or anything else as was small enough. Well, we carries 'im home all right, and sets to work at once to edicate him; which in course he wanted werry little on, as natur ad perwided 'im with all the information necessary for a Toby afore startin' 'im. We then dyes his legs, to avoid any humpertinent questions, the same color as the rest on 'im, and plays 'im the werry next day in public, and a regular good un he turned out. He liked the elewating business, and tried his werry best."

At this point of the address both Mrs. Humphrey's and the "band's" eyes grew larger, and assumed a more wide-awake expression. The former even condescended to mark her approval of the address by advancing as far as the mantelpiece, on which, in an interested attitude, she leant with one arm; whilst the latter's movements denoted a strong inclination to "strike up."

Uninterrupted, the head of the firm, in a more serious tone, slowly continued, "The end o' the season come round; it was our last day out, and Toby was a-walking along behind us, frill and all on, when, just as we turned into a square to set up for a farewell to a old customer, whose kids was ill, we misses Toby. It was no use a-looking about: he worn't there. We calls and calls, father and hi, and Punch calls; but he never come a-nigh. He was horf; and huncle says, 'Move on; cut it; it's o' no use; he's wanished.' I've 'ad two afore as come the same dodge; but they both come round agen the next Punch season; *and so did he*."

His mistress of the wardrobe, unable to stand it any longer, here exclaimed, "Oh, my! what a——"

"Now, Sal!" mildly but chidingly responded the relator of facts; "let's have no none o' that! the subject's too horful. 'Them Tobies,' says huncle, 'ain't like no other dogs, *hif so be as they is dogs at all*, which I werry much doubts. Did yer hever know any one as bred one? Can yer tell me what class as they belongs to? Or did yer ever know where to find one? No dog show in Hingland 'as 'em; they ain't in the "fancy;" yer never seed a female vun, and yer can't buy a Toby for love nor money.'"

At this information his listeners looked a trifle more reconciled and approving.

"'Directly you gets one,' continued huncle, 'put a frill and loin cloth on 'em as soon as yer can, they can't abare to be bare; they expects it on yer, and looks for 'em.' Then see the way theys treated by all other tykes; they dreads 'em, and pays them out-and-out respect, gives them plenty o' room, and don't take no liberties with 'em, nor push 'em and knock 'em about like commoners. Why, bless yer, I'se been myself manys a time in society where there's been half a dozen or more o' fighting dogs, thoroughbred bulls, warments as 'd face any mortal thing, and when I've come in with my Toby some of the blokes as don't know no better 'd cry hout 'Mind yer Toby; yer'll have yer Toby killed,' and sich like; but, lor! it was always all right, I never pays no attention to 'em; they only 'as a good stare at im, and maybe one or two o' the boldest may perhaps make so free as to sniff 'im; there never was one born yet as 'd touch or 'urt a sacred air on 'im. There's something about 'm beyond my ideas altogether, but they b'ain't popular none the more for all that, and I shouldn't like to trust 'em about much without their character dress on for fear o' jealousy or rewenge." This last was a great hit, the audience giving him strong signs of approval and encouragement to proceed, which he did at once, first whetting his whistle, and passing the bottle.

"More ways nor one," he continued, "the Tobies puts me werry much in mind o' them terrible looking beaks, and bigwigs at the Old Bailey, as deals hout portions o' penal to the lads for what, p'rhaps, in their naturs, they can't help theirselves from adoing of—I means desplaying of their born propensities and talens. Well, when I looks on them coves dressed up in them red and white robes and gowns, and wigs all powdered, and a-talking all the sarce imaginable, casting aw' all around and about 'm by their howdacious confidence, and the way they puts it to yer, and looks into the jury; then I thinks to myself, and wonders if they be honely like us, made o' flesh and blood, full o' hevil thoughts and ways. I says to myself, says I, I just should like for once to see one on yer without them thundering thingamibobs, and black overhauls on, which yer keeps pulling at like sailors a-hitching up their leg gear; but there, nobody never did, and they takes precious good care as yer shan't; whatever becomes on 'm arter they vanishes out of court nobody ever knowed, but, like the Tobies, I don't think it would be over and above safe for 'em to run agen some of their old conwicted without their frills on.

"Talking o'that, I never eard anyone yet as could give more nor a guess, no reglar hexplanation like I means, as to wherever on hearth the Tobies all comes from, though, once in a conwersation with a chap as ad been a listening to me ernestly; he says, says he, 'as I was up early one morning, just about daybreak, and a coming down the Great Northern Road in a milk cart, all of a sudden I sees on a head o' me about six o' them Tobies, all yellow and white, and black and white uns, wonderful small uns, which they all is, with tails curled all hover their backs, which they all as', galloping along towards London like winking, so as we couldn' overtake 'em, and that afore they got there they separated one at a time, and took different roads for hentering the great city;' which is werry like might be true, as that was just the time as our Toby come 'ome ag'in, and then he says that the one as he followed went right straight down the Hedgeware read, and turned horf into Oxford street, which is werry likely too, as that leads to Bill Mark's, and no doubt was his'n. At any rate, be all this as it may, I knows nobody as knows much consarning the horigin of the Tobies and their love o' Punch, excepting that they always plays much better when they be together, and that they parfectly understands one another, and that they're allowed to be and is a National Institution, and is werry hinstructive and amusing to all classes, young and old."

At the conclusion of this narration the mender of soles looked slily up to see the effect of his harangue.

"Ned," he said, "you seems somewot dubersome."

"I don't believe one word on it," interruped Mrs. Humphrey, "and if you thinks as 'ow or agoing to cram us with all that gammon yer mistaken."

"Well," replied her excited husband, "hit's as true as I'm here, and I feels sartin sure as our Toby'll come back. Hive that sort o' *strong conwiction* wich makes me feel no doubt on it. He's been afore me these ever so many days, and I keeps on a seeing on him, him my mind's hi, I means. I heven thinks I twigged 'im run round the corner yesterday; but there, it's a no use a calling to 'im in the ornary way, 'Toby, Toby, Toby,' or a wistling, you might do that till yer wor as black in the face as he, they never turns at the natral woice. You must ring 'im out a tip-top professional, 'Toobee, Tooooobee, Tooooobee,' " at the same time suiting the action to the word. A loud scream of fright and surprise burst from Mrs. Humphrey, "There, there!" she shrieked, pointing to the showman's legs, between which now sparkled a pair of lynx like eyes. Looking down for an instant, Humphrey sprang to his understandings, rushing back with uplifted, agitated arms; by this sudden and violent movement the decayed beer of the "Band" was hurled on to the bed, and the accomplished musician himself sent reeling on to the unsuspecting cobbler's stall, where, being received on the murderous point of a disturbed awl, he rebounded with agonised velocity into the arms of the vanquished Manageress, whilst the frenzied manipulator of the puppets, holding up the terrified Toby by the neck in one hand, snatched out the instrument of torture from his comrad with the other, regardless of consequences and everything, exclaiming in his triumph, "Hurrah, hurrah! I told yer so, did yer so!" dancing and Ri-ti-too-ing it to a fearful extent. As soon as their feelings were sufficiently calmed, particularly Mr. Carter's, the bottle proving empty, our party retired without delay across the road to the comfortable parlor of the Crown, drowning in copious libations all doubts for the future to "strong convictions," and renewing fresh pledges of faith and belief in the potency of Punch, and the mysteries of by

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

BY A BILIOUS ONE.

An actor sits in doubtful gloom,
His stock in trade unfurled,
In a damp, funereal dressing room
In the Theatre of the World.

He comes to town at Christmas time,
And braves its icy breath,
To play in that favorite pantomime,
Harlequin Life and Death.

A hoary, flowing wig his weird,
Unearthly cranium caps;
He hangs a long, benevolent beard
On a pair of empty chaps.

To smooth his ghastly features down
The actor's art he cribs;
A long and a flowing padded gown
Bedecks his rattling ribs.

He cries, "Go on—begin, begin,
Turn on the light of lime—
I'm dressed for jolly Old Christmas, in
A favorite pantomime!"

The curtain's up—the stage all black—
Time and the Year nigh sped—
Time as an advertising quack—
The Old Year nearly dead.

The wand of Time is waved and lo,
Revealed Old Christmas stands,
And little children chuckle and crow,
And laugh and clap their hands.

The cruel old scoundrel brightens up
At the death of the Olden Year,
And he waves a gorgeous golden cup
And bids the world good cheer.

The little ones hail the festive King,
No thought can make them sad,
There laughter comes with a sounding ring,
They clap and crow like mad!

They only see in the humbug old
A holiday every year,
And handsome gifts and joys untold
And unaccustomed cheer.

The old ones, palsied, blear and hoar,
Their breasts in anguish beat—
They've seen him seventy times before—
How well they know the cheat!

They've seen that ghastly pantomime,
They've felt its blighting breath,
They know that rollicking Christmas time
Means Cold and Want and Death.

They knew Old Christmas well, I ween,
Those men of ripened age,
They've often, often, often seen
That Actor off the stage.

They see in his gay rotundity
A clumsy stuffed out dress—
They see in the cup he waves on high
A tinselled emptiness.

Those aged men, so lean and wan,
They've seen it all before;
They know they'll see the charlatan
But twice or three times more.

And so they bear with dance and song
And crimson foil and green;
They wearily sit, and grimly long
For the Transformation Scene.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

The year is full of anniversaries. From the first of January to the last day of December we have annual festivals and annual feasts, or days that might be so observed if we commemorated all the events which took place upon them. Centuries ago, when these things were more cared for than they are now, a goodly host of fasts and feasts had to be given up in consequence of the interruption to labor which their constant recurrence occasioned. And now-a-days we observe but very few.

The Christmas festival commemorates the birth of our Saviour, and has been so observed for more than twelve centuries. But it is important to notice that the 25th of December is not to be taken as the actual day of the Nativity—it simply commemorates that event; the actual day is unknown, and the difference of opinion on this subject is remarkable. A similar diversity of opinion prevails as to the year.

The early Christians placed the baptism of Christ about the beginning of the fifteenth year of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, and hence, reckoning back thirty years, they placed his birth in the forty-third year of the Julian period, the forty-second of Augustus, and the twenty-eighth after the victory at Actium. This differs more than three years from our modern chronology. This opinion generally prevailed until the beginning of the sixth century, when Dionysius Exiguus invented the present style. No less than one hundred and forty different opinions have been advanced as to the exact year when the event took place. Some of these are preposterously absurd; others deserving of attention on account of their show of probability; but all of them open to the criticism of chronologists. The taxing under Augustus, however, fixes the date within a circumscribed limit, and the precise year is of no positive importance.

The day of the birth has offered an opportunity for a diversity of opinion, which has placed it in every month of the year. The Egyptian Christians held that it fell in January, and, according to the new style of reckoning. Russia, which still adheres to the old style, has her Christmas festival in January. Wagenseil insists on the birth having occurred in February; Bochart in March; and several authors, quoted by Clement of Alexandria, in April. Other learned men have placed it in May. Epiphanius speaks of some who placed it in June, and of others who held that it happened in July. Wagenseil, not quite sure as to February being the right month, suggests that it might be August. Lightfoot places it on the 15th of September; Scaliger and others in October: others, again, in November; the Latin Church in December. At one period the 6th of December was declared to be the proper anniversary; and the feast was solemnized at Cyprus on that day as early as the fourth century. The 25th of December was at length decided to be the appropriate season for the anniversary; and, although serious objections may be urged against this being the real day, or even the actual month, the commemoration may as well be observed then as at any other time, especially as it has been recognized for so long a period, and any change would only be from one doubtful day to another still more doubtful.

There was, in the days when Christianity was beginning to spread among the Pagan nations of Europe, a desire on the part of the missionaries to accommodate, in all that was innocent and unobjectionable, the new religion to the customs of the people among whom they preached. Whether or not they were justified in this it is unnecessary to inquire; that they did so is an established fact. It was the practice among all idolatrous nations to celebrate the beginning of the year with rejoicings in honor of their fabled deities. Logs were burnt and beasts were slain, and houses hung with evergreens. To yield up these practices was uncongenial to a semi-barbarous people, although they were ready enough to change their faith. To meet the predilections of these races, the Christmas festival might very well be held in December, and the hospitality and merry-making be still allowed, though for a different object than that for which they were originally established. It needs no great antiquarian research to show that the yule log blazed in honor of northern deities—that the wassail bowl was quaffed in praise of Wodin and Thor—that the mistletoe was collected, cut down with a silver knife, by white-robed priests of heathenism—that Scandinavians, and Anglo-Saxons, and Druids, and ancient Romans, and Greeks, and Egyptians celebrated customs very similar to Christmas customs long before there was any Christmas festival to keep.

Hence we find a number of curious superstitions about Christmas and the New Year—superstitions which have had their origin in Paganism, though some of them have been adapted, and, as it were, christened by the Church of the Middle Ages. Hamlet says:—

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrate,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And they say no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

It used to be asserted that at Christmas time not only was the cock "merry," but the owl for twelve days was sprightly, and conducted itself after a fashion singularly at variance with its usually exclusive habits. At twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve all water was said to blush, and for a moment turn to wine; the bees in their hives were heard to sing; dumb animals were gifted with speech, and that oxen knelt down in adoration; the dead trees put forth tender buds of hope and subterranean bells were heard ringing sweetly and softly for the birth of the Lord!

These quaint superstitions were held with tenacity by many honest country folk, after they had been banished from the popular mind. It was asserted that after the alteration of the style, the oxen still persisted in adhering to the old Christmas Eve, and one good man went so far as to state that he had witnessed the two oldest oxen fall upon their knees at twelve o'clock, and "make a cruel moan, like Christian creatures." Perhaps if the good man had watched every night, he might have seen the same thing; tired oxen will rest themselves, and are not always silent.

The Christmas superstitions already mentioned were not expressive of any baneful influence; but it was supposed that, in revenge for the restraint put upon them on Christmas Day, the powers of darkness became afterwards the more rampant. Olaus Magnus, Metropolitan of Sweden, declared that about Christmas time there was a strange mutation of men into animals, in the cold, northern parts of the country; that in a certain place, and on a certain night there was a gathering of a huge multitude of wolves, that were changed from men—men who made beasts of themselves at Christmas—and who, during that night, raged with such fierceness against mankind, that the people suffered more hurt from them than they ever did from "natural true wolves." The winter season in the north is very well known to be severe enough to render the wolves so bold in their depredations as to bring them near, and even into the towns in search of food; and this, no doubt, originated the fable. At Christmas time, or on the eve of the New Year, it was supposed possible for a maiden to summon, by certain charms—not her own personal charms, which are allowable witchery—her future husband to her side; and dismal stories were told, with tragical endings, as to what became of those presumptuous wenches who thus sought to find out before the time who was coming to woo them. Another superstition took the form of requiring every "spinster" to finish the work upon her wheel before Christmas, lest at her wedding day her spinning wheel should follow her to church, and twit her with her idleness. She might, however, conjure down the sprite of the wheel by sprinkling a little salt over it; for salt, in all superstitious practices, was held to triumph over everything evil.

It is curious to trace these superstitions clinging around the Christmas festival, but it is pleasing to know that even superstition became subordinate to the good influences of the season. Over everything, however dark and dangerous it was supposed to be, the great Christian festival wrought powerfully for good.

The ancient hospitality was conducted on a magnificent scale. There was open house kept by all who had the wherewithal to give; the cooks and turnspits had heavy work to do; and logs blazed bravely in the hall, where knight and squire, baron and bishop, serf and vassal, the traveler and the stranger, master and servant, sat down together and feasted and made merry. But there was always something in the feast to tell of its commemorative character. The carolers, who sang, of "comfort and joy," dwelt on the events related in the Gospels or embodied in tradition; the boar's head, the yule log, the evergreens, were all supposed to be significant of Christian mystery; but most of all, and best of all, was the spirit of good will and charity which prevailed, and dealt an ampler *largesse* to the poor on that than any other feast day.

Because of the paganism which intermingled with the Christianity of our ancient forefathers in their Christmas customs, the Puritans set their faces steadily against Christmas observances and would have nothing to do with them. They saw "idolatry in crust," and even in the shape of Christmas pies, which were made something after the fashion of a rude cradle. Butler, the satirist, on this matter says, sharply:—

"Rather than fail, they do defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge."

Sharply, we say; for we should respect a man's conscientious objections, whatever form they take; and it is no part of Christian feeling, or Christmas kindliness, to quarrel with those who differ from us. "Bear and forbear"—that is the best motto. To wrangle because every one thinks not after the same pattern is only akin to quarreling with every man who is not of the same height and complexion as ourselves. No dinner is improved by sharp controversy, or the bitterness of a bad argument. Let us throw open our doors wide; let us admit all that can enlighten, and elevate, and cheer; let us talk of things "old and new," and learn to walk sociably, generously with our fellows. The end of Christianity is only to be attained in a reign of beneficence, and that reign will never be advanced by discord or disunion.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the craving lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand years of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS BOXES.—It was anciently a custom to carry a box from door to door for the collection of little presents at Christmas. In an old work, entitled "The Athenian Oracle," it is stated that formerly it was a custom for the monks to offer masses for the safety of all ships that went on long voyages; to each ship a little box was affixed (under the custody of the priest) into which the sailors put money or other valuables, in order to secure the prayers of the church. At Christmas these boxes were opened, and were thence called "Christmas Boxes." In order that no person, however indigent, should omit these presents, the poor were encouraged to beg "box money" of their richer neighbors, to enable them to add to the priests' perquisites. The custom of "Christmas boxing" has been observed throughout England ever since.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Personalia.

HERR LOEWENTHAL has again entered the field as a Chess Editor, from which he has been for some time illy spared, having taken charge of a column equally ample and admirable in the "*Glowworm*" newspaper.

SIGNOR DUBOIS is preparing a new and enlarged edition of his work on the openings, to be soon published in French and Italian.

HERR SCHULTEN has lately distinguished himself by contesting four games with Herr Neumann and coming off even.

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN, a member of the British Chess Association, was present and honored with a toast at the recent banquet of the Westminster C. C.

F. EUGENE BRENZINGER, our old friend and correspondent, has again appeared in Chess. We shall next week give a well fought game between him and Mr. Perrin.

MR. G. REICHHELM'S 13-move mate, of some little time since, has been copied in *Bell's Life*. Mr. R. has again favored the CLIPPER with some original contributions.

MR. SELIM FRANKLIN, formerly President of the San Francisco C. C., and winner of a Tournament, is in the 2d Class of the Handicap Tourney of the B. C. A. Unless he has improved in promptness of play, the time limitation, if nothing else, will kill him.

British Chess Association.

The subject of interest to the Chess world at present is the great semi-annual metropolitan Tourney of the above society. The prizes offered are unusually varied and interesting. Those who have heretofore grumbled about all the inducements being held out to foreign players, to the disregard of English amateurs, must surely be silenced now, for this Tourney is arranged to call out and reward native talent. But, as Mr. Stanton can testify, the grumblers will still enact the *role* of the *gobemouche*, and we wager our newest "tile" that even this great Caissan festival will come in for its share. There is another feature, as we think, to be especially commended. The funds at the disposal of the managers, instead of being lavished in one or two great prizes overshadowing all the rest, are now disposed in a more equable series, the number being proportionately increased. An altogether unusual number of prizes, the gift of private munificence, are presented for competition.

THE HANDICAP TOURNEY

has commanded the unusual number of twenty-four entries, the greatest name that we have seen, thus far, being Herr Steinitz, who, with Messrs. De Vere and Blackburne and the Rev. Dr. McDonnell, form the 1st Division of the 1st Class; the 2d Div., 1st Class, being Messrs. Lowe, Wisker, Lord, Newham and Gossip. The classification extends to the 4th. The rest need not be particularized; and the whole system of handicapping will be understood when we say that the 1st Div., 1st Class, gives move to 2d Div., Pawn and move to 2d Class, P and Q to 3d Class, and Kt to 4th. The 4 prizes amount to over £40. Each pair play one game only, exclusive of draws, and the average time allowed for each move is four minutes.

THE CHALLENGE CUP TOURNEY

has commanded the very fine list of entries which follows:—Messrs. Cecil de Vere (present holder), Wormald (champion Westminster C. C.), Bird, Wisker, Blackburne, Lord, Cuthbertson, W. J. Hampton, Rev. Messrs. Owen and Skipworth, and Rev. Dr. McDonnell, S. T. P. The non-entrance of S. S. Boden, is much regretted. Whoever wins this trophy now has got to do earnest battle for it, and no mistake.

THE GLOWWORM PRIZES,

of £20 and £5, are proposed, like the "Cup," to English players only. The entrance is free, and twenty competitors have honored the generous offer. We are pleased to see the name of T. Smith, the distinguished problematist, in this list.

THE MONGREDIEN PRIZE

is also for English players only. This is 20 guineas, offered by the President of the London C. C. for "displacement" games. The object is temporarily to nullify book learning, and throw combatants upon their own genius and resources from the start. Nineteen players have entered for this amusing scramble, which may be looked upon as the humorous relief to the serious efforts of the meeting. The "displacements" are:—1st, both Knights to be on the King's side, and both Bishops on the Queen's; 2d, King and his Rook, and Queen and her Rook to change places; 3d, King and his Bishop, and Queen and her Bishop to change places.

A CONSULTATION PRIZE

of £20 has been offered by Henry Waite, of the London C. C., to promote matches of this interesting and instructive species of play. Nor is this the first time the Chess world has been indebted to this staunch friend for promoting the interests of the game.

BLINDFOLD PRIZES

are also provided, for which Mr. Blackburne and Herr Steinitz will contend. The various combats are to be distributed among the metropolitan clubs.

TO GEO. W. MEDLEY

all honor is due for his devotion to the labors of arranging this meeting. We await the results with much interest.

Enigma No. 655.

BY FRANK HEALEY.

at Q 7, K sq, Q 6, Q B 3d.

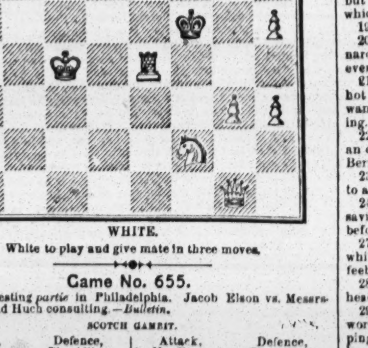
at Q 4, K R 3, K Kt 4, K B 5, Q B 4th.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

Problem No. 655.

BY WM. H. LYONS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 655.

An interesting *partie* in Philadelphia. Jacob Elson *vs.* Messrs. Hoskins and Huch consulting.—*Bulletin.*

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Elson.	Defence, The Allies.	Attack, Mr. Elson.	Defence, The Allies.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q to K R 4	Q Kt to R 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	11..P-K B 5	Q-K B 3
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	12..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-B 3
4..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Q-K R 5	Q Kt-K 4 (c)
5..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-R 3	14..Kt × R P	Kt-K B 6 +
6..Q-K R 5	Q-K B 3	15..K R × Kt	K × K Kt
7..Castles	P-Q 3	16..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K 4
8..P-K R 3	Castles (a)	17..P-K B 6 (d)	K R-Kt sq
9..P-K B 4	Q-Kt 3 (b)	18..B P × P	Q × Kt 2d P,

and Mr. Elson announces mate in nine moves.

(*a*) We prefer Q B to Q 2d, and Castles with Q R.
(*b*) This and the next move lose time.
(*c*) The Attack's reply to this move was either overlooked or not sufficiently considered by the allies.
(*d*) This administers the *coup de grace.*

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 37.—Vol. XVI.

Lately played between Messrs. Wilton and Dufort.

THE CROSS.

Black. Wilton.	White. Dufort.	Black. Wilton.	White. Dufort.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18	10..6 to 9	17 to 13
2..8 11	18 14	11..2 6(a)	26 22(b)
3..9 18	24 10	12..3 8	30 26
4..15 24	22 8	13..11 16	26 23
5..4 11	28 19	14..16 20	31 27
6..11 15	27 24	15..8 11	22 17(c)
7..7 11	25 22	16..15 18	32 23
8..5 9	29 25	17..11 15, and wins.	
9..9 14	22 17		

(*a*) "Laying back." (*b*) 26 to 23 is stronger. (*c*) There is nothing better.

Solution of Position No. 70.—Vol. XVI.

BY SAXBY.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..18 to 23	11 to 3	4..10 to 19	3 to 7
2..23 30	25 21	5..2 11	9 2
3..19 16	21 17	6..30 26, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 71.—Vol. XVI.

BY L. D. J. S.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 14	9 to 18	5..32 to 28	24 to 27
2..11 16	22 29	6..28 32	27 31
3..16 14	15 19	7..18 22, and wins.	
4..14 18	19 24		

Position No. 72.—Vol. 16.

BY J. BALLOR.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 73.—Vol. 16.

BY J. GREER.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE RING.

A MIDDLE WEIGHT ENCOUNTER

BETWEEN

PETER TEWEY AND JOHNNY BERNARD, FOR $200 A SIDE.

TEWEY THE WINNER IN 45 ROUNDS, 105 MINUTES.

The engagement previously alluded to in our columns between a brace of Iowa lads, named respectively Peter Tewey and Johnny Bernard, for $200 a side, at catch weight, was brought to a conclusion without molestation on the afternoon of Thursday, 5th inst., at Menominee Station. Tewey was born in England of Irish parents, twenty-nine years ago, and upon the day lowered the scales at 134 pounds, having been reduced about a dozen. According to his say he has stood up in the orthodox circle twice beyond the bounding billows of the Atlantic, though Fistiana fails to give him credit therefor. He is by trade a boiler maker and has for a long time past resided at Amboy, Ill., where on Thanksgiving Day he had a rough-and-tumble fight with a man weighing 185lbs., whom he whipped like breaking sticks. He is of the lank and lean kind, and had but very little superfluous flesh upon his "bag of bones," although he was still far from in proper condition for milling, his skin having a sallow hue, his eye being lustreless, and his *physique* showing a lack of muscle, which augured badly for him.

Bernard is a native of Montreal, in the New Dominion, has just turned twenty-two, and weighs, when ready for the fray, 147 pounds—nearly a score of pounds too heavy—due to carelessness, caused by over-confidence in his powers. He claims to have been matched sixteen times, and fought eleven battles, in nearly all of which he proved victor; but the only engagement upon record was with Frank Drew, who beat him for two centuries, near St. Joe, Mo., after battling 165 rounds in 2 hours and 20 minutes, March 30, 1867. He has gained some repute in the West and Northwest as a clog dancer, and has of late months given numerous exhibitions of his skill in that line, as well as with the mittens, in that section. He was in much poorer fix than his opponent, having, 'tis said, been "on the budge" ever since his arrival at Dubuque, several weeks prior, and on the night of the 4th inst. was sadly demoralised. His face was puffed and flabby, but when he stripped he showed an unexpected amount of muscle.

A special train was chartered at Dunleith to convey the "excursionists" over the Illinois Central Road to the locality chosen for the contest. Arrangements were also made for two trips of the ferryboat, to run in connection with the excursion train, the first leaving the landing at half past nine o'clock and the second at half past ten, the train to start at eleven. In consequence of a misunderstanding the train was delayed until half past one o'clock P. M. At that hour, well filled with passengers at four dollars for the round trip, it started from the Dunleith depot. The train ran down to Menominee station and there took the side track to await the battle. During the trip the passengers and the principals were in the best spirits, and every indication pointed to a good natured test of strength and skill. Betting was not very lively, as most of the party had lost confidence in Bernard, and odds of one hundred to ninety in favor of Tewey failed to find takers. Johnny, however, maintained a confident bearing, and expressed his faith in his ability to win easily. Arrived at Menominee station no time was lost in selecting the ground and setting the stakes. The selection was made on the flat south of the railroad, and within a stone's throw of it. In no respect could it have been made better. Protected by the bluffs, no inconvenience was experienced from the weather, and while easy of access the place was sufficiently retired to insure freedom from interference by local authorities. It was known before starting from Dunleith that a dispatch had been sent to the sheriff of Jo Daviess county, at Galena, notifying him of the proposed fight, asking him to interfere and break it up. Measures were taken to baffle the officers—of the character of which we need not particularise—and they were eminently successful. The train from Galena arrived before the preparations were completed, but, as was expected, no officers were on it. The coast was clear, and settlement was speedily made of the preliminaries. A referee was chosen without much trouble in the person of Bill Daily, while Charley Jones umpired for Bernard and R. Rusier for Tewey, the latter of whom won the toss, and selected the northwest corner. Johnny had for attendants Andy Routzong and Jim McNear, while Tewey was esquired by Paddy Coyle, of Bloomington, and Tom Cokely. The former wore a kerchief of orange hue, and Peter fought under the green flag of Ould Erin Go Bragh. Tewey offered to wager a V that he pulled off the event, which Johnny accepted instanter. Pat Coyle then stepped to the centre and made a brief speech, to the effect that they had come to see a square stand up fight, and there would be nothing to prevent it. Outsiders should not interfere in word or act, and he believed the men would do their best. If the battle should pass off quietly and satisfactorily there would be frequent repetitions of prize ring trials here. He enjoined good order and fair play. His remarks were received with applause, after which time was called, and the men advanced to the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Neither appeared over anxious to commence hostilities, and for a long time kept alternately advancing and retreating until the lookers-on became very impatient and urged them to open the ball. Finally, after a deal of weaving and feinting, Johnny essayed with his left, landing on the dial lightly and receiving a return on the chin. A few rapid exchanges ensued, and the round was ended with Tewey on his knees.

2. As before, they were at first shy, not being warmed to their work yet. Pete wouldn't give Johnny the chance he wanted, but repeatedly backed out of harm's way, until Bernard, somewhat riled, dashed in, but missed a well-intended shot with his left, which passed over Pete's shoulder, and the latter, after a light return, slipped down.

3. The men responded briskly to the call of time, and went to work for the first time with a will. Blows were well delivered on both sides, Tewey getting in a rattler on the face, and Bernard returning a roaster on the ribs. Then followed a clinch, Pete in chancery, but managing to slip down in time to avoid punishment.

4. Tewey evidently did not relish Bernard's hugging. He came up cautiously, making a feeble pass and receiving a terrible blow on the left cheek for his pains, when he went down.

5. Tewey's scarlet face told the story of the last round. He made a feint, and succeeded in getting a well directed but poorly delivered blow in on Bernard's forehead, and slipped down.

6. This was the best round of the battle. Both planted well, though Bernard's blows had the most weight. After countering on face and body, they clinched, Pete falling under, but rolling over. A claim of foul was made by the latter's seconds, alleging that Bernard was biting; not allowed.

7. After delivering a feeble blow Tewey went down. Bernard, in being taken to his corner, was dissatisfied with his handling, and made a vicious lunge at one of his seconds. For a moment there was a speck of war not recognized by the new rules of the prize ring; but the affair was forgotten in the prompt call of time.

8. Bernard made a pass, which was handsomely parried, when Johnny followed up with a rattler on Pete's jaw, and he went down.

9. Without a blow Johnny rushed for a clinch, which carried both to Tewey's corner, where the latter was thrown heavily.

10. After harmless exchanges Pete dropped, laughing.

11. Bernard had taken his cue, and again made a rush for a clinch, throwing Tewey and falling heavily upon him.

12. Tewey was now fighting carefully, his purpose being to avoid, as much as possible, the punishment of Bernard's blows and falls. After countering, the men clinched, and Tewey was thrown.

13. Bernard sent a terrible blow in on Pete's right eye, clinched, and was thrown heavily.

14. This was a clinch, in which Pete, as usual, went under. His seconds claimed a foul, for a blow delivered while he was down, but it was not allowed.

15. Bernard got a light one in, and Tewey dropped attempting to return it.

16. Bernard made a rush and delivered a blow that sent Pete spinning through the ropes.

17. Tewey had not recovered from his trip through the ropes, and got down as easily as possible.

18. Pete got one in on Bernard's mouth, and drew the claret, but was forced upon the ropes, where he again claimed a foul, which was not allowed.

19 Tewey tried the clinch, but was worsted.

20. Pete again clinched and slipped to his knees, where Bernard gave him a stinger. Foul was claimed, as evident to everybody, but again disallowed.

21. Tewey went down without punishment, and Bernard got hot over what he termed a cowardly style of fighting. He wanted him to "stand up like a man" and receive his pounding.

22. Tewey briskly came up, delivered a good blow, received an exchange, and, in going down got in a handsome one on Bernard's jaw.

23. Pete again led off with a good one, and got down in time to avoid a return.

24, 25 and 26. Very much alike; Tewey fighting upon the saving principle, and, adhering to the dropping system, although before going down he planted heavily upon his antagonist.

27. Tewey began to show the effects of his frequent falls, and while coming to time promptly was noticeably weak. After a feeble exchange he went down.

28. Bernard rattled Peter's ribs, took a smart rap on the head and clinched, both going down together.

29. Tewey had a bad right eye, and Bernard, to make it worse, gave it a frightful blow, cutting the eyebrow and tapping a lively stream of claret. Pete, of course, went down, having first given a stinger on Bernard's forehead.

30. Pete succeeded in sending in one, and dropped out of harm's way.

31. After an exchange Tewey dropped, and Johnny hit him when down again. Foul was claimed, but refused.

32. Bernard viciously rushed to Tewey's corner before he could get out, and administered a knock down.

33, 34, 35 and 36. All in favor of Bernard, who now had the fight in hand, and knocked his opponent about like a shuttlecock, dropping him like a log in the thirty-sixth round.

37. Johnny again tried to rush the fight; got in a good shot, clinched and tried to hold Tewey up for punishment, but the latter slipped from his grasp.

38. Pete delivered two blows on Bernard's mouth rapidly, and got one on the body that made him sick enough to go down.

39. Tewey made a pass, was embraced by Bernard and thrown heavily.

40. Pete dashed into Bernard's face and dropped out of the way just in time to miss Johnny's right. Bernard struck the post and broke his little finger.

41. Jack put a heavy one on Pete's sore eye, increasing the claret stream; the latter went down and Bernard delivered another. At the call of foul the referee went over to Bernard's corner and warned him that another blow like that would end the fight against him.

42. Tewey had a sorry looking mug, and was suffering from the terrible blows on his body. Bernard's broken finger was making him too hot for an observance of the rules, and although he had his man whipped it was evident he could not patiently wait for the sponge. After an exchange, Pete dropped, laughing in Bernard's face. Johnny's backer was heard to declare that he wanted Tewey whipped, and if he dropped down again advised that he be kicked. He did not care for the money.

43 and last. Pete was fighting for a foul. He was overmatched and knew it. He landed a stinger and dropped. Bernard, exasperated and probably willing to end the fight by the advice of his backer, rushed at him, kicking him, when a rough and tumble fight ensued, in which the seconds were mixed up. Foul was claimed and allowed, the referee declaring Tewey winner of the fight, which lasted one hour and forty-five minutes. The decision of the referee was by all declared to be just. Bernard had his man whipped, but threw away the substantial fruits of the victory by sheer folly.

But a few moments were required to remove the ring appurtenances, and get aboard the cars for the return. At Dunleith it was ascertained that the officers were on the lookout for the principals of the mill, and they were accordingly smuggled out of the crowd and taken by the nearest route across the Wisconsin line. We understand that arrangements were made in the evening for another match for $500 a side. Both Bernard and Tewey fought with pluck, but Tewey was overmatched in weight and strength.

BOXING NIGHT AT THE APOLLO.—A sparring and olio festival for the benefit of Ed. Tuohey will be given at the Apollo Rooms, 76 Prince street, a few doors east of Broadway, on Saturday evening, Jan. 2, when, in addition to the number of good 'uns who have promised to "show" on the occasion, something extra may be anticipated in the wind-up between Tuohey and Teddy McAuliffe. Democratic prices will rule.

O'BALDWIN'S MONEY DRAWN.—As no response by Wormald or his friends has been made to the challenge sometime since published on behalf of Ned O'Baldwin, we have, agreeable to request, returned to Wm. McCarthy the $500 deposited by him at the time said *defi* was issued.

PETER MORRIS has been matched with Frank Wilson (Mouse) at 110 lbs for £50 a side.

A DRAW FIGHT.

On Thursday, Dec. 3d, a number of sporting blades gathered at Tom Cooper's hostelrie, Birmingham, Eng., to witness a bit of boxing. A purse of 20 sovs. was subscribed to be contested for between Yellow and Teirney, Cooper and Sam Haley being the prime movers therein. The matter being so entirely of an impromptu character the greatest secrecy was observed, and it is doubtful if more than two individuals knew the sense before the morning of the fray, when a number of vehicles were pressed into the service, and a correspondingly high tariff charged for locomotion. Both the pugilists having so recently contended, on which occasion their antecedents were given *in extenso*, recapitulation of their "deeds of arms" is uncalled for; we may, however, state that Edward Teirney, the senior, is 26 years of age, standing 5 feet 4 inches, and perhaps as fine a model of a pugilist as could well be pictured. Yellow (Charles Hemmings by name) is 24, 5 feet 3 inches, and remarkably well developed. The "meet" was an early one, at a once much frequented spot, which shall be nameless for prudential reasons, whither Teirney arrived by 7.30, the opposing party not turning up for some quarter of an hour later, when the proverbially excellent (?) management of matters pugilistic discovered the absence of ropes and stakes, and the mass of miserable drowned rats in the shape of humanity calmly waiting in the "pride of the morning" were at length comforted with the announcement that the lads would contend without the "wooden walls." Accordingly they stripped and entered the field, guineas to pounds on Yellow to a considerable tune being laid. At eight o'clock they shook hands, Teirney winning the toss for corners, which, however, availed him but little, as his opponent almost invariably got on the higher ground. Teirney was far too fleshy, scaling nearly 10st, his fighting weight being about 8st. Yellow could also have spared something, as he would pull down over 9st. Very pretty sparring opened the first bout, Yellow leading off on the chest, at which Teddy smiled good temperedly. Yellow got on the right cheek, when he met with a fine counter on the side of the neck. Away sparring, countering simultaneously on the face, when they reached half-arm work, and both grassed, Yellow under. Yellow paid a second visit to Teddy's right cheek, which slightly flushed, Teddy's right coming round with a swing on his opponent's left ear. They got within gunshot, and a capital ding-dong round resulted in Teirney, who was the stronger, fighting his man down, Yellow's left eye much flushed. Teirney made the running, landing on the left eye, and following up with a straight shot on the nose, from which blood was visible, and first event was claimed for Teddy, who fought his man down. In the fourth bout Teddy again took the lead, and bustling his man about, fought him down, causing the odds to veer round to 6 to 4 on him. Yellow changed his tactics by taking possession of the higher ground; Teddy tried a rush, but little harm was done, and in retreating he slipped down; Teirney made a lunge for the dial, but was cheated; he, however, forced the fighting till they closed, both fibbing merrily, and Teddy got down. In the seventh round Tierney again made all the running, and bored his man down. Yellow chopped Teddy on the jaw. Yellow made a rush, but missed his aim; both got on the dial, when they closed in a tight embrace, and after a long tussle, came to grief, Yellow under. The next, the ninth bout, was a very long affair, every point on the board being illustrated. Yellow, who was much flushed, and had his left eye partially closed, showed his right fist menacingly to his opponent, provoking a smile and a fine shot on the jaw; they got within range, and some capital round arm shots were exchanged, Yellow then got home on the chest, but received a reminder on the jaw; away again, sparring all over the ring, when, on nearing each other, Teirney dashed in on the throat, and was countered on the jaw, but followed with a fine shot on the damaged eye. Some very pretty counters succeeded, when they again broke ground, and fenced about the ring, shifting their position continually. Yellow got well home on the right ear, which swelled up, Teirney returning a fine counter on the left cheek. Another break, sparring and again together, when they partially closed, and some slashing ding-dong work followed, punching till they fell from exhaustion. This round lasted seventeen minutes, forty minutes having now expired. A rattling bout ensued, both going in "hammer and tongs." Teirney slit Yellow's left eyelid, and blood trickled down. They got to half-arm work, and after pegging away very smartly, closed, Teirney being under in the fall. In the next bout they got to close quarters, and some rapid half-arm blows were exchanged. Teddy making play on the nose and mouth, Yellow drumming away on the mark. Yellow, on breaking away, made his well known rush, but it did not suit him, as he received a steadier on the jaw. They now closed, Teddy getting the hug on, and a long wrestle ensued, both rolling over in a tight embrace. Not deterred by the last attempt, Yellow made another rush, but met with similar treatment. They now joined issue, and some ding-dong exchanges ensued. Away again, the proceedings were diversified by a pretty bit of fencing. More heavy thumping, when Yellow got the hug on, and a long tussle ensued for the fall, Teirney having a slight advantage therein. Very long sparring led to Teirney getting home sharply on the left eye, which was now nearly "up," and after a couple of neat counters they closed for the fall. Up to the fifteenth bout it was anybody's battle. At the sixteenth, however, Yellow began to assume the offensive, and going in with much determination, right and left, forced Teddy down. Yellow got home on the right ear; a few exchanges, mostly on the face, leading to a close, in which Yellow had the best of the fall. Yellow followed up his advantage by fighting his man down, Teddy bleeding from the nose and mouth. An hour and ten minutes had elapsed to the finish of the twentieth round. Teirney made a determined rush, but the steam had somewhat abated, and he was received warmly on the "mug," and bored down, Yellow fighting in his true form, and causing his enthusiastic backers to offer 3 to 1. The twenty-third was a really slashing affair, both countering repeatedly on the face till they got to a good heavy slog, and in the end Teddy was down, Yellow making a slight mistake by striking him when on the floor, and an energetic appeal was made to the referee, who administered a caution. A little diversion now ensued amongst the seconds, who looked much like having a bit of fun to themselves. On peace being restored, Teirney shifted to the upper ground, but after a partial exchange got down on the saving suit. Yellow now set about Teddy, who gave way, and was nearly being bored into the ditch, Yellow fighting him down and standing menacingly over him. The twenty-eighth bout witnessed a near approach to a floorer by Yellow—a roundarm shot on the right side of the head, from which Teirney went down sharply. In the succeeding bout Teddy came in for a couple of upper-cuts, which did not improve his appearance, and at this point it certainly looked big odds on Yellow. In the thirty-third Teddy collared his man and swung him down, a counter appeal being made to the referee from Yellow's party, on the ground of Teddy making use of shoe leather. Teddy somewhat improved his position, and fought on more even terms, but at the thirty-eighth round, when an hour and forty minutes had elapsed, the backers of the lads agreed to a draw, Yellow receiving £12 to Teirney's £8, and thus wound up a capital display, both deserving well of their backers.

RECEPTION TO TIM COLLINS.

HIS SET-TO WITH BARNEY AARON.

The sparring entertainment for the benefit of the above named light-weight importation from the Chalky Cliffs of Old England, postponed from the 30th ult., took place at the lower hall of 600 Broadway, on the evening of Tuesday, 15th inst., and the attractions promised proved sufficiently powerful to induce a good attendance of the fraternity, though but little more than half as many as assembled to show their friendship for Luke Gleason the Saturday evening prior. The affair put a snug sum in Timothy's rather depleted exchequer, which will keep him in creature comforts and things more needful during the festive season now close at hand, providing he takes care of it. The Broadway squad was tolerably well represented, attracted by a desire to see what the wind-up between Tim and Barney Aaron would bring forth, and the squad proved that their anticipations of witnessing a scientific engagement therein were well founded. Uncle Tovee, as customary, officiated as Master of Ceremonies, and at the usual hour ushered on the "Jack of Clubs," who dished up a song and dance, which he had to repeat in order to satisfy the lookers-on, who, however, were decidedly more amused at his comical appearance and antics than delighted with his vocal or terpsichorean abilities. After it was over he "passed around the hat" and collected a sufficient quantity of stamps and nickels to provide himself with extra rations of pork and beans for some days to come. The sparring now commenced with a slogging match between Young Omealia and Macarthy, in which the former plainly showed his superior knowledge of gloveology, though his opponent did well. After them came "two friends," although, from the way in which they walked into each other's affections, one would have supposed them to be just the reverse. They finally gave place to Patsy Lally and Young Riley, both of whom showed that they were no strangers to the stuffed buckskins, though young in years, and made a pleasing set-to for younkers. The fiery, untamed "Clipper" followed suit, with another sturdily-built young fellow, Hines by name, to keep up the shake with him. As is always the case whenever the Hoboken lad takes a hand in, this was on the slap, bang order, science being, by mutual consent, thrown to the canine species, and both going to work with a vim, seeming to have a fancy for solid favors only, the force of which each felt in no slight degree. Hines had rather the best of the earlier portion of the meet, stopping his rival's rushes with a straight 'un on the boke time and again, and throwing him once cleverly; but toward the last it was about as near an even thing as could be, and when at the end of fifteen minutes they doffed the gloves, against the wishes of the boys who were red hot for a continuance, both had had about a *quantum suf*, though Hines was the first to dismount. Young Farrell, one of the cleverest and most welcome of our boxers, who will be remembered as figuring with especial credit in several slashing glove contests, now made his appearance in company with Young Larkins, who though a clever, accommodating young fellow, was no match for Farrell, either in science, weight or strength. The latter was suffering from a severe boil upon his right fore-arm, however, and desired to play light, consequently the set-to wasn't much to look at, and all regretted that Farrell didn't have somebody before him who could wake him up.

Evidently to the relief of the spectators Tovee now opened the way for Collins and Aaron, before introducing whom William, The Druid, removed his chapeau, and leaning upon the rope returned thanks, on Timothy's behalf, to those who had sparred and those who had otherwise "aided and abetted" him, "hoping ever to deserve the same," to quote the eloquent language of the venerable M. C. The contrast in the appearance of the men, as they stood in position for offensive and defensive operations, was very marked, Barney, whose attitude is the most graceful, looking slim alongside of his more youthful, fair skinned opponent, who is heavily set, with broad shoulders, abounding in muscle, good arms, strong loins, and firm, sturdy understandings. He is now very fleshy, and judging from his appearance it seemed next to an impossibility for him to get down to 120lbs. (at which weight he has challenged anybody bar Aaron), and be well and fit. He stands firm upon his legs, in a graceful position, with both arms close to the body, the left but little more advanced than the right, has a quick eye, moves about with ease and springiness, and seldom permits an opening to pass unheeded. It will be needless for us to closely describe the bout when we state that Barney found him a full match in science and generalship and decidedly more than a match in muscular power, and nearly all our readers know what Aaron is, fistically considered. Barney had the advantage of superior suppleness, added to his wonderful quickness, which enabled him now and then to get out of the reach of Tim's offers, but 'twas very seldom that he succeeded in effecting a landing without napping a receipt in full, if not more so. It was, taken all in all, an exceedingly pretty, scientific set-to, as well as a good humored one, both contestants wearing a broad grin nearly all the time, which grew still broader whenever any extra neat essay was "put there" or parried. Tim was particularly applauded for a couple of well executed, though not entirely successful, upper-cuts, which evinced his quickness to take advantage of whatever chance offered itself, and Barney likewise came in for special approbation for delivering several clean facers without a return. It will unquestionably rank with the best sets-to which have ever taken place in that hall, and the display made by Collins has added materially to the confidence his new found friends had reposed in him, all of whom are now enthusiastic in his praise. It is not improbable, therefore, that a match will be made for him ere long with some of our prominent light-weights. He has fought one of the men whom Abe Hicken fought (Furse) and is said to be in nowise averse to tackling Ebenezer, though the latter is some pounds the heavier man. Abe's performance with Maguire on Wednesday evening will have some bearing upon the matter.

CHAMPION EATER OF THE UNITED STATES is the title claimed for Joshua Hunt, who a few days ago entered a restaurant in Hudson, N. Y., and offered to eat all that any one would pay for. The challenge having been accepted, he disposed of the following articles:—Ten pieces of apple pie, six corn cakes, a quarter of a pound of crackers, six cups of peanuts, thirty pickled clams, four lemons, an ounce of candy, and two bowls of clam soup. He then drank six tumblers of water, and offered to eat a hundred raw oysters. No one doubted his ability to accomplish the feat, but no one was willing to pay for the oysters, and so he went off grumbling that he wasn't half full.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Chas. H. Day,	E. H. Brink,	R. Straub,
John Williams,	Jerry Hopper,	A. B. Newcomb,
J. H. Taylor,	Gus Lawrence,	R. Hemmings,
"Band Wagon,"	Chas. Atkins,	Henry Lindley,
Lew Collins,	Edward Henryson,	J. W. Hilton,
M. Coyle,	J. J. Sullivan,	Warren Richards (3),
I. N. Drew,	William Sullivan,	Jos. Devens,
J. Holmes Grover (2),	Mr. Keys,	Jas. Watters,
C. T. Slocum,	G. F. Learock,	Lou Chapin,
Cool Burgess,	E. J. Mack (2),	J. H. Rainer,
Geo. Twombly,	C. Weightman,	Alfred Maynard,
Master Barry,	J. H. Bowers,	O. P. Sweet,
Harry Bloodgood,	Frank Cardella,	J. J. Showles,
Lorenzo Maya (10 cts)	A. J. Whitcomb,	Joe Gaylord (2),
Pete Lee,	Jas. W. Kelly,	John Matthews,
Fred Berger,	H. Cardona,	John O'Brien,
Mike Stanton,	Robert Nickle,	Billy Kennedy,
Hank Mudge,	C. Williams (5),	McKean Buchanan,
Tom Devoe,	John Vernon,	W. Sweatnam (2),
T. H. Jefferson (2),	Bob Hart,	S. B. Howe,
Wm. McIntosh,	C. De Verdie,	S. D. Persse (2),
Chas. Parker (2),	Harry Slate,	Low Gaylord,
W. J. Florence,	Harry Linden,	J. E. Russell,
Yankee Robinson,	C. H. Duprez (1),	Harry Raynor,
John Scheele,	Wm Lake (2),	Edgar Menter,
E win Holmes,	Frank Barry (2),	Frank Campbell,
Geo. Wilson,	Geo. Barnes,	Eddie Colyer,
John Denier,	Bowman & Harris,	W. Roberts,
D. C. LaRue,	Delehanty & Hengler	Dick Thompson,
Fred Couldock,	Billy Rice,	Milsom Bros.,
G. G. Grady,	John Sherman,	Ben Maginley,
T. L. Fitch,	Chas. Noyes,	C. Amory Bruce,
A. Forepaugh (2),	Andy McKee,	Louise Kellogg,
W. P. Spaulding,	M. B. Leavitt,	C. Williams,
R. P. J.,	C. Melville,	Frank Dumont,
P. K. Thompson,	Fred Buckingham,	C. C. Chase,
Pauline Cushman,	Mrs. Harry Leslie,	Gus Lamareux,
Mlle. Henrietta,	Leona Cavender,	Dollie Pike,
Annie Mortimer (2),	Christine Zavistowski	Kate Dowd,
Lizzie Le Fevre,	Louisa P. Wray,	Blanche Chapman,
May Scott,	Louisa Sylvester,	Kate Buisley,
Julia Sandford,	Virginia Buchanan,	May Fiske,
Caroline Hayes (3),	Annie Litten,	Florence Temple,
Mlle. Pauline,	Sallie Western,	Dora Shaw,
Fanny Melmer,	Dody Mayling (10 cts)	Leo Hudson,
	Dody Zanfretta (10c).	

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, DEC. 21, 1868.

ONCE MORE we approach an anniversary of the day which gave light and hope to a ruined world in the advent of the Saviour of men. We greet its return with pleasure, although not unmindful of the fact that we are one year nearer the time when our earthly career must close; when of the things of time and sense we must take our leave at the summons of the grim spectre, who never says, by your leave. But enough of this—let us be joyful, for is it not the merry Christmas time we are entering upon?......A merry Christmas to you, one and all, good readers. A merry Christmas to our managers—may your coffers be full, but no coughers in your houses; may your pieces be played to full benches; may peace be within your walls, and joy and gladness wait upon your patrons. A merry Christmas to the actor—may your life be as a merry play—may your single ones be "engaged," and your married receive "better parts;" may your purses be "heavies," your hearts "light," and your better halves present you with the requisite number of "juveniles" to make you happy "walking gents" in your journey through life, such as the heroine of the little poem we append proved to be to her sick father all on a Christmas eve:—

THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

In these our times—no matter what the date,
Up in a garret on a poor, poor bed—
The scanty furniture of which would state
That poverty were there and fortune dead—
There lay an actor, who had oft made wait
With bated breath, the public, while he read;
Yet, sick, forgotten, poor, he lay unknown
Save by his daughter, and by her alone.

She, loving him as daughters only can,
Resolved to cheer his fastly waning years,
And bring some comforts to the poor old man,
And stop, for her, his oft repeated tears.
She, after many a trial—poor girl—got an
Engagement, and, with many hopes and fears,
She'd gone that night to play a simple part
With hopes for father, and a good, stout heart.

The play was by an actress who was known
Throughout the world by every one, as one
Whose tragic talents could not be outshone,
And who from kings and queens had plaudits won;
But she fell sick, this Christmas eve, and one
To fill her part must come; but none
Would take it save our young heroine, who
Resolved to make a name—to die or do.

Her father lay upon his weary bed,
Unconscious of the part his daughter played,
Yet dreams of fortune his weak fancy led,
Of how the public, seeing this fair maid,
Would call to mind him who to them was dead,
And cheer her on in that which she essayed;
He dreamt that he was young, and then, anon,
Of her—but never dreamt of what was coming on.

* * * * * * * *

A loud and merry cheer awoke him soon,
And cries of "Merry Christmas" rent the air
As his fair daughter burst into the room,
Told of the theatre, and her victory there;
How crowds had cheered her, how success did loom;
And what a pleasing guise the future then did wear;
Then kissing him and telling how their woes were lessened,
Cried, "Take me, father—I'm *your* Christmas present."

......Ah! there goes a man with a turkey! Happy man—unfortunate turkey! Every one will strive his or her best to secure the fatted gobbler for the Christmas repast. No one is content to let Christmas pass without assisting in the disposal of the luscious bird. And this calls to mind a circumstance that occurred at our house a few years ago, when "us fellows" boarded with Mrs. Janeway. She was a frugal woman, was Mrs. Janeway, as "us boarders" well knew. Our good landlady confined her bill of fare to one dish, and that was hash; because "hash" can be made to take in, hide, and cover up little bits of stuff that could not be imposed on good natured boarders in any other way. The boarders stood this everlasting dish with calm resignation and Christian fortitude, for ours was only a "twenty shilling boarding house," and it would have been rank rebellion to intimate such a thing as a change in our victuals. At length Christmas approached, but no one would have known it as far as our house was concerned. There were no little children about to give life to the festive season; there was no laurel, no evergreen to decorate *our* house; not a sign or token of the world's holiday. Even up to the night before Christmas no turkey had been scented by the keenest of us poor but honest boarders. We formed ourselves into a committee of the whole to look into the by ways and receptacles of that boarding house, and even to send for persons and papers, if necessary, in order that the turkey question might be solved ere it was too late. Well and truly did each poor waif upon the Christmas tidal wave exert himself in the task allotted him. 'Twas nine o'clock of Christmas eve before our labors were ended, and we met at the adjacent street corner to compare notes, and determine the question of turkey or no turkey for the following day. A glance at the grim visage of each member of that little community of famished boarders was sufficient to solve the problem. *There was to be no turkey for Christmas dinner*—that was settled; even the slop pail had been explored in hopes of seeing some giblet, or entrails or something of the kind to denote that the fowl had been bought; but all in vain; the corner groceries and poultry stands around about our house had been visited, but no turkey had been bought by Mrs. Janeway or any member of her household. Things were becoming alarming. None of us had even been invited out to dinner—we were all too poor to look for anything of the kind; in fact, we were without money and without friends in the world. We *could* not reconcile ourselves to hash for Christmas dinner, however kindly we might be inclined to take to it as a steady diet on ordinary occasions. Ten o'clock of Christmas eve, and all but the kitchen light put out. Previous to this, however, Mrs. Janeway had, at divers times, suspecting what was exercising our minds, expressed her opinion as to the hurtful nature of poultry, and the injurious effects of mince pies and such stuff. But the time had come for us to assert our rights, and bring the matter home to Mrs. Janeway at once. Boarders, cheap boarders, we should say, are a submissive race of people; there is a subjected look about them that never fails to denote the cheap boarder; but we had one among our number whom we thought equal to *any* emergency, and to him we entrusted the affairs of turkey, and appointed him our spokesman. Joe Grimstock had once been a bold man, had fought for his country, and bled in its cause; but three years before the mast is nothing to one year before a cheap boarding house-keeper, and that's why Joe did not present that desperate front which was expected of him on that eventful Christmas eve; but we nerved ourselves to give him our undivided support, and so Joe Grimstock and the rest of us confronted Mrs. Janeway just as she was emerging from the kitchen on her way to bed.

"Mrs. Janeway," says Joe, "we're here to inquire if you intend to have turkey for Christmas dinner. Me and the other boarders is willin' to take just what you choose to give us at any other time, but we respectfully ask that a turkey be provided for to-morrow."

And then we all stood looking first at Joe Grimstock, and then at Mrs. Janeway, and then at each other, the consciousness of having committed an overt act of treason inducing us to seek courage and consolation from any quarter that offered. Straightening herself up to her extreme height, thus spake our landlady:—

"This is the first time since I have kept a boarding house that any one has seen fit to dictate to me what is proper for my boarders. My hash has always proved a wholesome article of food, and I see no reasonable excuse for substituting a turkey even for a Christmas repast."

Joe Grimstock was getting warmed up. Casting a look of injured innocence upon the obdurate woman, he said:—"Mrs. Janeway, look upon these poor boarders; a more docile set of beings never existed; their home is here; they have no friends, no kindred on whom they can rely for a Christmas dinner; poor and needy as they are, however, they have one and all firmly resolved—bitter as it may seem to you—that if you serve up hash for our Christmas dinner, your own hash will be at once settled for time and eternity. A dollar will procure a turkey sufficient to satisfy them, but a turkey it must be. We do not wish to go to extremities, but we warn you."

We looked very guilty, and as Joe finished his remarks we all slunk away as if we had committed some great offence. Mrs. Janeway uttered no word, for she saw in our fierce and glaring eyes that it would not do to arouse the lion in our breasts; her boarders were on the borders of revolt, and her looks gave indication that hash was to be discarded and turkey substituted. We slept but little that night—Mrs. Janeway slept less. Christmas came. The boarders were in high glee; Dutch John had quietly passed the word that he had just sold Mrs. Janeway a turkey. Oh! how we longed for the dinner hour. None of us had partaken of breakfast, fearful that it would spoil our appetites. Twelve o'clock M., and dinner announced. Intending to do honor to the grand occasion, we washed our faces and hands, and those who were provided with more than one shirt put the cleanest one on. Mrs. Janeway was at the head of the table, and next to her sat the turkey; we eyed it more in pity than in anger—it was not a tempting turkey to look at; a few boiled potatoes supported it on one side, but nothing on the other. Joe Grimstock was appointed as carver, and as he took the knife to dissect the fatal bird, all eyes were turned upon him, and prayers for his success went up. Joe commenced operations, but, oh! horror, the knife made no impression; sole leather was tender to it. You might as well have essayed to cut up a stone fence. By dint of extraordinary efforts on the part of Mrs. Janeway and Grimstock the fowl was broken into various particles, and each boarder was allotted his share. You can imagine the disappointment and disgust of the boarders; they exploded in wild expressions of indignation, and each and every one of that little band inwardly craved a plate of his ordinary hash rather than endanger the dislocation of his jaws by an attempt to masticate the aged fraud. Mrs. J. protested that she did not know it was tough when she tendered it to them; but their spirit was broken, and never again did they offer to dictate to Mrs. J. what was right and proper for a Christmas dinner. We never afterward asked for turkey on Christmas day. ......How different the condition of those upon whom the sun shall rise on Christmas morn. Nearly all will celebrate the day by indulging in those luxuries that they can best afford. The tables of the rich will smoke with poultry and venison and viands of all descriptions. Rich wines will sparkle upon, and fancy confections decorate their sumptuous board. In fact, it would take an elaborate table of contents to enumerate the contents of the table of the rich man. The workman, who has labored extra time to provide a few extras in order that his humble home may be cheered by a Christmas dinner, is happy if he can but secure a little fowl for his holiday repast. Happy? Yes. There is little doubt but that in many a poor home there is more real happiness than in some of our marble palaces, on Christmas day. To the poor man it is especially an extra occasion, and his humble meal is a greater pleasure than the luxurious feast of the man of means. His little girl, as she lights her Christmas candle, will reap far more delight from it than will the aristocrat with his brilliant chandeliers. And why? With the wealthy man the feast of the day is but the repetition of an every day occurrence. A few incidentals peculiar to the holidays are all that distinguish it from other days. With the poor man it is different. The extra features of the anniversary recall the great occasion which gave rise to it. That man, as he sits at his humble table—that child, as she kneels to pray in the dim light of that seemingly insignificant Christmas gift—will be led to think of the goodness of their Creator in the gift of a Redeemer to fallen man, and their hearts will be full of gratitude and praise to the giver of all good; and Infinite Benevolence, ever responsive to these tributes of his needy children, will bless them with a solid comfort and joy that few among the great ones of earth have any conception of. And so, having said that much of the lowly, let us look up and hear what the "Man in the Flies" has to say about

A HOLIDAY CONTRETEMPS.

MISTER EDDITURS.—I'me glad to see that my ideas of dramatic critticizm, vewed as an art, an't altogether opposed to yourn. As your readers will see, I have devoted konsiderable time to the inspiring subjec, and have never dared to protrude myself before the public in a line where others can give me one and goe me ever so many better, without putting my vews to a prattical test. Hup in my hyrie, 'ear, amongst the roaps and pollies, I have leisure to brewd over what is goin on down beloe, and, unless the card o the night appens toe be a pantomine (wich is a sort o mine they wurks now-a-days to grate proffits), to form some opinion of the wally o different kinds o genius in the markits o Olimpius. Wen the card appens to be only a sho, I may sometimes prove a little derelic in my duty, as I did only the other nite, when, wearied with waitin, I fell asleep at my post, and was dreamin of former triumps at a prodidjus rate wen suddently methought I eard a belle. I jumped to my feat and graspin of the crank, gave 'em a hasty curting akordin to direckshuns, but mi heyes! what a row enshoed! I looked down to see what was up, when, judge of mi astonishment—the staige was thronged with all the kompany and auxiliaries; the *premium danzoos* was a hexercisin of her rite leg at the wing to see ow igh she could fetch it, and several other of the premiums was a dooin likewize. The hed monster of the piece was a bendin over like a letter hem, a avin of a ook stuck into is back, for a preliminary 'iste to see ow the roaps 'ud work. There stood our bally master, Signor 'Erculanium, a friterin of a troop of koraleea and sweerin they shouldin av their fees at all if they didn do that las step better. There, rite in the middel of the staige, the Signoriner Pettitoes, the feecher of the nite, was standin in a onessy attitude with 'er braces onstrapt, wile Miss Le Pique was bustin' herself tryin tighten of em. Our poscher master was arrangin of a tablux under difficulties, as I should judge by is swearin—it apears the top feller ad a little hextra evy in im, bein ollidays, and wood fall off at the pertikeler moment, hupsettin of all the others. The Prince was paintin up the mustash of is frend the Bare'un, oos rivle e was, and the arlequin was takin of a pint of arf-and-arf with the clownd. Too bears was avin a frendly talk with a frog with their eds in their ands for comfort, and a new trick was bein experimented onto by the carpinters. The scene shitterses was rushin ere and there with castles and forests, shovin everybody aside permiskusly, and the prompter was standin front with a book, goin over a part with the hed ruffian, oo it seems wasn't yet perfeck. The flats was all out for to set a seen, and the back wall of the theatre loomed up conspicyus. Several well known patroons of the stablishment was takin a inspectry glants with the manajoor, and all was confusion wus confounded. A orrid sound of yellin and lafter and grate eplause issoed from the densly packt audiense, and at that moment, wile I was endeavorin to collec my scattered sentses, I felt a iron grasp about my throat and a voice issed in my ear—"Willin! Willin! is this the way"—and I erd no more for pashn ad made im speechiest. It was the madnager isself. E smiled sarkasticly at my repli, after I hed roaled down the curting, gave me a look, and said with a irony I shall never forget—"If you avent ad enough beer, best to send for a ogsed:" but I only ung my ed, and he went off sort a discombobulated; and the play, if that's what you call it, perseded. But I started in to give you a discription of my performance of Amlet, and lo on I have wandered. It was on a holladay nite, now some years agone, wen I took my steps to the staige door of the litel Bowery, my name being hup for that karacter witch I consider the utmost perfeckshun of Shakespere's works. I have sed it was a olladay nite, and the streets was crowded with people goin to the different shoe shops. On every hand I saw the mammoth posters, amongst witch my name shone prominent. We ad a rivle in the cirkis hopposit, for they ad a great attraction also, John Gossing being the clowdn. And ear let me say that three years have elapsed and we have ad many eecelent jesters since, I av never seed anythink since to ekal that prints of jesters. Wen e came tumblink into the ring, witch e allus did ed formost, or wen e made the cirkit of the owse with a bul dog anging onto is rear, or wen he careered the circle as the sham Winnegoboo, wat yels and shreeks arose. It was superior to anythink ever yellicited bi Forrist wen e Mattymora e strikes that iameous attitude and says, says e—Yew hav sent for me and I have kum; if yew don't want me I'll go back agen; or, in another karackter wen e says, Ils make Roain owl! But I am reminded that this is olladay time, and as Ive got a friend waten round the korner, I muss pospone my kritiquerie on Amlet til another operchoonity.

AT THE CIRCUS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Come, Sally, get your fixings on,
As quick as quick can be,
For we to-night are going, love,
The Circus for to see;
And let the children all be washed,
Ere eight o'clock arrives,
That they a pleasure may enjoy
Will last them all their lives.

Behold them 'neath the magic tent,
With sev'ral thousand more,
A baker's dozen, cocked and primed
At quips and cranks to roar—
An apple and an orange each,
To while the time away,
And quarts of peanuts to consume
While the music toots so gay.

Now heaving frames sway to and fro,
And all the talk's allayed,
As wide the barriers are thrown,
And gorgeous calvacade
Sweeps round the ring in colors brave,
Bold knight and ladye fair,
And cavaliers with tossing plumes,
And squires so debonnaire.

The old familiar "Here we are!"
And wide the laugh is spread,
As by Sir Clown the vaulters all
Into the ring are led,
And "ground and lofty tumbling" keeps
The timid in suspense,
Altho', 'twixt you and I, the risk
Is simply sheer pretence.

Still greater won'ers are to come—
See here the Man of strength,
Who can his weight uplift, and hold
Himself out at arm's length;
And Herr Von Flamme, who holds himself
By his eyelids in the air,
Suspended by a piece of string,
And eat his dinner there.

Another lets a millstone huge
Upon his person fall,
And when it's lifted, rises up,
Not hurt, it seems, at all;
And here, I vum! they've got a man
'Twixt many a squirm and squeeze,
Who swallows of himself, and then
Ejects himself with ease.

A horse that stands upon his head
And eats a bag of oats;
A dorg that sings a comic song
With most mellifluous notes.
And, what is queerer still than all,
A trained mule that walks
Straight forward in the natural way,
And never shies nor balks.

A pretty girl with swelling breast,
Upon her bare-backed steed,
Goes through a ravishing *pas seul*,
And beats the wind in speed,
And winds the set up with a bold
And dashing *tour de force*—
She turns a double summerset—
And so, too, does the horse!

'Twas thought, in former times, that birds
Alone could skim and fly;
But he that slings the light trapeze
Is yet more swift and spry;
And, though you'd smile, but t'other night
His perch he failed t' attain,
And so he folds his arms and floats
Until it comes again.

Surprisingest of daring acts,
The chap that climbs a pole,
And pulls the pole up after him,
It's true upon my soul!
And while away up in the air,
Does the horizontal bar,
Throws down the pole, drops down himself,
Bows low and skips awa'!

But I might cover columns up
In telling how the Greek
Comes the Corsair on his milk white steed
And vengeance dire doth wreak;
Or how the Injun chief rides round,
As Injuns always do,
And scalps his victims at his ease,
And dies with wild hurroo.

Or how King Richard, standing up
Upon white Suney's back,
(As that monarch is supposed t' have done)
Doth at his en'my hack.

But, lest you might suppose that I
A drop too much had ta'en,
I spare your readers' eyes and nerves,
And from the task refrain.

OLIVE LOGAN delivered her new lecture of "Paris, City of Luxury," at Steinway Hall, on the 15th inst., to a large audience. The lecture was received with considerable applause. Miss Logan intends to travel this winter, and deliver the new lecture by the way.

A CHANGE OF BASE.—Mr. Clifton W. Tayleure, a gentleman long and favorably known in the amusement world, more particularly in this city of late years, and at present business manager for the Olympic Theatre, has made a bold move in relinquishing the *charge d'affaires* of the Olympic and assuming the entire management of Pike's Opera House for two years. Mr. Tayleure's first successful stroke of management was at the Broadway Theatre, under George Wood's management, re-introducing, after a long absence, John E. Owens in his specialty of Solon Shingle. There is no doubt that the success of this piece was, in a great measure, owing to the skill exercised by Mr. Tayleure in placing Mr. Owens properly before the public, so far as printer's ink is concerned. With the commencement of his next season Mr. Wood was fortunate in securing Mr. Tayleure as his business manager, and, so long as he was at the helm, the establishment was a continued success. When Mr. Hays leased the Olympic Theatre he secured Mr. Tayleure as business manager, and in doing so, as has been fully proven, laid the corner stone of his fortune, for when he took charge the establishment had, by bad management, lost favor with the public; but Mr. Tayleure, with his great experience and judgment in theatrical affairs, soon made it a leading theatre of New York. It requires a deal of hard work to build up the fortunes of a falling theatre, but that he has been highly successful the present status of the Olympic will attest. Mr. Tayleure severs his connection with the Olympic on the 26th inst., and shortly after sails for Europe to secure novelties for his campaign at Pike's. His lease is for two years, and commences on February 9th. He intends opening the season on March 1st with a Shakespearean spectacle. The style of entertainment to be followed up will be similar to that of the Porte St. Martin, Paris, and the general admission has been placed at 50 cents. Mr. Tayleure has entire charge of the management, and is insured against all loss by Mr. James Fiske, the owner of the property.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS announce that Mrs. Wm. H. Lingard, wife of the London comic, will shortly arrive from Europe and are prepared to arrange with managers for brief engagements. She is spoken of as a vocalist and comedienne of considerable ability. See advertisement.

HARRY AND JENNIE CLIFFORD continue at the Bowery Theatre, where they have become favorites with the *habitues*.

THE SIAMESE TWINS arrived in Liverpool, all safe, on the 19th inst., as we learned by a cable dispatch.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" will be just the kind of an amusement to take the little ones to during the holidays to while away a pleasant afternoon, and for those of larger growth as well. A feature to be introduced in this pantomime by the management of the Olympic will be a burlesque railroad train, which Daly has promised not to have stopped, as infringing upon his rights.

DAN BRYANT'S burlesque act called "Genevieve De Bryant" is one of the best things of the kind Dan has ever done. His make up for Gabel of the French Opera is excellent. He copies his walk, gestures and general performance throughout in a manner so like the original that it elicits roars of laughter and is *encored* two or three times each evening. Bryants' Minstrels offer an excellent programme for the holidays.

UNCLE FRANK BROWER, who was in town the past week, returned to Philadelphia on the 21st.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS produce a burlesque on "Genevieve De Brabant" on the 28th inst.

FANNY HERRING continues her engagement at the Old Bowery.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, after an absence of several months, returned to the boards of their bijou theatre on the 14th, when a large audience attended to welcome them back. We noticed in the two front rows of seats in the orchestra the same brainless young men, who part their hair in the middle, wear kids, twirl their moustachios, and every time that either of the sisters winks at one of them, swears that he was the favored one. There is quite a party of these overgrown boys who occupy the same seats almost every night the sisters appear, even though it may be for months. They delight in annoying every one that sits any where near them by their remarks, which have no sensible meaning, and "chuck" boquets to the sisters just when they ought not, thereby marring the scene. These youngsters should be provided with seats in a remote part of the house, so that they will not mar every one's enjoyment. An English version of "Barbe Bleue" served to reintroduce the sisters. It was placed on the stage in good style, very well costumed, and the music and choruses were exceedingly well rendered. Sophie looked and acted charmingly as Blue Beard. She dressed the character with good taste and acted with great spirit and judgment. Irene was pleasing as Fleurette, while Jenny made a rollicking, devil-may-care Boulotte. She dressed the part all right and understood the business very well, but she made a wretched attempt to sing the music. Her voice is too coarse for the difficult music of Offenbach. George Lingard was excellent as King Bobeche. In fact it is the best thing we ever saw him do. Charles Morton as Popolani and S. B. Villa were good in their respective *roles*. Fanny Prestige was on the bills for the Prince, but Mrs. Villa attempted to play it, and made the weakest performance of the evening. Mrs. Villa dressed the part in rather a slovenly manner and failed to invest the *role* with a particle of life. All the original music was capitally rendered by Mr. Tissington and his orchestra. "Barbe Bleue" having been received with a succession of good houses, the same bill will be repeated for the present.

"BLUE BEARD" has been performed in this city at three different houses, and in three different forms. First, by the Opera Bouffe Troupe, at Niblo's; then by the gentlemen of the cork persuasion, of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels; lastly, by the Worrell Sisters, at their theatre. So, between all hands, we have become pretty familiar with the naughtiness of Blue Beard, the lover of so many wives. We are now promised the old sport at another establishment; this time he will appear in pantomime at the New York Circus, and the initial performance is set down for this evening. It has been gotten up with new costumes and appointments, tricks, transformations and comic incidents. Nat Austin appears as Clown, Charley Sherwood as Pantaloon, Fred Sagrino as Harlequin, and Viro Farrand as Columbine. Every member of the company will also appear in it. The regular equestrian and gymnastic performances will also be given previous to the pantomime. As this sort of entertainment is very popular with the *habitues* of this establishment, "Blue Beard" will, no doubt, draw large crowds for several weeks. Matinees will be given every day this week.

E. A. SOTHERN has been secured by Mr. Booth to play at his theatre, commencing on the 4th of next October. Mr. Sothern commences his farewell performances in London, at the Haymarket, in May next.

LYDIA THOMPSON and troupe, at present performing at Wood's Museum in "Ixion," have been secured by Messrs. Palmer & Jarrett to appear at Niblo's Garden the first week in February, their contract with Manager Wood terminating on February 1st. The burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" will be the opening performance at Niblo's.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON at Tammany and the establishment will probably open on or about January 1st. Monday, December 28th, is the date fixed for the opening, but there is a great deal of work to be done, which it will take at least two weeks to complete. Mr. Getz, the scenic artist of Baltimore, is hard at work on the scenery, some of which we had a peep at on the 18th, and which is truly magnificent. The general admission to the house will be fifty cents, and $1.50 to the orchestra chairs. The seating capacity of the house will be about sixteen hundred.

OWING to the trouble between the insurance companies and the owner of the property, nothing as yet has been done towards putting the Theatre Comique in order since the fire. Satisfactory arrangements were expected to be made on the 21st, when workmen were to commence refitting the establishment, and the opening will take place on or about January 15th.

"BONE SQUASH DIABLO," an Ethiopian opera, written by the late T. D. Rice, and performed by him throughout the country with marked success, was brought out by the San Francisco Minstrels on the 14th inst., with the following cast:—Bone Squash, M. Ainsley Scott; Juba, Billy Birch; Cæsar, Billy Emmet; Jim Brown, W. D. Corrister; Spruce Pink, Bobby Newcomb; Old Pompey, Charley Backus; The Evil One, W. Bernard; Juniatta, W. Henry Rice. It was well placed upon the stage, and every character was capitally performed. Ainsley Scott made a good Bone Squash, singing the music to the satisfaction of all. Birch's Juba reminded us of a real old "nig," such as they used to be on the old plantations down South a few years ago. The same remarks will apply to Backus' Old Pompey. The rest of the characters were well impersonated. The opera is in one act and seven scenes. In the first part of the evening's entertainment, C. Templeton sang "Write me a Letter from Home," and received an *encore*. In the olio, Billy West appeared in a banjo solo, and was *encored* three times. He plays the banjo very well indeed, and sings a song in good style. The olio concluded with Billy Emmett in his burlesque ballads, which set the audience screaming, so much so that he was called out four times, when the curtain was lowered for the opera, but the audience were so boisterous that he was compelled to appear before the curtain and sing another song. This is seldom witnessed at any establishment on Broadway, and it is something that he should be proud of. So far his success has been great.

"HICKETY DICKETY, MY BLACK HEN; OR, SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIE MAN."—This is the title of the pantomime gotten up by Tony Pastor, to be produced at his Opera House this evening, and to be continued during the holidays. In addition to this a number of novelties will be given in the olio previous to the pantomime, introducing all the company in different acts, embracing gymnastics, Ethiopianism, ballads, dancing, etc. Amy Bennett, a late arrival from England, made her *debut* at this house on the 17th inst., as a serio comic vocalist, and met with a favorable reception. Business continues first rate at this house, so much so that when nearly every other place in town has a poor house Tony has a good attendance.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS offered an attractive programme last week, and, in consequence, business was much better than the previous week. J. H. Surridge appeared in the first part, and sang "Driven from Home" in a pleasing manner. Dick Carroll appeared on the tambourine end, and his song of "That Gal o' Mine" received an *encore*. Mr. Meyers also put in a first appearance, and played a solo on a harmonicon. The burlesque of "Barber Blu" terminated the performance, and went off with considerable applause. Another good bill is provided for the current week.

SAILED.—Lorenzo Maya, accompanied by Mr. Winnie, the Zanfretta and Siegrist Combination and others, sailed for Havana on the 17th inst. It is Mr. Maya's intention to organize a variety company and travel from Havana.

ADELAIDE NIXON, who was stricken with paralysis about two years ago in Havana, has nearly recovered the use of her limbs. She purposes a visit shortly to the Springs in Cuba, where it is thought she will be herself once more.

AN AMATEUR dramatic and musical entertainment is announced to take place at the Union League Theatre on Tuesday evening, 22d inst., for the benefit of the Cosmopolitan Eye and Ear Hospital.

HATTIE THORNE did not sail for California on the 16th inst. with the dramatic company intended for Barrett and McCullough's theatre, having missed the steamer. Her baggage went, and she will go by the first steamer.

"AFTER DARK" VS. "UNDER THE GASLIGHT."—Judge Blatchford gave his decision in the suit of Augustin Daly against Harry Palmer and H. C. Jarrett, in the U. S. Circuit Court, on the 17th inst. Mr. Daly, author of "Under the Gaslight," sued Messrs. Palmer and Jarrett, managers of Niblo's Garden, to restrain them from the public performance and representation, and from the sale for dramatic representation, of a scene called the "railroad scene" in a play called "After Dark." After reciting the incidents of the two plays, and showing the similarity of the railroad scenes, Judge Blatchford says:—There is no denial of the allegations that Boucicault procured a copy of the plaintiff's play and prepared therefrom the "railroad scene" in the play of "After Dark," and intended that the latter should only be colorably different from the "railroad scene" in the plaintiff's play, by making the substitutions, and that the "railroad scene" in the play of "After Dark" was plagiarized by Boucicault from the "railroad scene" in the plaintiff's play. All that is substantial and material in the plaintiff's "railroad scene" has been used by Boucicault in the same order and sequence of events, and in a manner to convey the same sensations and impressions to those who see it represented, as in the plaintiff's play. Boucicault has indeed adapted the plaintiff's series of events to the story of his play, and in doing so has evinced skill and art, but the same use is made in both plays of the same series of events to excite by representation the same emotions in the same sequence. There is no new use in the sense of the law in Boucicault's play of what is found in the plaintiff's "railroad scene." The "railroad scene" in Boucicault's play contains everything which makes the "railroad scene" in the plaintiff's play attractive as a representation on the stage. The "railroad scene" in Boucicault's play is undoubtedly, when acted, performed or represented on a stage or public place, an infringement of the copyright of the plaintiff in the "railroad scene" in his play. The substantial identity between the two scenes would naturally lead to the conclusion that the later one had been adapted from the earlier one. The charge of actual plagiarism on the part of Boucicault, made in the bill, is not denied. It is hardly possible that the resemblances are accidental, and that the differences are not merely colorable, with a view to disguise the plagiarism. The true test as to whether there is piracy or not is to ascertain whether there is a servile or evasive imitation of the plaintiff's work, or whether there is a *bona fide* original compilation made up from common materials and common sources, with resemblances which are merely accidental, or result from the nature of the subject. (Emerson *agt.* Davies, 3 Story, 768, 793.) Nothing that has been adduced on the part of the defendants affects the validity of the plaintiff's copyright on the question of the originality and novelty of the "railroad scene" in his play. The sale of Boucicault's play to other persons, with a view to its public representation, makes the seller a participant in causing the play to be publicly represented. An injunction must, therefore, issue, restraining the defendant from the public performance or representation and from the sale for public performance or representation of the "railroad scene" in the play of "After Dark," or of any scene in substance the same as the "railroad scene" in either of the two plays, as such scene is herein defined. Mr. Palmer was served with the necessary papers on the 17th, prohibiting him from using the railroad scene, but satisfactory arrangements were made between manager and author, so that by paying Mr. Daly for the use of this scene it was continued in "After Dark," and will be so long as the piece runs. Now that Mr. Daly has received a favorable decision and is protected by the strong arm of the law, he intends, we understand, sueing every manager in the country that has used the railroad scene in other pieces excepting "Under the Gaslight." Mr. Daly will have his hands full for some time to come.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the different places of amusement in this city for the month of November, as returned to the several revenue collectors, were as follows:—

Wood's Museum	$45,980	Theatre Comique	$11,147
French Theatre	35,000	Pastor's Opera House	9,445
Olympic	31,276	Worrell Sisters	8,922
Pike's Opera House	31,264	San Francisco Minstrels	8,095
Niblo's	30,031	Kelly & Leon's	7,280
Wallack's	27,151	Bryants'	7,100
New York Circus	18,710	Lingard and company performed at the Academy of Music, one night, to	1,129
Broadway	13,000		
Bowery	11,333		

"IXION" is in the last week of its production at Wood's Museum by Lydia Thompson and burlesque troupe, and "Ernani; or, the Horn of a Dilemma," is announced for production on the 28th inst. The engagement of this troupe is drawing to a close, as they are announced to commence at Niblo's the first week in February, until which time they will appear each evening and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Com. Foote and Miss Nestelle are on exhibition throughout the day and are the great centres of attraction among the living curiosities. Every afternoon excepting Wednesdays and Saturdays the "Giant of Palestine" is performed. According to the Revenue returns the receipts of this establishment for November exceeded those of any other place in the city.

Dramatic.

FUNERAL OF HELEN WESTERN.—The funeral of the late Helen Western took place on the 15th inst., in the Pitt Street Chapel, Boston, and was attended by a large crowd of people. The crowd unable to gain admittance was much larger than the crowd which crammed the chapel to suffocation, and which was mainly composed of ladies. Many of the profession were present, but a large number came so late that it was impossible for them to make their way inside. The sexton, during the funeral service, discovered that the wood work over the furnace in the basement was on fire and rapidly gaining headway. He quietly procured the assistance of the police, and they succeeded in extinguishing the fire. Had an alarm been given a panic must have ensued and few could have got from the room without injury, as the mode of egress is very limited.

MAGGIE MITCHELL opened an engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 14th, and for her benefit on the 18th, when she produced "Lorle." Her engagement concluded on the 19th, and is followed this week by Edwin Booth and Mary McVicker, who open in "Richard" on the 21st.

PHILADELPHIA has on its holiday attire this week, and everything looks gay and lively. During the past week the streets and stores were thronged with liberal papas and indulgent mamas, intent on making selections of holiday presents for their happy families. The current week, however, will witness the grand "scrush," when Chestnut street and Eighth street will be the scene of such a jam as is seen in that city but once a year......In the way of theatricals the week ending Dec. 19th, closed without presenting anything of extra interest, if we may except the very long programme offered by Mrs. Bowers on Saturday night, at the Walnut Street Theatre, that being the close of her engagement. It may be worth while placing upon the record the fact that one of our best actresses found it necessary, in order to receive a good attendance, to present no less than three plays for the entertainment of her "patrons." There were, firstly, the tragedy of "Mary Stuart;" secondly, the play of "Guy Mannering," and thirdly, the drama of "Jonathan Bradford, or the Murder at the Roadside Inn;" Mrs. Bowers appearing in the two first, as Mary Stuart and Meg Merrilies. The attendance was large, which is not so creditable to Philadelphia theatre-goers as it might appear, since it shows that quantity is of more importance to them than quality. There is no star the present week, the stock being relied on to carry the holiday season through. Mr. Charles Wolcot is up for a benefit on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23d, on which occasion Mr. Richard Penistan—a retired actor, and well-known in that city of late years as a drawer of ale and publican in general—will appear as Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." This gentleman's *rentree*, as we say in France, will no doubt help to fill the theatre, and the beneficiary's stocking at the same time. "The Orange Girl" will be presented for the first time at the Walnut Street Theatre on Christmas afternoon and evening. ......"Wolves at Bay" was given for the last time at the Arch Street Theatre on Friday evening, Dec. 18th, before a pretty good audience. It cannot be said to have met with a marked success, notwithstanding the excellent style in which it was presented, and the clever manner in which it was acted. The first act was somewhat *too* long drawn out, without sufficient incident to warrant such a tax upon the auditor's patience. The fourth act, in which the locomotive dashes through the bridge, was well worked up, and served to give life to what otherwise might have been a tame affair. On the 21st and 22d inst., "A Lesson in Love" and R. Craig's version of "Barbe Bleu" will be given, and on the 23d Daly's "Flash of Lightning" will be offered as the holiday attraction......M'lle. Senyah, the female gymnast, made her first appearance in Philadelphia, at the American Variety Theatre, on Monday evening, Dec. 14th, and remained throughout the week. Mons. Senyah, her brother, as the bills inform us, appears with the lady; *he* does all the heavy work of the act, while *she* does the ornamental passages; *he* is very strong and muscular—*she*, light and airy; they do nothing extraordinary, although the novelty of a female performing gymnastic feats heretofore only attempted by the opposite sex, makes the performance interesting. The act closes with the "aerial flight"—the Monsieur hanging suspended by his feet over the stage, holding in his hands a small trapeze; the M'lle. ascends to a standpoint in front of the gallery, and clutching in each hand an iron ring attached to a rope, swings toward the trapeze held by her brother, which she grasps with her legs, and lets go her hold of the ring, thus remaining suspended in an inverted position the same as the Monsieur. The act *looks* very dangerous to the inexperienced eye, and never fails to elicit hearty applause. The houses continue very large. Mr. Wm. Carleton, Irish vocalist, has been re-engaged, and on Christmas Eve the pantomime of "Jack the Giant Killer" will be produced......On Christmas Eve Mrs. Scott Siddons commences a brief season of five performances at the Academy of Music, assisted by Messrs. D. Harkins, W. Davidge, C. T. Parsloe, Jr., J. Dunn, F. Gossin, Mrs. Marie Wilkins, Miss Saidee Cole, &c. The list of plays to be presented includes "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," "King Rene's Daughter," "Katherine and Petruchio" and "School for Scandal."

MISS VIRGINIA RICHMOND, one of the members of the Rochester Theatre company, fainted away on the stage on the 9th during the performance, and has been confined to her bed since that time with quinsey sore throat. Mr. R. S. Meldrum, Mr. A. Sauntelle and Miss Adele Palmer also are sick with sore throats.

KATE FISHER POISONED.—Miss Fisher experienced a very narrow escape, at her room in the St. Clair Hotel, Pittsburgh, on the 14th inst. For some days previous she had been suffering from a severe cold, accompanied by a violent cough, and, on the 13th, medicine was prescribed for her by her physician. The bottle containing it she placed on the mantlepiece in her room, on which there was also set a vial filled with tincture of arnica. Miss Fisher being seized with a fit of coughing went to the mantlepiece for the purpose of getting the medicine. In her haste, however, she took the arnica instead, and did not realize her mistake until she had swallowed a heavy dose. She then saw at once that it was the poison to which she had helped herself and summoned medical attendance. By the application of a strong antidote and other remedies the doctor succeeded in saving his patient. Had it not been for the prompt assistance, the draught might have proved most serious in its results, if not fatal.

"THE WHITE FAWN" was the attraction at the Memphis Theatre the week ending Dec. 12th. A correspondent says:—"The 'White Fawn' was produced here on Dec. 7th for the first time, and I was surprised at the way it was presented. The *ballet*, the glorious *ballet* of which we heard so much, consisted of ten young ladies, each vieing with the other, to see who could dance the longest and fastest without regard to music or time. Mlle. Diana 'fairly took the town by storm' in her graceful *poses*. The 'Hungarian Polka' was *encored* nightly, but the *Can-Can* awoke not the slightest enthusiasm. The *Can-Can*, as danced by Miles. Morlacchi, Ricci and Barretti, of DePol's Troupe, was as much superior to this, as Whitman's 'White Fawn' as first produced is to the party he has now. The scenes throughout, and the transformation scene, are nothing near as gorgeous as when first we saw the same party. On the 10th 'Cinderella' was produced......At Greenlaw Opera House Manager Grau advertises six nights of German Opera."

LEO HUDSON closed an engagement in Lexington, Ky., on the 12th, and was billed to open in Nashville, Tenn., on the 21st, for one week, and opens the New Theatre at Frankfort, Ky., on Jan. 1st. This lady publishes a card in another column notifying managers that she is prepared to negotiate for six or twelve nights engagement.

THEATRICALS in Salt Lake for the week ending 5th, says our correspondent, "were heavy. The city is fairly groaning under the heavy weight of Shakspearean plays. They have had enough Shakspeare at least for a year to come. Mr. McCullough, Madam Scheller and Geo. Waldron, all appeared in 'one team' in these tragedies. 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Richard III' and 'Robbers' have been produced in rapid succession. On the 7th we are to have 'Macbeth,' then 'Othello' again, soon to be followed by 'Romeo and Juliet.' McCullough made a hit as Othello, Charles de Moor and Richard III. Waldron gave us a very good Iago, the best I have seen after that of Edwin Booth. His Francis de Moor was also a masterly piece of acting. Mr. McCullough has greatly improved since I saw him in New York. Madam Scheller appeared in conjunction with Mr. McCullough and Geo. Waldron at the Salt Lake Theatre as Desdemona, Ophelia, Portia, Amelia and Lady Ann. 'Othello' and 'Richard' attracted large houses, the other plays only middling houses. Shakspeare is not a favorite author with the Salt Lake people. President Brigham Young, in his discourse on Sunday, the 6th, also mentioned the theatre in the following terms:—'You go into that theatre, and what is there behind the curtain that would disgrace the most perfect lady on the face of the earth? Not the least in the world. I have to watch some who come here as actors and actresses, and if they do not manifest the marks and traits of a lady and gentleman I say, 'Stop a moment. I want to tell you something. Your course will lead you wrong, and if you persist in it you cannot present yourself before the public.' What does Rev. Goodwin, of Chicago, say now? The above will serve as a warning to those who play the naked drama, a species of performances not tolerated here. Actors and actresses have to behave with strict propriety to win the favor of the Mormons. Here the church fosters the drama, while in 'civilized' countries the clergy endeavor to pull it down......Lawrence Barrett passed through Salt Lake City on his way to San Francisco ......Jno. S. Langrishe and company are now playing in Brigham City (Boxelder) with success."

IN NEW ORLEANS, up to last advices, matters and things operatic and dramatic were in a flourishing condition. Our correspondent says:—"The operas produced at the Opera House have been carefully selected, and put upon the stage with a distribution of characters that reflects great credit upon the management. The audiences have materially improved since my last, and the receipts, as predicted in a previous communication, have enlarged accordingly. Last night (8th) the opera of 'The Queen's Musketeers,' with M'lles Kasselman and Chanveau, and Mons. Engal, Van Hufflen and Julian in the principal *roles*, was produced to a fair house, and from the repeated applause I should infer gave entire satisfaction.......At the Varieties Theatre 'Dora' has been the attraction for several days, with Josey Orton and Geo. Ryer as Dora and Farmer Allen respectively. The houses are very fair and the new play well cast...... At the St. Charles the Couldocks have been drawing well in a budget of their well known impersonations. This place has also produced the new play of 'Dora.' Both places have cast the play in a very creditable manner, and give satisfaction to their respective patrons. To-night (9th) Mr. Couldock and daughter appear in their well known specialty of the 'Willow Copse,' with Couldock as Luke and Eliza as Rose Fielding. Tomorrow (10th) 'Dora' will again be produced, and on the 11th Mr. and Miss Couldock are to take their farewell benefit. The present season, so far, at the St. Charles, has been a successful one, with every indication of continuing so.......At the National (German) Theatre the Orleans Dramatic Relief Association produced 'Hamlet,' to—considering the very cold weather—a good house. The play passed off very pleasantly, and the audience dispersed well pleased."......LATER NEWS.—We have still later news up to the 16th inst. At the Old Drury, the Couldocks brought their engagement to a close on Dec. 12th in the "Jew of Frankfort" and "One Touch of Nature," and on the 11th Mr. and Miss Couldock had their farewell benefit, appearing in "Louis XI" and "One Touch of Nature." On Sunday evening (the 13th) F. R. Pierce was tendered a benefit; the house was pretty fair. The performance consisted of a new local drama "Crimes of a Great City;" Recitation by Mr. Con. T. Murphy; song and dance by Master Hyams, and the comedy of "Naval Engagements." No performance was given at this house on the 14th in consequence of the preparation for the production of the 'White Fawn' not having been completed. On the 15th everything was ready. The house was crowded to suffocation. The play, as is usually the case with first representations, dragged considerably, but in one or two nights will work more smoothly. The 'Fawn' will no doubt enjoy quite a run......At the Varieties business has continued very good. Since last week 'Dora,' 'Marble Heart,' 'Nursery Chickweed' and 'Wonder' has been produced to large and fashionable audiences. On Dec. 14th, Josie Orton was the recipient of a benefit; a worse night could not have been selected, for the rain poured down in torrents and the wind blew a regular hurricane, nevertheless there was a pretty fair attendance. On the 15th 'East Lynne' was produced to a good house. To-night 'Wonder' is to be repeated. Mr. W. E. Sheridan takes a benefit on the 17th, appearing in 'Under the Palm' and the 'Irish Emigrant'......At the Opera House business continues pretty good. 'Il Trovatore,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Jerusalem' has been produced since last week."

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE opened at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 14th, in "Martha," to a good house, and produced during the week "Bohemian Girl," "Trovatore," "Fra Diavolo," "Crown Diamonds" and "Crispino." This week "Undine" is the attraction, with the stock company in the cast.

WILLIAM MARBLE'S COMPANY closed a two week's stay in Mankato, Minn., on the 12th, and opened in St. Peter, Minn., on the 14th, and will be in Minneapolis during the holidays.

PLUNKETT'S DRAMATIC FORCES are traveling through Iowa, and were announced to open at Council Bluffs, at the new theatre, on the 21st, with the following people:—Chas. Plunkett, specialties; J. F. Breyer, leading; R. G. Richards, heavies; Chas. Plunkett, Jr., first low comedy; J. Langdon, juveniles; E. Bansclough, first walking gents; W. Guy, first old men; W. Black, utility; Thos. Sands, second low comedy; Mrs. Turner, leading lady; Mrs. Chas. Plunkett, chambermaids; Miss Denin, juveniles; Mrs. J. F. Breyer, first old women; Miss Louisa Plunkett, walking ladies; Miss Annie Plunkett, juveniles, and Geo. Day, business manager.

T. W. DAVEY'S BALLET TROUPE closed Dec. 12th in Dubuque Iowa. E. J. Fox, song and dance man, joined the troupe there Miss Jennie Davis, A. A. Mallen and C. H. Derlin have left the company.

MRS. F. W. LANDER is at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., this week.

LIZZIE INES ST. JOHN makes her first appearance on any stage on the 26th inst., at the Boston Theatre as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet."

MRS. D. P. BOWERS, with a dramatic company is announced for four nights in Newark, N. J., opening on or about the 23d inst.

THE ELISE HOLT BURLESQUE TROUPE make their first appearance on the stage of this country at the Olympic, Boston, on the 21st in "Lucretia Borgia, M. D.; or, La Grande Doctresse." The farce of "Magic Toys" will precede the burlesque, in which will be introduced M'lle. Morlacchi and a *corps de ballet*. The company is under the management of J. B. Booth, and consists of Miss Elise Holt, Miss Emily Pitts, Miss Emma Grattan, Miss Minnie Jackson, Miss Mary Pitts, Mr. H. Wall, D. J. Maguinnis and James Lewis.

ANNIE SEFTON'S DRAMATIC TROUPE appeared in Youngstown, Ohio, the past week.

POOR BUSINESS.—E. L. Davenport and dramatic company performed in Hartford, Conn., one evening the past week to a seventy dollar house. Mrs. Lander and company appeared the week previous to a ninety dollar audience, while Buckley's minstrels performed to four hundred dollars, which goes to show what the people like there.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN" was produced at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on the 14th, to a full house. In point of scenery, *ballet* and general effect, the piece, says our correspondent, "excels anything ever brought out in Omaha. The Hernandes Troupe do the dancing, assisted by a handsomely dressed *ballet* of fourteen ladies. The piece is a decided success, and will run a week at least. Owing to the severe illness of Annie Ward, Mrs. German did Idex, at short notice, very acceptably. Mrs. Irwin was the Queen; Mrs. DeBar, Bridget; Miss Howard, Lady Una; Irwin dressed and acted well the dashing Sir Rupert; and Rainforth was in his happiest vein as Schnapps. Mr. Nobles' make-up for Amphibio was excellent, and his acting spirited and expressive. The march, floral *ballet* and demon dance and chorus were all well received."

EDWIN ADAMS commenced a six nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on the 14th inst., producing during the week, "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Dead Heart," "Lady of Lyons," "Narcisse" and "Richard," to fair houses.

WILLIAM HORACE LINGARD, company and orchestra, commenced an engagement of six nights at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 14th inst. Our correspondent "Novice" says, "Mr. Lingard was greeted by a fair audience. The performance commenced with the farce of the "Married Rake," Mr. Conway Cox and Ethel Norma sustaining the leading characters. Mr. Lingard then appeared, presenting nine of his sketches, every one of which called forth the heartiest kind of applause. At the conclusion of his sketch, the 'Grecian Bend,' he was called before the curtain. Alice Dunning (Mrs. Lingard) followed in a selection of songs. Lingard's Statue Song was then given. The comedietta of 'A Day After the Wedding' concluded the entertainment, Alice Dunning, N. McIntyre, Conway Cox, George Atkins and Mrs. Massen impersonating the characters. Mr. Atkins was particularly good as James, and created much merriment by bringing on the dog, in the scene where she appears with baggage in hand, prepared to quit his master's home. Miss Dunning was clever in the character assumed. On the 16th, the 'Good for Nothing' was substituted as a concluding farce, Miss Dunning appearing as Nan. During the engagement of the Lingard party, Messrs. Bland and Baker have allowed their stock company to remain quiet, while the scenic artist is busy preparing scenery for the first production of 'A Flash of Lightning' which, I understand, occurs on the 21st....At the National Theatre, the Maretzek Opera Company have held forth to excellent business, notwithstanding the management had the boldness to ask war prices for admission. 'Robert Le Diable,' for instance, drew the largest audience. 'Fra Diavolo' is announced for a *matinee* this afternoon (19th). On the 21st Manager Spalding reproduces the 'Black Crook.'.....On Sunday evening (13th inst.) a sermon on the 'Church and Theatre' was delivered in the Unitarian Church by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Sharman. A large audience listened to the discourse, many members of the theatrical profession being present. The reverend gentleman took broad grounds in favor of the drama as a means not merely of recreation, but, under proper conditions, of moral instruction and influence. He said he regarded it as the duty of the church not to assail the drama, but to make and keep it what it should be. And this, he said, could be done by patronizing it. The character of theatrical entertainments, he contended, suits itself to the demands of the audiences. If these are mainly composed of those who require purity and elevation in the drama, the latter will be supplied, and thus a powerful moral instrumentality will be secured to the side of good."

IN CHICAGO, the past week, the rush of people to the city to the "Reunion," made show business very brisk. Under date of Dec. 17, our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"The presence in the city of the vast number of army officers attending the 'reunion' has a buoyant effect on affairs theatrical, and although the 'reunion' ceremonies attract full houses, still each place of amusement is crowded. Leffingwell continues at McVicker's, making everybody present laugh. 'Cinderella,' in which Blanche Chapman will be long remembered, and 'Too Much for Good Nature' continued on the bills up to the 16th, when were produced 'Fra Diavalo' and 'The Wonderful Lamp.' Lotta will open here on the 21st inst. in 'The Fire Fly'...... Frank Aiken keeps 'After Dark' on the boards at the Museum, and feels far from gloomy over its success. The houses are excellent every night, and at the *matinees* people were turned away. Mr. Aiken does well as 'Old Tom.' Mrs. Allen comes next in order of merit, in excellence of acting and careful study. She receives her first benefit on the 21st, when 'Bold Stroke for a Husband' will be presented. Blaisdell plays Gordon Chumley very well, but does not dress it. Padgett is good, as usual, as Bellingham; his scene with Chumley in Medhurst's garden being especially pleasing, though the character be detestable. Crisp does not please so well as he has in former assumptions. The 'Rightful Heir' is underlined at this house. It was played on the 14th at Crosby's, it being the opening of the dramatic season. The piece is dry, yet abounds in elegant language, and to display the abilities of his new company was perhaps quite the thing for Mr. Hess to produce. The old favorites, Rankin, McManus, Garrison, Bradley and May Howard, each got their little reception as they severally appeared. Of the new faces, not one proved in the least unacceptable, and so Miss Phelps, Messrs. Burnett and Metkiff may feel assured that they are all right for the future. In the farce of 'The Two Buzzards' Mrs. Marble, an old time favorite, and Miss Kate Putnam and Messrs. Jennings, Fiske and Metkiff were received with rounds of laughter. Jennings and Fiske make a capital team, and the eccentric and comic are in exceeding good hands for the season. On the 15th the Opera House was given up to the soldiers, and more stars appeared on Crosby's stage on that occasion than ever before, or, probably, will again, unless the generals reunite right away. On the 16th John E. Owens sells apple sass. After Solon Shingle comes the 'Victims.' Notwithstanding the predictions of many, the Dearborn Street House did open on the 14th, but I think the managers are not so proud of the opening as they would have had cause to be if it had been delayed another week. The house was barely ready inside, and not at all outside. The arrangement for selling tickets was bad, and a temporary door was built right next the auditorium, so that when the curtain went up that portion of the audience near the door could not hear a word from the stage for the noise at the door. Only one usher was in attendance, and he was evidently afraid he would soil his new dress suit. Duplicate coupons were plenty and a constant change of seats or wrangle about them was taking place. The company were, for the most part, unfamiliar to the piece, 'Wonder; or, A Woman Keeps a Secret,' and Miss Irving, the leading lady, had only a short time for study, and, seemingly, a shorter time to dress. Her acting, however, fully atoned for her faulty make up. Roche is hardly up to the leading business, but any criticism would be unjust, under the circumstances, for they certainly were too much hurried. The manager had advertised to open on the 12th, and open they would, forgetful of the fact that a bad impression on an opening night were worse than a dozen postponements. No dedicatory services were held, but Mr. Brandt appeared before the curtain between the pieces and made a short speech, assuring the public that no pains would be spared to cater to the amusement of a first class audience. The performance concluded with the comic pantomime of 'Mons. Duchalame,' in which Hernandez contrived to keep the audience in good humor. The audience was large but fell off one-third the second night. On the 16th they present 'Follies of a Night' and 'Vol-au-Vent.' The theatre itself deserves a more extended notice than time permits, it being universally conceded 'neater than the neatest.'"

A CORRECTION.—A Memphis correspondent takes exception to an article in our issue of the 12th inst., wherein our regular correspondent stated that business had been bad there and prospects ahead were not flattering for stars. The correspondent in reply to this says:—"Miss Charlotte Thompson, our first star with old pieces, took nearly a thousand dollars for her share of the proceeds. Mr. Couldock followed, and in two weeks cleared $1,200 and some odd. A stock week with the 'Lottery of Life' yielded so well that it was put on for a second week in preference to a very excellent star that could have been obtained. Whitman with his 'White Fawn' took as his share of the proceeds a $1,600 package. I have not learned his profits for the second week. In fact, but one week, so far, when the classically legitimate was attemped with the stock company, has the season so far proved unprofitable. Marie Frederici's Opera Troupe come here for three nights commencing 17th December. Mary Gladstane follows, with 'Elizabeth' and 'Marie Antoinette.'"

MR. AND MRS. HARRY LINDEN commenced at the Opera House, Evansville, Ind., on the 14th, in "The Hidden Hand."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at the Opera House, Auburn, N. Y., on the 17th inst., before a large audience. Our correspondent "Kittie" says:—"It is pronounced by competent judges the greatest hit of the season. Certainly it gave better satisfaction than any previous effort of Manager Forrester, and that is saying a good deal, for every effort made since the season began has received a cordial welcome. The play is well cast and passed off without a hitch or blunder. G. W. Reed's Ray Trafford was well impersonated. Mrs. Forrester's Laura Courtland was dressed in excellent style and rendered in that lady's usual good manner. A. H. Sheldon's Bermudas was capital and his local hits a feature. Snorkey, by N. C. Forrester, was very good. Mrs. Smith's Peachblossom was one of the features of the entertainment. The railroad scene was a great success and elicited storms of applause. The play has created a sensation, and will enjoy a run."

O. W. BLAKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed a week's engagement in Grand Rapids, Mich., on Dec. 18th. Felix A. Vincent, Mollie Williams, W. R. Gray, O. W. Blake, C. McPherson, H. Brent, H. Miller, Annie Blake, Minnie Taylor, Anna Williams, Alice Gray, Miss Wilson and Ida Blake are in the troupe. They have been playing "East Lynne," "Katty O'Sheal" and "Inshavogue."

EDWIN BOOTH occupied the boards of the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week. On the 14th "Hamlet" was produced, and, says our correspondent, "by his rendition of this, one of Shakespeare's masterpieces, he has gained a host of admirers. On the 15th 'Richelieu,' and the 16th 'Richard the Third' were produced to the best houses of the season. For his benefit to-night (18th) 'Hamlet,' and at the *matinee* on the 19th 'Lady of Lyons' constitute the bills."

AT THE MOBILE (Ala.) THEATRE business has been only fair of late, with Mlle. Turnour, the female trapezeist, as the attraction. The programme for the week ending Dec. 12th was one of variety, consisting of "Caste," "Barrack Room," "Quiet Family" and "Still Waters Run Deep," liberally interspersed with dances by Lizette Bernard. In "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" Geo. Pardey made a hit. He was well supported by Messrs. Hayden, Shields, Mrs. Henri, Mrs. Bradshaw and Mrs. Joey Pardey. Messrs. Grisdale, Shields and Herbert have been on the sick list for the past few days, but were at last advices convalescent."

A PORTION of the dramatic company from the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., performed in Madison on the 14th, 15th and 16th; Terre Haute 17th, 18th and 19th, and were to return to Indianapolis and produce "Undine" on the 21st.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" was produced at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., on the 14th, by the Tony Denier Company, to a crowded house, and business kept good all the week.

E. L. DAVENPORT appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 18th and 19th, in "Fashion" and "Pizarro," supported by Mrs. E. L. Davenport, J. M. Ward, Thos. H. Burns, Yankee Glunn, J. S. Nolan, W. B. Laurens, Dwight Denny, Mrs. E. Leslie, Mrs. Louisa Morse. Miss Lillie Vining and Belle Dudley.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS opened an engagement at the Savannah theatre on the 14th inst in "Kathleen Mavourneen."

EDMUND COLES announced the close of his season in Montreal on the 19th inst. The "Lancashire Lass" was given on the 14th, when Carrie Jamieson made her debut there, and the same bill was repeated on the 15th. "After Dark" was brought out on the 17th.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS has been secured for six weeks by a gentleman well known in theatrical affairs, who has agreed to pay her $1,500 a week. He commences her tour in Philadelphia this week, at the Academy of Music. Albert Cassiday is business manager.

KATE RAYMOND, supported by J. B. Coins, in conjunction with Templeton's troupe, is now making a southern tour. On the 21st they opened at Montgomery Ala., for a week. Business is reported good.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., have several advertisements in another column, which the profession would do well to notice.

A CAPITALIST can find a profitable investment by applying to Davis & Co., as per card in another column.

AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the Zavistowski Sisters closed a brief engagement of one week, on the 19th. During the holidays "After Dark" will be produced, with new dresses and scenery.

G. H. CLARK is playing Mrs. C. G. Howard through the New England towns, supported by a dramatic company. The party are in New Haven, Conn., on the 22d and [illegible]

FANNY B. PRICE, supported by the [illegible] commenced an engagement of [illegible] on Dec. 14th, opening in "Fanchon," [illegible] daughters appear in Galveston, [illegible] ney Corner," under an engagement [illegible] Price returns to Galveston after the Couldocks' engagement for two weeks.

BUSINESS AT THE ROCHESTER THEATRE has been good the past week. Mr. Ward, comedian, took a benefit on the 14th, when the house was well filled and at the conclusion he was called before the curtain and presented with a diamond pin. Senora Corfano's benefit, on the 15th, was poorly attended. The "Lancashire Lass" was produced on the 16th, with Miss Annie Deland in the title *role*, and was run the rest of the week to full houses. Our correspondent "Agate" says:—"Miss Deland is not a great artist but possesses a fine figure and a good voice. She does not overdo her part but seems to recognize the fact that there are others besides herself upon the stage. Her acting is characterized by an evenness which does not degenerate into tameness nor attain undue prominence. A party by the name of Johnson was finely personated by Mr. Meldrum. Mr. Sawtelle was fair as Robert Redburn. Miss Clifton played Kate Garston well. Miss McKay looked well as Fanny Danville, but spoke too rapidly. Mr. Southard as Ned Clayton, Mr. Mason as Jallick and Mr. Hann as Mr. Danville were good—other characters fair. Miss Deland's benefit on the 18th was well attended and during the performance she was called before the curtain and presented with several elegant boquets and baskets of flowers. She will join J. C. Myers' troupe at New Bedford, Mass., on the 21st. In consequence of delay in engaging a *premier danseuse* and necessary additions to the *corps de ballet*, 'Undine' will not be produced until the 28th."

THEATRICALS IN CINCINNATI continued rather poorly the past week, the only things that really flourished being a series of amateur representations at the National, and the concert halls, where the admission is next to nothing. At Wood's Theatre, Charlotte Crampton appeared on the 14th, Mr. Gladstone's engagement being curtailed on account of bad business. The admission was cut down to fifty cents. Miss Crampton opened in "Hamlet," followed by "Meg Merrilies," "Lucretia Borgia," "Richard III," and a local drama entitled "Retribution, or the Cincinnati Tragedy." Our correspondent says:—"A comical incident occurred on the 16th. During the performance of 'Lucretia Borgia,' the queenly Lucretia went to take her seat in the chair of state, in her most impressive style, when it slipped from under her, depositing the lady on the floor, and the chair on the lady. It was anything but a comic scene, but the accident was too much for the risibles of the audience. Rachel Johnson is to appear this week in 'Griffith Gaunt'......The National was occupied the past week by a representation, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, of the 'Drummer Boy, or the Battle of Shiloh,' a so-called allegory, intended to illustrate camp and battle scenes. Some of the tableaux and battles are grand. The drama itself is unmitigated trash, and is too long, containing six acts; but as a martial exhibition it is undoubtedly fine. The male characters are all done by amateurs, the lady members of the National company performing the female parts. A distribution of gifts has been a feature of the entertainments, and it has drawn well. Thomas Hampton, the comedian, has the management of the piece......At Mozart Hall, Fanny Janauschek appeared on the 14th in 'Mary Stuart,' 'Bride of Messina' and 'Deborah.' She drew pretty well from the large German element of Porkopolis .....Joseph Jefferson opens at the National on the 21st, for two weeks, in 'Rip Van Winkle.' It is somewhat remarkable that, although he has played several engagements in Porkopolis, he has never appeared in but the one character; and it is his intention to run it through his present engagement, if it draws. A good many would like to see him in some of his other representations. Mrs. F. W. Lander is to be the next star at the National...... Mrs Yelverton was in Cincinnati the past week, and contemplates giving a series of readings."

MRS. H. P. GRATTAN has returned to Brooklyn and can be engaged. See her address elsewhere.

MR. B. TRIMBLE intimates in advertisement in another column that he has taken the management of the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa.; also, that first class artists can apply immediately.

AT DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, Lotta held forth the past week. She played Liddy Larrigan in "Family Jars," and introduced her drum and banjo solos. On the 18th she was to take her farewell benefit. On the 19th C. S. Rogers, first low comedian, was announced for a benefit. On the 21st the Richings English Opera commence a short season.......At the Olympic "Midsummer Night's Dream" has held the boards, with Master Willie Younge as Puck, Albaugh as Lysander, Evans as Demetrius, Mary Mitchell as Hermia, Fannie Stoc queller as Oberon, Frankie McClellan as Titania, Sheldon as Bottom, and Dolly Davenport as Flute. Our correspondent says:—"The piece was well put on the stage—the costumes, properties and scenery fine. Davenport and Sheldon were very funny as Pyrannus and Thisbe. The piece will probably run through the holidays, and be followed by 'Humpty Dumpty' with Tony Denier as Clown."

MADAME PONISI, tragedienne, can be engaged. See her advertisement in another column.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD is to play Topsey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 22d and 23d, assisted by the Clarke combination.

B. F. LOWELL has Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., engaged for Christmas night.

MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN appeared before a large audience at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Dec. 15th, in the "Union Spy."

THE BIDWELL AND LOCKE TROUPE opened in Concord, N. H., on the 14th to a crowded house, in "Gipsy Queen" and "Wife for a Day." Miss Dollie Bidwell as Cynthia, Lillie Marsden as Starlight Bess, with Bidwell, Wilkinson, Sullivan and Dean in the cast. Yankee Locke also appeared as Nathan Tucker in the farce. He is still suffering from his fractured jaw, but is said to be as funny as ever. The following two nights "Little Barefoot," "Forest Rose" and "Nobody's Daughter" drew equally crowded houses. On the last night Mr. Frank Mayo and his Boston company played the "Lancashire Lass" at Phenix Hall in opposition. This is the first time two companies ever met in Concord. On the 17th Bidwell and Locke opened in Manchester in "Little Barefoot." On the 21st "Esmeralda" was to be brought out. They play in Nashua 23d and 24th; Lowell, 25th and 26th, and go thence to Lawrence, Haverhill and Dover for two nights each.

OF BOSTON SHOW NEWS we are advised by our correspondent "Penfold," under date of Dec. 19th, who says:—"The most important event which has transpired in the dramatic line, in this city, since my last, was the impersonation of Romeo by Miss Annie Clark, at the Museum, on the 15th, that evening having been set apart for the benefit of R. F. McClannin, the old man of the company. It was the first appearance of the lady in that character, and as it was known among the theatrical *habitues* that she had been studying the *role* for a long time, a large audience was in attendance. The lady's rendition of the *role* was unmistakably fine, and one that has not of late years been excelled by a lady on the stage of this city. With a thorough knowledge of the author's meaning, a strict avoidance of feminine gesture or gait and a correct make up, she delivered the lines in a manner not to be quickly forgotten. The lady was called before the curtain twice during the evening, and applause was liberally showered upon her. The Juliet of Louise Meyers was better than could be expected of a young lady whose line of business is the *soubrettes*. The Mercutio of Mr. Shewell and the Friar Lawrence of McClannin were good. The last performance of 'Blow for Blow' for the present will be given this evening (the 19th). It has drawn fine houses at every representation. 'Honor before Wealth' follows 'Blow for Blow.' It is an adaptation of the French from which 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man' was taken. On the 18th Frank Hardenbergh plays Silky in the 'Road to Ruin' and Jerry Clip in 'The Widow's Victim' for his benefit. The 'Silver Spoon' will be revived here during the Holiday season......At the Boston, Forrest closes on the 26th. He has been playing his favorite *roles* to immense business in spite of his support, which is poor......Selwyn produced 'The Lancashire Lass' on the 14th in magnificent style, and the acting of the stock is, with one or two exceptions, fine. Mrs. Chanfrau being ill, Fanny Morant was, through the kindness of Edwin Booth, secured to play Kate Garstone. This bill will be withdrawn soon as special attraction for the Holidays is in preparation......The Morlacchi troupe close at the Comique this evening. Morlacchi, Baretta and the Mazerri Sisters have each a farewell benefit this week. Jas. E. Maffitt takes his farewell benefit this evening and makes his last appearance. A variety troupe opens here next (this) week."

AUGUSTIN DALY, the dramatic author, warns managers, in a card published in another column, against producing the Railroad Scene in "After Dark" or in any other piece without his permission, as it is his property, the United States Courts having so decided.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is advertised for to take a tour through the west.

MISS KATE HUNTER and Claude Hamilton are announced to appear at Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., in a sensational drama on New Year's night. Miss Hunter has but recently returned to the stage after several years' retirement, and appeared a few nights since in Brooklyn as Lady Gay Spanker.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS appeared at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 14th inst., as Rosalind, in "As You Like It."

GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE opened on the 11th for ten nights at the new Nashville Theatre, but owing to the cool atmosphere, they played to poor houses. The troupe was not to be so easily outdone, for on the 14th and 15th they secured the Masonic Hall.

JAMES HACKETT opens an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 28th inst.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING MINSTRELS suddenly wound up their season in Cincinnati on the 19th. Business was better the past week than the previous one, but still not sufficient to justify them in remaining. Our correspondent says:—"Their location was bad; the hall is not only too small, but too far westward. Their orchestra is good, but the vocal *corps* is the weak spot of the company; they want a first rate tenor in addition to its present strength. In the way of comic talent the company have three good comedians—Allen, Manning and Emerson. The latter has improved in his songs and dances of late, and is rapturously *encored*. He puts a little more noise and vim into his steps without losing his graceful manner. Manning and Allen are clever end men, and Allen does some good dances. During the last week of their stay the programme was good, the principal farce being 'One Night in a Bar Room.' Emerson appeared in a new song and dance entitled 'The Fascinating Nig,' which he procured from St. Louis, and which is one of the best he does. On the 17th Emerson took a complimentary ben., appearing in the 'Old Clothes Dealer,' a very good act. On the 18th Johnnie Allen took a farewell benefit. The company has not yet decided on its future programme. It would return to Porkopolis if a suitable place, like Wood's Theatre, could be got. They go first to Columbus, and during the holidays will play in Louisville Frank Rivers is now the business manager of the troupe."

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS put in one night at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on Dec. 18th, performing before a large audience. Swaine Buckley's "Capt. Jinks" and "Biddy McCarty," are pronounced excellent. The comicalities of Jake Budd and Pete Lee, frequently brought down the house. The Empire boys do a lively clog dance. The trombone solo by Geo. Monk is said to have been good.

MORRIS' MINSTRELS are billed for Rochester on the 21st and 22d.

AT WILSON'S OPERA HOUSE, St. Louis, the past week, business is said to have been very good on account of Fred Wilson making a present of $100 each night to the patrons. This is pronounced a *bona fide* transaction, and no Paschall House humbug. The performance went off well, the principal features being a clog dance by Master George; "Perplexing Predicament" and "Sublime and Ridiculous." The afterpiece was the "Masquerade Ball."

S. S. SANFORD, with his minstrel troupe, was in Phillipsburg, Pa., on the 18th inst., where the party encountered considerable snow. The route ahead for this party is Jersey Shore, Pa., 28th and 29th; Lockhaven, 30th and 31st; Williamsport, Jan. 1st and 2d; Lewisburg, 4th; Danville, 6th; Reading, 7th, 8th and 9th, and Harrisburg, 11th, for one week. George Edwards, M. Hammon, H. Coleman, J. E. Dougherty, J. Fish H. Sefton, J. Berger, M. Wilson, J. Adams and Julia Sanford are in the party.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS, in Boston, are said to be drawing good houses, with Lester, the contortionist, as principal attraction. Several old and several new pieces are in preparation there. Mlle. Maurice Stella, vocalist, appears this week, and the Christmas pantomime of the "House that Jack Built," is presented.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS made their reappearance in Newark, N. J., on the 18th and 19th inst., showing to two of the largest houses of the season. The company is composed of fifteen performers, headed by Arlington, who is a great favorite with the Newark public. The comicalities of Arlington and Sam Price kept the audience in a continual roar, while the witticisms of D. L. Morris, the Dutch comedian, brought down the house. Arlington's telegraph was a hit, and his banjo solo, "Glass put in," was *encored* four times on the first evening. The act called "Tom and Jerry," in which Sam Price appeared, was received with shouts of laughter. T. L'Estrange sang "Lottie Lee," and received an *encore*.

SHELBY'S MINSTRELS, traveling through Illinois, will perform in Bloomington 21st and 22d, Decatur 23d, Springfield 24th and 25th, Jacksonville 28th and 29th, and Naples 29th and 30th.

BILLY BARRY left the Haverly Minstrels in Detroit, Mich. on the 8th inst.

MANAGERS in want of song and dance men, clog and jig performers, are referred to the "ad" of Gallagher and Pierce in another column.

G. H. advertises for a situation as song and dance, bones or tambourine. See his card elsewhere.

THE CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND, lately organized, consists of eleven instruments, under the leadership of Fred Austin. The orchestra of eight pieces is led by [illegible]. The following gentlemen are in the party:—

J. De Aubra proprietor, Fred Austin, Ed Groot, Loraine Bros. (Harry and Eddie bones and tambourine) W. W. Mayne interlocutor, Barnt Rhodes, C. Baldauf, Geo. W. Gates, Geo.

Charley Pettengill has left the Academy of Music, New Orleans, and joined Haverly's Minstrels.

The Mobile Star Minstrels (real corks) a newly organized party from the New Orleans troupe are traveling through Illinois. John Martin, Welch, Robbins, Rentz, Williams, and Smith are in the party. They have a brass and string band.

White, Geo. Schlack, and Master Johnnie and Georgie. Geo. White is the advance agent. They played in Cohoes 16th, Schenectady 17th, Balston 18th, and are to be in Fort Edward 21st, Glenns Falls 22d, Whitehall 23d, and go thence o Rutland, Vt., Castleton, &c.

The Bone Championship.—In last week's issue we stated that Joe Mack was prepared to make a match with any one at a trial with the bones to see who was entitled to the championship. We have been waited upon by Mr. Hicks, of the Georgia Minstrels, who states that he will meet Mr. Mack at the Clipper office on Wednesday, the 23d inst., at 2 o'clock, prepared to make a deposit and sign articles for a match between George W. Danforth and Mr. Mack for any amount Mr. M. chooses. To be decided as regards style, execution and time.

The Pantomime of "Jack and Gill," produced under the direction of Robert Fraser, is the holiday feature at Carncross & Dixey's Opera House, Philadelphia, which, with the usual variety of special acts, etc., will make a good Christmas treat.

Dupree and Benedict's Minstrels are in Newark, N. J., on the 5th and 6th of Jan.

Charles Gleason, one of the end men of Dupres and Benedict's Minstrels, was married to Alice Cotam, of Lawrence, Mass., on the 16th inst., in Haverhill, Mass. This company show in Springfield, Mass., on the 24th, 25th and 26th, and put in New Year's in Troy.

Arlington's Minstrels perform in Hudson, N. Y., on the 25th, and Troy, 28th.

Manager Hooley announces that he will make a free distribution of $1,000 worth of jewelry, toys, etc., to the audiences that attend his two Minstrel Halls in Brooklyn and Williamsburgh this week. At both houses a holiday piece called "Santa Claus" will be performed, during which old Santa Claus will distribute the presents.

The Georgia Minstrels were to be in Yonkers, N. Y., on the 21st inst.

Haverly's Minstrels perform in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 21st, and remain four nights.

Circuses.

Prof. B. R. Humphreys advertises that an English brass and string band, double handed performers, are now open for engagements for the coming season.

William Armstrong and lady advertise that they are ready to negotiate for the coming season. See their card elsewhere.

Manager Sinn, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, introduces a new troupe to his patrons this week, including Thomas Watson, C. Rivers, jr., James Hawkins, Philo. Nathans, Prof. Ashton, Franklin and Lasalle, M'lle Elize Kenyon, Sam. Long, Geo. Sheppard, and others.

Mr. Charles Warner's season of the Philadelphia circus opened on the 19th instant, when the attendance was very large, the prices of admission being low, and therefore popular. The company is a good one, and the performances are of a varied and attractive character. Pete Conklin and Billy Porter are clowns.

The Wife of Geo. Brown, the gymnast of Forepaugh's Menagerie, is said to have died recently of consumption at the age of twenty-one.

A Boy wishes to apprentice himself. See Harry Jacob's address in another column.

The Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., is to be opened this week with a first class circus company, embracing the names of James Robinson and son Clarence, Mr. James Maguire and James Madigan.

Music Halls.

Washington city, being filled with strangers at the present time, the music halls are doing a very good business. The two establishments—Metropolitan and Lola's—exhibit flourishing returns, particularly the former place, the hall being well filled throughout the entire evening. The price of admission to each place is but fifteen cents, the patron, on entering, receiving a ticket entitling him to a ten cent drink. Return checks are not issued, and the evenings' receipts average quite a snug amount. Our correspondent says:—"There has been no change in the company at the Metropolitan Hall since my last letter. Annie Hindle continues to please, although she has somewhat disappointed many by not appearing in a new budget of specialities. Kate Clare does a jig dance very prettily, and Marie Zoel appears in a clog hornpipe. The 'Guinea Maid,' by Geo. L. Hall; the 'Potomac Maiden's Lament,' by Johnny Harris; 'Mother Would Comfort Me,' by Viola Clifton; 'Johnnie has Gone for a Soldier,' by Charlie Howard; 'Wandering Refugee,' by Kate Clare, are the songs now given in the first part, the finale to which is a cleverly arranged tableau, Jenny De Mars representing the Goddess of Liberty. The Ethiopian sketch, 'Schimerhorn's Boy,' is capitally given, with Howard as the old man, Harris as Eph, and Hall as Mr. Williams. With Ella Sheldon and Julia Robinson in pleasing dances, and numerous acts of the above calibre, the audiences are quite pleased, and applaud accordingly. The comic singer, Fred Buckingham, and his two sons, Edgar and Ernest, commence an engagement at this hall on the 21st.......At Lola's Music Hall a well arranged programme is offered. Jimmy Quinn and Billy Rice are now the end performers. Charlie Clarke, a good general performer, has joined the company. Annie H. Hall recently commenced an engagement. The lady sings a variety of characteristic songs and receives an abundance of applause. Millie Lola, although the proprietress, works hard to assist in offering an attractive entertainment, and appears in the olio as well as the minstrel scene. Josephine Parker and Little Agnes Harris continue as members of the troupe."

The Theatre Comique, Boston, has almost an entire change of company this week. Among the people engaged to appear are Mons. La Therne, stage manager; Mlle. Augusta, Harry Macarthy, Lottie Estelle, Harry Raynor, Shappee and Whitney, James Wambold, S. S. Purdy, Eveline Lehman, Sig. Constantine and the "Punch and Judy Show," engaged in England for the Tammany in this city.

The Varieties, Memphis, under management of C. H. H. Bloom, has become a favorite place of amusement for the lovers of fun. It is crowded nightly, says a correspondent:—"by an audience who are not sparing of their applause to their favorites. Miss Helen De Vere, balladist, and Augusta Lamareux's comic delineations are nightly received with *encores*. Stage Manager J. S. Berry burlesqued the 'White Fawn' in a very clever manner. They present the usual *melange* of songs, dances and negro acts. The company at present include the following—J. S. Berry, stage manager; Charley Gardner and son; Oscar Willis; Jim Johnson; Johnny Manning; Miss M. B. Clifford; Corrie Weston; Lottie Mitchell; Helene De Vere; Lizzie Janette; Augusta Lamareux, and Miss Louise Evans....... *On dit*, that a New Variety company will soon open on Jefferson street."

Terry Hall, Batavia, N. Y., newly fitted up with drop curtain and dressing rooms, with seats for six hundred people, is advertised in another column.

Butzel's Hall, Saugerties, N. Y., is advertised in another column. It has a stage with foot and border lights, dressing rooms, and is surrounded by a population of about ten thousand.

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, there has been quite a change. The spectacle of "Undine" has been drawing good houses. The following is the cast:—Sir Hubert, J. S. Edwards; Babtiste, Billy Cavanaugh; Lorchausen, Welsh Edwards; Manfredo, Billy Pastor; Lady Una, Madeline Hardy; Bridget, Viola Howard; Undine, Jennie Engel; Index, Mrs. Jas. A. Oates; Flavia, Marie Miller. Other characters by the company, including demons, with the young gymnast, David Hawley, as Kieuleborne, at their head. M'lles Solke, Evers, Malvina, Bertha and *corps de ballet* appear in dances incidental to the piece.......At the Olympic business continues fair. Most of the old favorites have vanished and new faces have appeared. Harry Robinson appears in his specialties. The olio performance concludes with a local sketch entitled "Scenes in Commercial Alley."

A Premiere Danseuse and other first class talent is wanted at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C. See card in another column.

The Susan Galton Troupe, at present at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, remain there another week, and go thence to Washington, D. C., for one week, and thence to the Theatre Comique, Boston, for a lengthy engagement.

The Metropolitan, Buffalo, N. Y., under the management of Frank Wild, is said to be doing well. A first class lady vocalist is advertised for. Louisa Birch and Noonan and Clark, cloggists, still continue to be the attraction.

Laura Bernard, at the Mozart Hal, Buffalo, has become quite a favorite.

At the Citizen Music Parlors, Buffalo, Geo. Goulding, proprietor, Miss Belle Thomas and Ada Monteath appear each evening.

Palmer's New Hall, Amherst, Mass., is advertised to rent; it will seat eight hundred persons, has stage and is lighted with gas.

The Oxford, Cincinnati, under the management of Dick Parker, is said to have done a good business the past week. Parker on the tambourine end, and his banjo solo in the second part formed the leading attraction. The programme is changed twice in each week. W. J. Jacobs, tenor singer and comedian, is to appear this week, opening with the act called "The Old Clothes Dealer," which he claims he and Billy Emerson originally produced together in New Orleans......The Race Street Varieties had two additions last week, Ned Reed, bone player and comedian, and Marsh Adams. Addie Sprague, a favorite actress, had a benefit on the 16th......At the Sixth Street Varieties, C. W. Sullivan continues the principal attraction, relying more on his Dutch and Irish songs than the negro comicalities.

At the Varieties, St. Louis, Mo., the past week, "Wi's" Watson's song and dance, "La Prima Donna," "La Fete Napoli" and "Southern Flirtations," by Lizzie Sherman and Henry Watson, were the principal features. The "Convict's Vengeance" was the after piece.

The Union Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., is presenting an attractive bill to their patrons for the holidays. The principal attractions are Tom Barker, comedian; Tim Hays, cloggist; Charlie Gardiner, song and dance; Nellie Huntley in statues, with Charlie Hall as stage manager. J. G. H. Shorey is also with this company. Doc Hurd is manager.

At the Howard Athenæum, Boston, two new stars appear this week—Eph Horn and Herr Holton. Harry Gurr continues his engagement, also Sig. Vayo.

Annie Hindle, the London character vocalist, appears to have made a hit at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., as she has been re-engaged for twelve nights longer. See her address in advertisement.

At the Academy of Music, Nashville, Dan Griffin, having recovered from his late illness, took his place at the head of the management during the past week. Miss Kate Davenport, *danseuse*, Ettie Barker, Julia Levett and St Martin appeared. Murphy, Joe Woods, Johnny Smith, Griffin, Miss Newton and M'lle. Jersena are in the company.

New American Theatre, Baltimore.—The managers of this establishment, emulous of the fame resulting from the production of the famous *Can Can* elsewhere, have determined to bring out this attraction in a manner heretofore unsurpassed in this city, in view of which they have engaged the services of Pet Celeste and a *corps de ballet* of twenty beautiful young ladies.

At the Baltimore Opera House the *Can Can* is still the attraction, and though under a new management, holds the boards with undiminished success.

At the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Neil Rogers occupies the bone end, while Harry Talbot plays the tambourine. Chrissie Morrell, Emma Marsh and others are among the attractions offered.

The Olympic, Norfolk, Va., is reported to be doing a good business, with Sam Williams as bones; Hen Mason, tambo; George Morton, middle man; the Florence Sisters, Frank Allinson and Willie Smith in the company.

At the Varieties, Mobile, Ala., business of late is said to have been very fair. During the week ending Dec. 12, Mons. Anderson, sword swallower and stone breaker, put in an appearance and created a sensation. Miss Lotta Starr does the vocalism and fancy dances, while Johnny Keegan, Geo. Caulfield, and Mr. Ross do the black and white eccentricities.

Mlle. Jersena, *danseuse* and vocalist, opened at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn. on the 15th inst.

The Renard Sisters were in Indianapolis, Ind., the past week, doing nothing.

Miss Susan Galton and her comic opera company were to have opened an engagement at the Seventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, Dec. 21, in the operetta of "Fanchette."

Union Varieties is the title of what was lately known as Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, and which has just been re-opened with the following company:—Misses Mary Fitzsimmons, Maggie Bowers, Jennie Jerome, Messrs. J. Fiske, H. Jefferson, Jas. Bart, J. P. Clark, Frank A. Marion, George Wilkes, etc. Prices of admission, 25 and 10 cents.

George Rosser took a benefit at the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 17th inst. An attractive bill was presented.

The Olympic, Brooklyn, opens on the 24th, under T. Donnelly's management, with the following company:—Mll'e. Benhalt, M'lle. Zoesell, M. Gattenac, M'lle. Lizzie Whelpley, M'lle. Martinetti, M'lle. Florence Wells, M'lle. Louise Fisher, Miss L. Morris, Annie Harrison, Miss Bradden, Burnell Runnells and sons, Sidney Vane, vocalist; Charles E. Collins, the original sure; James Kelly, Jerry Cohan, E. Haviland, T. L. Donnelly and dramatic company. Mons. Grossi, ballet master. W. A. Hinchcliff, musical director.

Information Wanted.—A correspondent writes to learn the address of the mother of Billy Barker, clog dancer, who was lost on the Mississippi river during the late steamboat disaster. The party writing us is searching for the body, to send it to his relatives. Any information sent to this office will be forwarded to the party.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Taylor, of No. 10 Bleecker street, this city, continues to furnish parties with fancy costumes and evening dresses on hire.

Prof. Morey reports show business in Nevada very queer. He says:—"Nearly all the people of Virginia City have gone to White Pine, and I am sure they will want to get back as soon as they get there, for it is a miserable place. I was there a few weeks ago and there was not provisions enough in the place to last three days. I could not get any grain for my horses or flour for our own use on the road to Austin, but managed to buy a little flour and bacon from some of the ranches along the road. I did a very good business in Austin for one week. Then I came here—Virginia City—where I have done fairly so far. Piper's Opera House is running a Variety Troupe. I go from here to Gold Hills, Silver City, Dayton, Carson, Empire, Washoe City, Ophir, and then over the Sierra Nevadas to Placerville, Cal. There has been no snow here yet, although we are about 7,000 feet above the sea's level. There was snow enough in White Pine when I was there, and Treasure City, 13,000 feet above the sea, and all the water they use there has to be hauled up from Hamilton, three miles. Price for water, 35 cents a bucket. Expenses are very heavy in this country, but I manage to clear about $300 per week in gold."

Once More—Mons. H. Grau was advertised to give gift concerts in Indianapolis, Ind., the past week. A correspondent says:—"He cleared out, swindling the hall proprietor, landlord of the hotel, and the bill poster." If we are not mistaken, this is the same party that we have on several occasions shown up to the public, under the name of Haskill and several other aliases.

Alf. Burnett and J. H. Taylor performed at the Opera House, Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th and 15th inst., to good business. They appear in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 21st and 22d, and Louisville, Ky., 23d, 24th and 25th.

Martino opened in Springfield, Ill., on the 14th inst., for six nights.

The Shadow Pantomime is just the kind of amusement for children during the holidays. Thomas Yates serves directions as to how to produce it for twenty-five cents.

Liebie, the wizard, gives four entertainments in magic at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, on the afternoon and evening of Dec. 25th and 26th, when he will be assisted by several artists.

The Wizard Oil Company is traveling through Ohio *en route* for the oil regions of Pennsylvania. They were at Wellsville, O., on the 10th, 11th and 12th.

Harry Macarthy, one of the most versatile and pleasing performers before the American public, and whose changes are made with wonderful rapidity, will be at liberty to make engagements with managers at the close of his present engagement at the Theatre Comique, Boston. See his advertisement in another column.

Miss Butters, of Tremont, is one of the shining lights of the Morrisania Philharmonic Society and her performances on the piano are sweetly and gracefully executed. This society is about to commence the rehearsal of Prof. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle."

"Music for the Million" is a quotation we heartily accord with, as we believe that its teaching and practice should be brought, as far as practicable, within reach of every man, woman and child. Its charms would soothe many a savage breast, and militate against dissipation to a great degree. Hitchcock of No. 98 Spring street, N. Y., has made a step in the right direction by publishing music of all sorts at five cents per copy.

A Harmonic Society is in process of formation at Little Falls, N. J. That's right, strike the lyre.

Mr. Maitland informs the public, through an advertisement in another column, that he has lately returned from Europe and intends shortly to make a tour through the principal cities of the Union with his Miltonian Tableaux, which has been newly painted by the best artists in Paris and London. A first class lecturer is wanted. Apply as per advertisement.

A Panorama of California occupied Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, followed on the 18th by a lecture by Du Chaillu, the gorilla hunter from Africa.

Ossian E. Dodge, the superintendent of Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, has secured a patent for his headlights and his hall is said to be the best lighted in America.

Seavey & Co., scenic artists, have recently sent out from their establishment the scenery for the "Lottery of Life" now playing in the east under Lowell & Simmonds' management, a new drop curtain for the Lynchburg Theatre, Va., and have now on their frames scenery for several halls in the interior of the country. See advertisement in another column.

Chas. Weightman advertises that he is prepared to give his aquatic performances. See his card elsewhere.

Scott's Theatre Comique Company broke up in Kansas City, Mo., on Dec. 5th, after a traveling season of two months. M. John Denier then took a week's trip with D. K. Russell. John was at Laurence, Kansas, on the 11th, 12th and 14th; Ottawa, Kansas, two nights, and Topeka, Kansas, three nights, closing there on Dec. 19th. In addition to M. Denier, Sam Hubbard, George Fisher, Tommy Queen, Alex. Barrow, Ed. Minor and Maggie Willett were in the party.

Nickle, the prestidigitateur, was at Bainbridge, N. Y., and Cobiesville the past week, and was to be at Cooperstown, 19th, and at Delhi all this week.

Jerome Hopkins is to visit Philadelphia soon to bring out some of his late piano and orchestral compositions, by invitation of the Germania Society of that city.

An anxious father lately interrupted a minstrel concert at New Bedford, Mass., by dragging his truant daughter from the audience and giving her a smart shaking, amid the cries of "put him out!" from the spectators.

The individual calling himself "Ike Partington," who was advertised to deliver a lecture on the "Great Question" in Cleveland, Ohio, the past week, turns out, says our correspondent, to be a dead beat, leaving printers, posters, &c., in the lurch without delivering his lecture.

Spalding's Bell Ringers were advertised to chime their bells at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 21st and 22d inst.

Allyne, the wizard, gave an entertainment in Buffalo on the 12th, assisted by the Mocking Bird Green.

The Davenport Bros. gave two *seances* in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 14th and 15th to large audiences at the Opera House. Mr. Fay assisted in the dark *seances* on the 15th. They will shortly start on an extensive tour of the west, ending in California.

A Manager and Partner is wanted by Robert Nickle, prestidigitateur, to assist in producing a new act. See his card in another column.

The Cincinnati Shakespeare Club announce for production on the 22d, "The Rightful Heir." With the exception of Chicago, this will be its first representation in America. Our correspondent says:—"This club is equal to any professional company in the city of "Pork."......On the 18th, the Davenport Club gave 'Love.'......They had a large audience, but did not please as well as usual......The 'Lyra,' a Jewish musical society, gave a concert, and selections from the bouffe opera of 'Don Pasquale,' at Pike's Hall, on the 16th."

Anna E. Dickinson entertained the citizens of Rochester, N. Y., with "a struggle for life" on the 18th, at Corinthian Hall.

George Alfred Townsend ventilated "the Pennsylvania Dutch" at Rochester, N. Y., on the 17th.

Allyne, the Wizard, was at Rochester, N. Y., on the 19th. J. O. Jennings agent.

The "London Sensation" is the name of a variety show traveling through the east, under the management of C. C. Chase. Edwin Rupert, called the London Mimic, from the leading music halls of London, appears in various characters, including "Captain Jenks," "The London Belle," "Italian Guinea Pig Boy," "As through the Park I Go," "London Swell," and "Charming Young Lady" with songs, appearing in evening dress previous to each change. Minnie Chase, vocalist, M'lle Stella, pianist, M. B. Leavitt, serio comic, and Frank Merton, balladist, comprise the company. They appear in Amherst, Mass., on the 21st and 22d, Willimantic, Conn., 23d, New London, 24th and 25th, and Norwich 27th.

Cool Burgess' Minstrels are billed ahead as follows:—Williamsport, Pa., 24th and 25th; Lock Haven, 26th; Warren, 28th; Corry, 29th. They advertise for a first class leader of orchestra.

Theatrical Wigs, and other hairy attachments for the caput, may be procured of R. Wolf & Co., as per advertisement.

The Hanlons gave the first of their three peformances in Nashville on the 14th, to a crowded house, at Masonic Hall.

Thompson and Parkhurst's Concert Troupe were billed for Dec. 21st in Dubuque, Ia.

Gertrude's Trained Ponies, Dogs and Goats, open at Concordia Hall, Baltimore, on the 21st, and continue during the holidays.

Blind Tom gave a series of concerts in Baltimore, commencing Dec. 17th, and continuing for five nights.

Ole Bull, assisted by a company, will give a farewell concert at the Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 22d.

Logrenia, the magician, is in Dayton, Ohio, all this week.

Steve Parker and Eddie Bateman, double and single song and dance men, can be engaged. See their card elsewhere.

A concert was given at the Jewish Synagogue, Cincinnati, on Sunday the 13th, under the direction of Prof. Barns, at which Mad. Rossman and Miss Jennie Sullivan were the soloists.

Parepa Rosa, assisted by Brookhouse Bowler, Ferranti, Carl Rosa and Colby, was to give a concert at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 22d.

Mrs. Eugenie de Roode Rice, assisted by Mad. Camilla Urso, the violinist, and Louis Piket, baritone, gave a concert at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 18th.

The Cincinnati Mænnerchor gave a concert at Pike's Hall on the 17th.

Mrs. J. W. Macarty gave a concert in Cincinnati on the 17th, and had a good house. She was assisted in the choruses by the Harmonic society of that city.

Barry Alden writes words to or for music, and translates songs and plays from the German. See his card in another column.

A Wardrobe is advertised for sale cheap for cash, all in good condition. Address as per card elsewhere.

The Theatre Comique, Boston, is opened for the season as a variety theatre, under the management of J. Wentworth. Danseuses, gymnasts and Ethiopian performers can obtain engagements by addressing as per advertisement.

Skatists wishing engagements can be accommodated by applying to Wm. E. Sinn, as per advertisement.

Amateur.

The Home Circle Amateurs of Detroit, Mich., gave their first public entertainment on the 10th inst., when they performed the "Spectre Bridegroom," "Crossing the Line," and the pantomime of "Innocence Triumphant." A correspondent says:—"They have a very good company, and in the first piece Mr. S. S. Moody as Nicodemus, E. B. Pease as Aldwinkle, Sam L. Gulley as Dickory and Mr. Hodgem as Paul did exceedingly well, as did also Miss Leggitt and Mrs. Wallace as Lavinia and Georgiana, while Mr. Hart as Capt. Vauntington was hardly up in his part. The second play passed off very well, and in the pantomime Mr. Gulley as Beppo brought down the house; he is one of the best amateur clowns I have ever seen. They perform again Christmas week, bringing out 'All that Glitters' and 'Demon Lover.'"

The Hannibal, Mo., Amateurs had a meeting at their room on Dec. 5, for the election of officers, with the following result:—Manager, D. B. Dewberry; Stage Manager, C. G. Duffy; Treasurer, H. F. Dain; Prompter, J. J. Garver.

The Drawing Room Theatre is the name of a place of amusement situated in Seventeenth street, north of Chestnut street, Philadelphia. In style it is somewhat like Jerome's Theatre, in this city. The stage is twenty-five feet deep. The flats are quite high. Some of the scenery is beautifully painted. The palace scene for the "Merchant of Venice" is a magnificent painting. There is a "playing" room of at least twenty by ten feet. The seating capacity is 312—orchestra, parquet and dress circle. The auditorium is finished off with gold, and the large pillars each contain a picture painted in the highest style of art. This miniature theatre is complete in every detail. The large green room under the stage is handsomely furnished. There is a good sized property room in which is stocked every imaginable article. When a performance is given, the admission is $1, and the proceeds go to charitable institutions. "Everybody's Friend" was performed at the Drawing Room Theatre on the 15th instant......The Boothenian Association performed "My Neighbor's Wife" and the farce of "Box and Cox Married and Settled" on the 11th Dec. On the 17th, they gave "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" with Mr. Francis as Green, Mr. Tustin as Hammond, Mr. Brooks as Twitchell, Mr. Feano as Slade and Miss Price as Mary Morgan......The Dramatic Union presented "The Iron Chest" on the 10th. Mr. A. Goodall as Young Wilford, and Miss Gray, from the Wheatley, as Blanche, were the features of the performance. Mr. Kelier as Sir Edward read well, but his gestures were too extravagant. The young man who attempted the low comedy part was not *funny*, but very silly. The other characters, with one exception, were quite well sustained......The "Shakespeare" dismissed the audience without "showing up" on the 17th.

The Wheatley Dramatic Association, of Philadelphia, gave, on the 16th, the fifteenth night of the season, "Lucretia Borgia" and "Toodles." A correspondent says:—"Mr. Farroe as the Duke, and Messrs. Vincent, Edwins, Dye, Leslie and Bland were all good in their parts. Mr. J. Brooke as Genarro and Miss Chalm as Lucretia, were both excellent and well merited the warm reception given them. 'Toodles,' with Hulfish as Toodles, Farroe as Charles Fenton, and Vincent as Farmer Acorn, was excellently brought out, and, despite the storm, sent the audience home in a good humor. Miss Chalton was cast for Mrs. Toodles, but sickness prevented her from appearing, Miss Rogers playing the character in a most satisfactory manner."

Foreign Show News.

There was little novelty at the Metropolitan theatres during the week ending Dec. 5th. At the Adelphi, "Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell?" the popular farce of the late Mr. J. Stirling Coyne, now precedes the drama of "Monte Cristo."......"Leah" was to be played for the last time on the 5th inst., at the Haymarket, and was to be withdrawn on the 7th to make room for a new drama called "Pietra," by the same author......No change whatever has occurred at Drury Lane, the Princess', Queen's, Strand, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', Holborn, Surrey, or Alexandra Theatres......The company at the Holborn Amphitheatre has been strengthened by the addition of Carrie and Charles Austin, who go through a lightning Zouave drill......"The Duchess of Gerolstein," with Miss Matthews and the other members of the Covent Garden company, has proved a hit at the Standard......At Sadler's Wells, "The Colleen Bawn," with Miss Haslewood as Eily, follows the drama of "Stolen."......The drama of "Adrift on the World; or, Every Dark Cloud has a Silver Border," has been performed at the Victoria, and has been followed by the farce of "Wilful Murder" and "Poor Dog Tray."...... At the Grecian "Time and Tide" has been followed by the laughable farce of "Curling Tongs." The concluding drama has been "The Scamps of London"......"The Lone Chateau" and "Danger" have formed the attractions of the Pavilion......At the New East London, the old but popular drama of "Desmore," has been revived, and has been followed by "Monte Cristo."......Mr. Bandmann's first appearance in London as a Shakespearian actor, at the Lyceum, as Othello, has not been so favorably received. It is pronounced common-place in conception, and poor in execution. In place of grandeur and passion he gives rant. The stage business is new and wrong, the method of rendering the character old and wrong. Boothroyd Fairclough appeared as Iago......"The Field of the Cloth of Gold" reached its two hundredth performance at the Strand on Nov. 31st...... Edmund Yates' new comedy of "Tame Cats" was announced to be produced on the 12th at the Prince of Wales' Theatre ......The New Globe Theatre was opened on Nov. 28th, by Sefton Parry, with a new five act play called "Cyril's Success."......For the week ending Dec. 12th—Cattle Show week—the managers were making extra arrangements to accommodate the many strangers expected. Powerful dramas are prepared at Drury Lane, Adelphi, Princess', Queen's, Holborn, Surrey and Sadler's Wells. At the Globe, New Royalty, Prince of Wales', comedy full of dialogue woos them to laughter. A burlesque of unfading reputation and a miscellaneous performance awaits them at the Strand, while horsemanship, with all kinds of circus sports, are provided for them at the Holborn Amphitheatre. Those who blend histrionic with Terpsichorean tastes can go to the Highbury, or the Grecian, in the City Road. Opera triumphs at the Standard, and a constantly changing entertainment is given at houses from the Marylebone in the west to the Britannia, Pavilion, or New East London in the far east, and the Victoria across the water. The music halls offer great inducements, and Madame Tussaud's, Fleming Norton, the Polytechnic, and other places of entertainment, fill up the bill of fare.

The Present Holidays will not witness so many novelties at the majority of theatres as has been the custom, although the lovers of pantomime and burlesque will be catered for. Drury Lane produces, as usual, a comic Christmas annual, furnished by E. L. Blanchard, who has been for the last twenty years the regular dramatic chronicler of fairy legends for this establishment. Under the title of "Grimalkin the Great," the story of "Puss in Boots" will be illustrated in an entirely original fashion. J. Irving will embody the comical cat of illustrious memory, and the Miller's Son will be represented by Harriet Coveny. Mr. Cormack arranges the pantomimic movements; Mr. Brunton, the well-known artist of fun, designs the masks; W. C. Levey composes the music; and William Beverly is the painter and designer of the scenic effects, which, it is said, will this year be unusually elaborate. The pantomimists will include the names of Harry Boleno, Charles Lauri, and Paul Herring......At Covent Garden Henry J. Byron presents a revised edition of his pantomime entitled "Harlequin Robinson Crusoe; or, Friday and the Fairies." The opening partakes of a burlesque character. The Payne Family will figure prominently in the opening and Harlequinade......The Haymarket will be provided with a new burlesque, by Mr. Burnand, on the subject of Lord Lytton's play of "The Rightful Heir."...... The Lyceum has a pantomime, in which a number of familiar nursery rhymes are ingeniously linked together to form a story......The Queen's is supplied by William Brough with an extravaganza founded on a German story. A number of children will illustrate the fairy mythology of the tale, and J. L. Toole will return to town to sustain the principal character......Sadler's Wells, the Surrey, Victoria, Britannia, Grecian, and the other theatres of the northern and eastern districts will produce pantomimes, but it is not likely that more than the slightest change will take place in the bills of the Adelphi, Strand, Prince of Wales', Holborn Theatre, Royalty and the New Globe Theatre......The pantomime at the Standard is, it is said, to be one of great brilliancy and variety. Its title is "Tell-tale Tit"......The "Phormio of Terence" will be the Westminster play for this year. The rehearsal was to take place on the 10th inst., the principal performance on the 15th, and the final representation on the 17th......Amy Sheridan, having recovered from her recent accident, was to re-appear on the 12th inst. at the Strand in "A Comical Countess."

Paris Theatricals.—The "Huguenots" was played on Dec. 2d at the Grand Opera for the 460th time, yet the occasion was regarded as a solemnity, with all the deference due to a first representation. The theatre was crowded to the very ceiling, and this vast auditory had gathered together to greet the great artist, Madame Carvalho......Before leaving Paris for St. Petersburg, the Marquise de Caux (Madlle. Patti) intends giving a concert, the proceeds of which she means to devote to the subscription which is being raised by the friends and admirers of Rossini to erect a monument to the memory of the *maestro*......"Les Inutiles," pronounced the comedy of the day, has been played by the company of the Theatre de Cluny in the presence of the Court at Compiegne, ...The opera "Iphigenie en Tauride" has been revived at the Theatre Lyrique. It was originally produced in 1779, and dedicated to Marie Antoinette...... Offenbach has two more operas on his anvil—"Vert-Vert" for the Opera Comique, and the "Brigandes" for the Bouffes—and numerous other novelties, musical, dramatic, choreographic, are promised for the close of the year...... The Chatelet Theatre has a new star, who is appearing in the play of "Theodorus." She is described as a charming young negress.

Walter Montgomery, the actor, had been injured by a fall from his horse in Australia, but has almost recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault's Farewell of the Stage.—These artists took their farewell of the stage at Dublin at the Theatre Royal on Nov. 27th, in "Arrah Na Pogue." At the close of the piece Mr. B. made the following speech:—"Ladies and Gentlemen.—I have come to say farewell. This is not only our last appearance in Dublin—it is our last appearance on any stage, although we have not so announced it. I come to take that farewell here because it is my native city, and because, although we may not have been received here with more cordiality than we have experienced elsewhere, yet I have loved to think that we were so. Mrs. Boucicault has labored by my side in the public service for the last sixteen years, and has earned the right to retirement and repose. When she leaves the stage it has no further charm for me. I withdraw from it to devote myself to my literary pursuits. I hope to send you, from time to time, the fruits of my labor in the form of pictures of Irish life, and portraits of Irish character, by the pen that produced 'The Colleen Bawn' and 'Arrah Na Pogue.' Thus, in the language of The O'Grady, 'although I cannot be present in person at your feast, I shall be there in the spirit any way.' I do not know what literary value these pieces may possess; but I know this—an Irish heart beats in them, and Irish blood runs in every line. I retire to my labor of love, but we hope that you will retain a little corner in your memories for two old friends who can never forget your manifold kindness. On behalf of Mrs. Boucicault and myself, I bid you farewell."

Australian Theatricals.—Amusements in Australia have not been very good of late—in fact there has been a perfect stagnation. Since the departure of Lyster's Opera Troupe, Hoskin's company, lately at the Victoria, Sydney, appeared at the Prince of Wales Theatre, with Rosa Cooper as the principal attraction. "Caste," "East Lynne," "Oliver Twist," "Jack Sheppard" and "Susan Hopley" have been given, but to poor business, on many occasions to almost empty benches. Madame Anna Bishop, after playing in Melbourne with great success, arrived in Sydney, and gave five concerts at the School of Arts, one of which, under the patronage and in the presence of the Governor (Earl Belmore), was tolerably well attended. There is, however, a sad falling off in the attendance at concerts since the time when Madame Bishop first made her welcome appearance in the colonies, some twelve years ago. She is accompanied by Mr. Chas. Lascelles. On Oct. 2d she commenced a season of twelve nights at the Prince of Wales Opera House, where she has been engaged by Messrs. Dind and Hoskins, after which she will start for New Zealand, and will be there just in time to celebrate the conquest of the Maoris over the colonial troops with an oratorio of thanksgiving and praise. Madame will return to Europe with her company in April. In Melbourne George Coppin has entered into partnership with Mr. Harwood at the Theatre Royal, where Miss Cleveland, Harwood, Vincent and Rogers have been playing. James Stark was to commence there early in October. The Duke of Edinburg Theatre, which had been closed for some time, was opened on Oct. 3d by Gilbert Rogers. Mrs. Robert Heir is playing in New Zealand, and is announced to leave in January for America.

Trapeze Accident.—As the Brothers Culleen were going through their performance on the trapeze at the Liverpool Colosseum, on the 3d inst., one of them—whose "non-professional" name is Hugh Kelley—was doing a "sensational leap" from rings suspended from the roof of the theatre by ropes to a bar placed in a similar position, but several yards apart from the rings. He leaped short, missed the bar and fell. In order to prevent the performers from falling upon the seats below, in case any accident might occur which would lead to that, a large net was placed below the trapeze, about five feet from the ground. When the unfortunate performer missed the bar to which he was leaping he fell upon this net, but, unfortunately, he only dropped upon the edge of it, and, bounding off, fell head foremost with great violence below. The performer was picked up in an insensible state, and it was found that one of his arms was broken—that he was suffering from concussion of the brain and internal injuries.

Homan, who married Ole Bull's youngest daughter in August last, and was one of Norway's best lawyers, committed suicide recently while temporarily insane.

Mme. Rossini has consented to the removal of her husband's body to Italy, but it is not certain whether Florence or Pesaro will be chosen for its final resting place.

Death of Japanese Tommy.—A Yokohama, Japan, letter of October 27th, says:—"It is said that in one of the late actions near Neegata, Japanese Tommy, who attracted so much attention from the American ladies in the days of the Embassy, was killed. He was shot through the breast and leg, but died fighting for his chief, true to the Tokugawa clan. His history, as it has been told me, is most romantic. Tommy was a brave little fellow and won several promotions, some from his own merit and some through the influence of our Minister here, for whom, at one time, he was interpreter."

The Schneider's Salary.—A correspondent says:—"Do you know what the Schneider gains at the Varieties? A mere trifle—90,000f per year—£3,600. This is how it is managed:—Twenty-five representations in the year at 300f. which equals 75,000f, a benefit, 1,000f, and thirty rehearsals at 15f the time; this makes up the £3,600. But during her month's usual holiday Schneider turns a couple of weeks to account by playing in the provinces, or London, or elsewhere, and by this means she gets 1,000f to 1,500f per night, which brings her stage income up to 130,000f, which equals £5,200. Mdlle. Theresa, the concert hall singer, makes about the same income."

Patti's success cannot be better described than by the following fact:—One day lately, being unable to sing, money was returned to the sum of £680, the total receipts being £800. The loss upon the evening was immense—£560. The three goddesses of Lutetia are Patti, Schneider and Theresa.

Theresa, who is known in Paris as a *cafe-chantant* singer, has lately appeared in a drama at the Gaite, Paris, with so much success that she has signed articles to appear in a new piece by Theodore Baerriere, in which she will support the principal *role*.

MUSIC HALL, New Haven, Ct. MISS KATE HUNTER and CLAUDE HAMILTON will appear on New Years Night. 38-3t*

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessees and Managers..........JARRETT & PALMER.
FULL HOUSES AND PERFECT SUCCESS.
MONDAY, DEC. 21, AND EVERY EVENING,
will be performed Dion Boucicault's
BEAUTIFUL SPECTACULAR DRAMA, ENTITLED
AFTER DARK;
OR, LONDON BY NIGHT.
EXCELLENT ACTING, SPLENDID SCENERY, &c.,
introducing
THE GREAT RAILROAD SCENE,
pronounced the
MOST STARTLING and THRILLING MECHANICAL EFFECTS ever presented upon the metropolitan stage.
Mr. R. Marston's MAGNIFICENT NEW DROP CURTAIN will be exhibited for the first time.
GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE
CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON AT 1 O'CLOCK.
NO MATINEE SATURDAY, DEC. 26.
Seats secured six days in advance.

WORRELL SISTERS' NEW YORK THEATRE.
THE POPULAR ENGLISH BURLESQUE HOUSE.
Enthusiastic Welcome of the Favorite
WORRELL SISTERS,
in their new and charming version of
BARBE BLEUE;
OR, THE WHITE GENT WITH THE BLUE CHIN.
WORRELL SISTERS "At Home" CHRISTMAS DAY.
ELEGANT, REFINED, MUSICAL AND WITTY.
Two Performances on Christmas Day.
BARBE BLEUE at Half past One.
BARBE BLEUE at Eight.
Regular Saturday Matinee at One.
Will be shortly produced, a delightful burlesque,
THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
BEGINS AT 8.
JAMES E. HAYES..........Lessee and Manager
C. W. TAYLEURE..........Business Manager.
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
318th to 326th performance of G. L. Fox's pantomime.
"THE" HIT! "THE" HIT! "THE" HIT! HUMPTY DUMPTY! "THE" HIT! "THE" HIT! "THE" HIT!
The inimitable American Comedian and Pantomimist,
MR. GEORGE L. FOX, AS CLOWN.
"Brilliant kaleidoscope of Fairy Marvels and Enchantments, Comic Tricks, Gorgeous Scenery, Great Dancing, Bubbling Fun." 318 318 318 318 318 "There never was a piece so unexceptionably cheery, bright and innocent as this beautiful production."
MLLE. SANGALLI AND THE ITALIAN BALLET.
The rush is unexampled. Throngs turned away.
MATINEES 1½, EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Seats secured six days in advance for matinee, or night.
Important festival additions to H. D. for CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
BROADWAY, CORNER OF THIRTIETH STREET.
Open from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M.
TWO PERFORMANCES IN GRAND THEATRE.
Continued and uninterrupted success of the
LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE,
MOST POSITIVELY LAST WEEK of
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The most successful burlesque production ever presented in this country. To be preceded by THE QUIET FAMILY.
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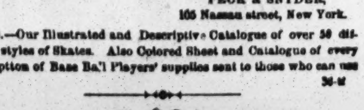
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